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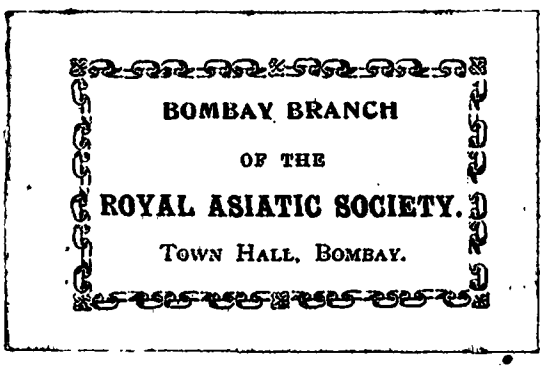

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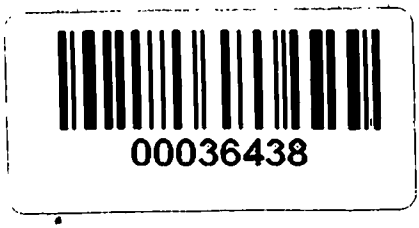

NICE

ER THE YOKE

OF [redacted] AND OF AUSTRIA:—

H MEMOIRS OF THE

Governments, & People

OF

ITALY;

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ESENTING

A FAI[redacted]UL PICTURE OF HER PRESENT CONDITION,

AND INCLUDING ORIGINAL

ANECDOTES OF THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY.

BY A LADY OF R[redacted]NK.

WRITTEN DURING A TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN THAT INTERESTING COUNTRY; AND NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE INFORMATION OF ENGLISHMEN IN GENERAL AND OF TRAVELLERS IN PARTICULAR.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps the happy plains? *Addi*

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MEMOIRS,

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CHAPTER I.

NAPLES.

Situation and Climate of Naples.....Character of the People .....Conduct of their King Ferdinand at Laybach.....Character of the Neapolitan Army.....The numerous Desertions, occasioned by the Misconduct of their Officers..... Hasty Mode in which they were disbanded.....The Neapolitan Cavalry.....Brave Conduct of the Army in Russia .....Composition of the Armies of the Emperor of Austria .....Detail of their numerous Defeats in Italy.....General Wurmser.....Siege of Mantua.....Mean and pitiful Conduct of Marshal Alvinzi.

THE whole of the south of Italy passes under the denomination of the kingdom of Naples. It is of considerable extent; abounds in every necessary as well as luxury of life; and, but for the mutual benefit and convenience to be derived from commerce, stands in need of nothing from its neighbours of the apostolic states.

From the extreme mildness of its climate, and the salubrity of its air, the inhabitants require little or no animal food. They live, therefore, principally on fish, maccaroni, cheese, vegetables, salted pork, and sausages; and, though wine is to be met with in great abundance and at a very reasonable rate, it seldom or never happens that a Neapolitan is seen in the streets in a state of intoxication.

The Neapolitans are more attached to their country than any other Italians, and not less so to their masters or employers; though they are generally looked upon as great votaries of Mercury, the god of fraud and of theft.

The common people, and the domestics of both sexes, sleep and cook their provisions on the staircases of their master's palaces. They live with their families like beasts in a stable; are excessively dirty in their persons; and wear scarcely any clothing in their early youth. They are extremely slothful and superstitious; and are at least a couple of centuries behind the rest of Italy, in the point of civilization. The Neapolitan nobility, when they either build or rent a palace, never dream of providing offices for their servants; but leave them to shift for themselves, in the best way they can.

Ferdinand, their sovereign, speaks the same

corrupted Neapolitan dialect that is used by the common people; and in his manners, customs, habits, and conversation, is to all intents and purposes as much one of the lazzaroni, as any of his subjects. It is to this very similarity of habits and pursuits, that he was indebted for the greater portion of his popularity. As General Acton, his tall minister, once observed, "Ferdinand is a good sort of man, because nature has not supplied him with the faculties necessary to make a bad one."

The character of the natives may be pretty fairly collected, from the title page to a book, which gives an account of the revolution against the tyranny of one of the viceroys of Naples, headed by the famous Massaniello, the fisherman, which runs thus:—"the Seventeenth Revolution of the most faithful Subjects of his Sicilian Majesty." The eighteenth, however, took place, sanctioned by the king of this versatile people; and Ferdinand himself, at Laybach, occasioned the nineteenth, against these "his most faithful subjects;" who have, in consequence, totally revolutionized their once unbounded love, into complete and entire hatred.

This measure is, however, considered to have been forced upon Ferdinand, by the self-created and arbitrary tribunal, erected at Laybach,

which sat in judgment on the future destinies of a great portion of the inhabitants of civilized Europe; and therefore to have justified him in declaring, that "he swore to adhere to the new order of things dictated to him, because, by refusing to do so, his personal safety would have been endangered; that he was ever averse to any change taking place in the government of his kingdom; and solely agreed to the establishment of a parliament in Sicily, because it was at that time under the controul of Lord William Bentinck." This same parliament, however, since the Austrians have taken possession of the country, has been abolished.

The question still remains to be solved, whether it would have been wiser and more honourable, in an independent sovereign like Ferdinand, to have submitted to the arbitrary dictatorship of a self-styled "Holy Alliance," of three foreign powers, and to have depended on their armies for a precarious and odious existence, or to have become a limited, constitutional king, without any personal responsibility? Time will most probably convince him, which of the alternatives he ought to have embraced; if, indeed, he be not already instructed thereon.

It has been repeatedly found, that on account of the turbulent and boisterous manner in which

the Neapolitan troops conduct themselves, when marching in a body, whereby they make known their approach, long before they come in contact with the enemy, no operations of a secret nature can be entrusted to them. Unless, therefore, they are drafted into different foreign corps, or mixed up with well-disciplined regiments, it would be hazardous to trust them; since, both from their strong propensity to plunder and to run away, especially when left to fight by themselves on their own soil, little can be expected from them when isolated from other troops, and commanded by native officers, in whom they have no confidence.

In short, the Neapolitan soldiers never fought, under their own banners, for Ferdinand their king; nor for Murat, when he was dethroned; nor even for their own independence. They may be considered as twin brothers of the Spaniards; and, a thousand pities it is, that two such delightful countries should be contaminated and cursed by such a pestiferous race! If I might venture an opinion, I should say, that instead of driving the Turks out of Europe, a step which has been proposed as the surest way of preventing the plague from making any further progress in the civilized world, it would be

infinitely better to send off the two above-mentioned infected races in their stead; for no plague can by possibility be more fatal to the progress of civilization, than the dissemination of their deadly infection.

With respect to the army, as a plea for the numerous desertions, the old story is adduced, of their want of confidence in their leaders, and their never having seen fire but from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, or in their own kitchens when cooking their much-loved maccaroni; most of them being recruits who, in their marches, committed such depredations and plunderings, that the Austrian army was actually considered by the people, not as their future oppressors, but as their immediate deliverers. An event, this, which could never have occurred, if the troops, as had hitherto been the case, had been commanded and led into action by foreign officers.

That the Neapolitans are not cowards by nature, we have a well-attested proof, in their having supplied Buonaparte with a body of troops, which, as long as Murat had personally the command of them, proved the most efficient force on which he could depend, both in his ridiculous expedition to Moscow, and in his

precipitate retreat therefrom; by covering which retreat, they prevented his immediate destruction.

I have been informed, that the Neapolitan troops were disbanded by their general, *sans cérémonie*, as a master would send about his business a servant whom he wished to dismiss; without making the smallest provision for them, or taking the least precaution for their subsistence; but, leaving them to plunder their way home, without even subaltern officers to regulate their marches.

I have further been assured, that the same general greatly terrified and alarmed the king; imposing upon his credulity exaggerated statements, to induce him the more readily to sign his consent to the instalment of the new constitution. The fraud was, however, detected; and was the occasion of the defection in the civil and military operations, and of the disorders which afterwards took place, and which still continue to disturb the tranquillity of that beautiful and highly favoured portion of Italy.

The Neapolitan cavalry are fine men, even to a proverb; and, as long as Murat could keep together a few hundreds of them, they would disperse large bodies of Cossacs, who would instantly fly, terrified at their very approach.

The misfortunes of Italy have been most aptly described in the following sentence:—"*Troppo bella, e troppo debole, nata sempre per servir; vinta o vintrice.*" It has been the cruel and unnatural policy of all her barbarous and brutal invaders, ever since the destruction of the Roman empire, to keep the Italians in a state of internal division; and Buonaparte, both from his historical information, and his own personal experience, was induced to adopt the maxim, "*divide et impera*," as the only sure means of preserving his usurped dominion, against the powerful and even colossal union which would have been formed against it, had he suffered the seeds which he had brought with him from France, to have ripened in the rich soil of Italy. He, however, thought proper to nip and destroy them in the bud; but, in so doing, he at the same time nipped and destroyed his own honour and glory, and secured his passage in the good ship Bellerophon, to the barren rock of Saint Helena; there to reflect in solitude on his own treachery, and on the "mutability of all human affairs;"

"Leaving a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

When Buonaparte first arrived in Italy, he

entertained most imperfect notions, with regard to the country, and the capability of its inhabitants. He was speedily, however, made sensible of his error; and, being an eye-witness of its resources, and of the character of the people, he was soon convinced, that if Italy were once really and virtually united, she would again become the mistress of the civilized world.

Whatever the French may say to the contrary, the whole of the fourth division of the army which invaded Russia, was composed of natives of the northern states of Italy, commanded by Prince Eugene Beauharnois; and it is impossible, for any military man to reflect on their brilliant achievements, without feeling the most enthusiastic admiration for troops who were alone vanquished by those elementary generals, Novembri-off, Decembri-off, Januari-off, and their invincible forces.

Since the time of the crossing of the Red Sea by the children of Israel, the Russians are, I believe, the only people who have had the good fortune to be assisted in their overthrow of an invading enemy, by the elements.* How righ-

* I had forgotten our own Elizabeth, who was equally protected by Providence. When the tyrant, Philip the

teous and just is God in all his ways! He is, indeed, the best of commanders; for the accomplishment of his commissions are never thwarted by bribery or corruption.

The valour, the constancy, and the courage of the Italian army in Russia, were such as they never had been in former times, and such as they ever will be, when commanded by bold and skilful generals. And, though the progress of the sacred flame of liberty and independence—which has never ceased to animate the breasts of every real Italian, from one end of that oppressed country to the other,—may, for a time, have been impeded, I can by no means bring myself to believe, that it is extinguished. In justification of their several unsuccessful military operations, let me adduce a few facts.

Second of Spain, attempted the invasion of this happy country,

> "His whole Armada of collected sail,
> Was, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
> Both scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship."

On that occasion the eye of Heaven watched over the sea-girt isle, and protected her, and I trust ever will do, against the designs of violence, oppression, tyranny, and injustice.

Ever since the year 1793, the armies of the Emperor of Austria have been taught in the school of defeat; in the same way as the Russian armies were in the time of Peter the Great. A circumstance this, which, above all others, is the most fatal to national courage. Yet I do not, on that account, seek to withhold from them the full measure of their deserts. The greater part of them are fine men; but to the full as much savages as the Cossacks are; most of them being either Croats, Dalmatians, Hungarians, Poles, or Albanians; and all of them natives of uncivilized regions. They submit to strict discipline, and are by no means deficient in military ardour. What they stand in need of are motive and zeal; for at present they are little better than brute machines, utterly destitute of that energy and that high spirit of honour, which alone can prompt an army to deeds of mighty enterprize, and which indeed can alone be arrived at, from the valour of free nations, fighting in the righteous cause of liberty and independence.

Neither am I willing to allow, that the smallest glory has been acquired by the Austrian troops, in making themselves masters of the kingdom of Naples; a country that had been left unprotected; that was divided by internal commo-

tions; that was open, on all sides, to their overwhelming forces; and that was incapable of making any resistance, in consequence of the disbanding of the national forces, by their unworthy leaders—in whose school the Spanish Generals, on a recent occasion, no doubt studied the science of cowardice; and the French army copied the German example, of conquering a people—without striking a blow! *Sed respice finem!*

Let us watch the end of these puff and paste operations; when we shall, I trust, be able to give the world a more faithful account of the real state of things, than is to be found in the pompous and high-sounding narratives, which fill us with columns of smoke; which will not, I fear, be dispersed, until the Austrians shall have been compelled to withdraw themselves from the states of Piedmont, Naples, and Sicily, and return to their native homes. Then, and then only, will the real sentiments of the natives of Italy be allowed to circulate freely. Such a step, at the present crisis, would endanger their honour, the liberty they are looking forward to, and their lives; as every thing is to be feared while they continue under the immediate controul of a military force, the greater part of which are feudal slaves, having no notion of

civilization beyond the satisfying the common wants of brute nature, and being altogether insensible to the feelings of humanity and honour; and still less to those sentiments of pure patriotism, which warm the heart of every free-born subject with the love of national glory.

This melancholy fact is sufficiently apparent from the history of their numerous campaigns, ever since their first invasion of Italy, under the veteran Wurmser; that ill-fated general, who, with the whole of his army, were compelled to shut themselves up in Mantua, while Buonaparte's hordes—for they were little better—were encamped, destitute of tents, in the open air; without a fortress to cover their retreat, without provisions to support themselves in their present station, and without the means of advancing.

These are facts which cannot be contradicted; and Marshal Alvinzi, being unacquainted with the topographical situation of the country, unsupplied with maps, excepting a very incorrect one, which, to save expense, he had procured in a small village, was therefore reduced to the necessity, with an army of 20,000 men, for want of a proper line of march, to act upon the defensive, to prevent desertion. Wurmser might

therefore have reversed the observation of the troops after the battle of the Boyne, "Let us change generals, and we will fight the battle over again;" and might justly have said, "Let me change soldiers with Buonaparte, and I am sure of gaining the victory."

Indeed, military skill was never more thrown away than in those times, when *ruses de guerre* overcame regular military tactics—a mode of warfare which the low, mean, and avaricious conduct of Alvinzi fully justified; and to which, in his turn, he was obliged to have recourse, to prevent his head-quarters and valuable stores from falling into the hungry jaws of the French; but which he as little understood as he did the art of conquering. His operations reminded one of the conduct of the deaf cook, who, on being desired to make a dumpling, set about breaking the eggs to make a pancake; so that at last it became a common saying among the French troops, "Allons, mes enfans, Alvinzi bat les œufs, et Buonaparte fait l'omelette."

To execute one of these left-handed *ruses de guerre*, Alvinzi contrived to send a trusty peasant; who engaged to explore the enemy's position, their probable movements, and their precise strength, which was uniformly exaggerated, to the extent at least of one-third. This

man was sometimes absent from his wife and family for days together, at the risk of his life. Upon one occasion, he brought back with him the most satisfactory as well as useful intelligence; for which extraordinary service, he was rewarded with the enormous sum of two Venetian ducats—about eighteen shillings sterling! This want of generosity to such a man, and on such an occasion, was the cause of the complete overthrow of the Austrian army; for never afterwards could it procure the smallest intelligence to be depended upon.

The positions of every one of the battles, in point of ground, were infinitely more advantageous to Wurmser than they were to Buonaparte. But even impregnable situations were given up and abandoned by these troops, with a *nonchalance* which proved them to be as insensible to their own fame, as they were to the cause of their country. The battles of Lodi, of Arcole, of Bergamo, of Brescia, of Verona, of the defiles of the Brenta, and of the passage of the Bochetta, the key of Genoa, are all striking examples, that cover them with eternal dishonour.

CHAPTER II.

NAPLES.

Causes of the repeated Defeats of the Austrian Armies in Italy.....Contrast between their Conduct and the Conduct of the French Armies in Italy.....The Italians considered the latter as their Deliverers.....Their joy at the Defeat of General Melas.....Great Change in the Conduct and Views of Buonaparte after the Battle of Marengo.....His sundry Attempts at vaccinating the several Branches of his own Family with the pus of Monarchy.....Anecdote related to the Writer by Lady Holland.....Buonaparte's Repudiation of Josephine, and Marriage with Marie Louise.....His Intentions with regard to Italy.....His Views of Aggrandizement unlimited.....The Writer's Interview with his Mother.

EVERY circumstance detailed by me, in the preceding chapter, has been collected by one who was frequently an eye-witness of the operations of both armies, both of the Austrians and of the French in Italy; and who was sometimes within gunshot of the scene of action. From education, as well as from moral feelings, I am incapable of exaggeration in favour of the French; neither am I an advocate for the debased principles of the revolutionists of that

country. I say "debased," because the natural character of that nation, under all its various forms of government, has invariably tended to the same end—namely, that of invading every other country, and of contaminating it with their vile doctrines; and which conduct has been one of the principal reasons why France, in her turn, has been ultimately overrun, subdued, humiliated, and conquered, by nations the most barbarous and the most uncivilized in all Europe.

I received my early education in that once polite and polished country. I know the French, when esteemed good, to have been good for nothing—but themselves! France is perhaps the only country in Europe, which estimates foreign talents and foreign productions, not by their intrinsic value or merits, but merely as they are calculated to be useful to herself. A Frenchman can discover no worth in any thing that is not the growth of his own soil. If any one were to talk to a Frenchman on the perfections of paradise, he would immediately turn on his heel and exclaim, "Mais, Monsieur, ce n'est rien en comparaison de Paris!" though he had, perhaps, never seen that much-vaunted capital, nor gone beyond the barrier of his own miserable town.

As an impartial writer, and an eye-witness of most of the events which took place at that memorable period, I nevertheless feel myself bound in candour to confess, that the French in Italy carried every thing before them, in consequence of their being, in character, in manners, in language, and in conduct, more congenial to the habits and disposition of the polished Italians, than the rude, uncultivated, insolent, and braggart Austrians; who had no other object in view, but that of carrying with them out of the provinces they govern, every thing they could get, without spending therein a single stiver. Nor, until the Italians are either brutalized down to the German manners, or the Germans raised up to the civilization of the enlightened Italians, can there be any approach to a cordial understanding between them. The man who flatters himself to the contrary must be totally ignorant of that mutual dislike which has, which still does, and which ever must subsist between nations so totally uncongenial in their natures.

To the cause I have already assigned may be attributed the astonishing defeats of the Austrians, under General Melas, their loss of all Italy, and the enthusiastic joy with which the people of that country received the conqueror,

after one of the most unaccountable and most complete routs that ever was heard of. It would, indeed, be far beyond my humble abilities to describe the universal sensation of delight which it occasioned. It can better be conceived, than described by the feeble pen of a female; though her heart beats warm in the cause of the injured.

The following anecdote, will illustrate still further the amazing difference between the spirit which sets in motion a mass of feudal slaves, and that which actuates an army of free-born soldiers: for such the French troops were, or at least considered themselves to be; as Buonaparte had not, at that time, chilled their military ardour, by throwing over it the wet blanket of Imperialism—though the army was, of necessity, the only class, in his extended empire, which did not immediately feel the weight of those fetters that galled the rest of his subjects.

I was myself coming from Genoa on the very day upon which the battle of Marengo took place. The overflow of the Scrivia hindered me from proceeding, and obliged me to stop at an inn, at no great distance from the field of action. We had scarcely alighted from our carriage, and were coolly taking a lun-

cheon, when a French officer entered, who was flying to prepare horses for the escape of Buonaparte, who was then closely pursued by the Germans. This officer must have been well known to the innkeeper, as he greatly interested himself in procuring him a disguise, the more effectually to forward his immediate escape.

The French drums were beating the retreat. He entered the room in which we were sitting, and exclaimed; "*Sauvez moi; sauvez moi: tout est perdu!*" We entreated him to sit down and tranquillize himself, until the landlord should return with the clothes which were to disguise him. It was with much difficulty that we could prevail on him not to take off his uniform and throw it into the cistern. But, whilst we were assuring him, that as soon as the flood subsided we would give him a seat in our carriage, where he would be safe to pursue his journey, the town was suddenly filled with the French troops, and the whole country resounded with shouts, that the French had gained the battle. In a short time after a division entered, bearing the colours of the victors. The aforesaid officer nearly fainted at this unexpected turn in the wheel of dame Fortune; and, thinking no more of us, he flew, with the rapidity of lightning, put on his uniform, belted on his

sword, embraced several of the soldiers, and was instantly out of sight, in quest of the head-quarters of Buonaparte.

It was afterwards reported to us at Novarra, where we stopped several days, that General Melas had engaged the French with 20,000 men, and had then in reserve at least 10,000 fresh troops, who had never been brought into action, and were only waiting his orders. The reason assigned for his not employing them was, his having discovered some treachery, or a want of courage, amongst those who had been commanded by other officers; and that to save himself, as well as the few who had fought and remained faithful to him, from being cut to pieces by French enthusiasm, he had entered into a capitulation with Buonaparte, and given up to him all the strong fortresses in Italy. Thus was this beautiful country, a second time, in the complete possession of the French!

As reverses, and *contre-temps* like these so repeatedly befel the Austrian armies under the command of this scientific, accomplished, and experienced master in the art of man-killing, what could reasonably be expected from the undisciplined hordes of Lazzaroni, and the young and inexperienced Piedmontese, seduced by one, and betrayed by the other, as they were

accustomed to be while engaged in the heat of battle? Had the regiments of either of the last-mentioned troops been commanded by veteran chiefs, uninfluenced by self-interest or by self-preservation, convinced am I, that they would never have been found to have abandoned their standards.

This extraordinary stroke of decided good fortune, so soon after Buonaparte's return to France from his ill-fated Egyptian expedition, was the grand spring that put in motion and gave birth to, the conqueror's adoption of a totally new career. He no longer openly avowed himself to be a votary of democracy; on the contrary, he became the declared advocate of his long-sighed-for plan of reviving the aristocratical system, by vaccinating his own worthy Ajaccian family with the *pus* of monarchy; and thus did he attain, step by step, that eminence of oligarcical imperialism, which eventually turned out so fatal to him!

The first experiment was tried, and with complete success, on that poor, ricketty-framed footstool of a prince, the King of Etrutria; whose untimely death left a widowed Queen to further the good work of king-making. It was proposed that she should be honoured, by being made the better half, encircled with a crown,

of Lucien Buonaparte, his brother; but the Spanish soil not being propitious for Corsican seed, the tree of liberty was rooted up, to give place to the tree of kings. The fruit it produced were the crowns of Bavaria, of Wurtemberg, of Westphalia, of Spain, and of Naples; besides many other lesser dignities for princes and princesses, and dukes and duchesses. So well did the tree flourish in the soil of Austria, that it brought a little king to a great nation; and, peradventure, if this said tree had not been blighted in its growth, eventually it might have become the tree of all trees.

It has often been asserted, that Lucien Buonaparte could never be prevailed on to repudiate his lawful wife. But, previously to this, his brother Napoleon had shewn his propensity for the aristocracy, by uniting his sister Pauline, the widow of General Le Clerc, to the Roman prince, Camillo Borghese; now the *cher ami* of the pretty Duchess of Lanti.

Napoleon's next attempt at royal inoculation was upon Eugene Beauharnois, whom he joined to the Princess Amelia Augusta, daughter of the King of Bavaria; and by which alliance he succeeded in detaching that sovereign from the interest of Austria.

The third royal alliance was brought about by compelling his brother Jerome to divorce his wife, the rich and beautiful Miss Patterson, and to honour the hand of the Princess Catherine, eldest daughter of the Duke of Wurtemberg; whom he made King of Wurtemberg, as he did Jerome of Westphalia: both which kingdoms were of the Buonaparte manufactory. By these alliances he greatly strengthened his frontier interest in Italy; towards France on one side, and towards Austria on the other.

The next batch from the Buonaparte oven was the elevation of his brother Joseph to the throne of Naples; and afterwards, on his overthrowing king, queen, prince, and minister, making him the short-lived monarch of Spain.

His brother Louis, and his favourite daughter-in-law, Hortensia Beauharnois, were saddled, as king and queen, upon the phlegmatic Dutch, by whom they were much beloved; for Louis was not a king of the olden times, but did every thing in his power to propitiate their welfare and happiness; which, as they give out, had not been greatly promoted either by the Prussian *blue*, or the Russian *flax*.

Next come our dearly-beloved sisters, Paulina, Eliza, and Caroline; who were all three

converted either into queens, or princesses, or grand-duchesses.

Last, "though not least in our royal favour," come the minor branches of the Great Family, Stephanie de Beauharnois, married to the Grand-Duke of Baden, and consequently become Grand-Duchess, and Mademoiselle Tescher, made Princess d'Aremberg; both nieces of the Empress Josephine.

Neither Lucien nor Joseph Buonaparte choosing to barter plebeian flesh and blood for kingdoms and crowns, by separating from their lawful spouses, Napoleon thought fit to throw off the mask, and finally, to complete the climax of his unbounded ambition, repudiated Josephine, for the purpose of marrying the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria; which marriage was like a *de profundis* to a departed soul. By this one act, he obscured all his former brilliant achievements.

It has been asserted, that of all the alliances which he formed, the one that flattered Buonaparte's vanity the most, was his own; and that after he had lost the battle of Waterloo, this relationship struck him as the one on which he could best rely. As he knew he was much in favour with the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg and his

sister-in-law, who were both nearly allied to the Court of Great Britain, he flattered himself that, by their interest, and the influence of Lord Holland in the House of Peers, he should be suffered to come to London and remain in England; in the same way that his brother Lucien had been during his exile. Indeed, it is believed, that his family were divided between England and Austria, and that he himself put an end to their doubts, by saying, "I am determined not to go to Austria, who has betrayed me: I will throw myself on England; at least for the present."

When Lady Holland and family were at Venice, she told a lady, who called on his Lordship, from the respect which she bore to the memory of his uncle, the immortal Charles Fox, in the presence of Lord Charles Fitzgerald and another English gentleman, that the reason why the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg was not permitted to come to England, was because of her known partiality for Napoleon, and her having been the prime agent in bringing about the marriage of the Princess Catherine with Jerome Buonaparte.

From the very moment of his taking the name of Napoleon, he became the mere shadow of his former self. Had he but remained firmly at-

tached to the pure and sturdy principles of republicanism, the savage and despotic seeds of the North would never have over-run the soil of the South; that soil which had been bathed with the rich blood of liberty.

He not only disgusted every member of his own family, from the humiliations to which he subjected them, in consequence of his marrying this second Empress; but he alienated from himself the affections of the whole French nation. Nor was this new wife more disliked for the haughty demeanour with which she conducted herself at court, than for the simple fact of her having ascended a throne, the footsteps of which had been stained with the blood of her grand-aunt. For though Maria Louisa bore but a faint, a very faint, resemblance to the once most beautiful and most amiable of her sex, the sight of her, in that very place where Marie Antoinette had filled, occasioned many a bitter pang in the bosoms of some of her cruel persecutors.

The most confidential friends of Buonaparte, in their endeavours to justify this second marriage, have affirmed, that his motive was not so much the having an heir to his throne; as he had long before settled that that heir should be the son of his favourite daughter-in-law, Hortensia

Beauharnois; who, in compliance with his wishes, had united herself to his brother Louis; whom he afterwards created King of Holland, and whose son, though an infant, was then at Paris, for the purpose of being educated under Napoleon's immediate eye. In case of the death of this youth, Eugene Beauharnois was to have been the successor to the throne of France.

He however deceived both of them, and made them his private enemies, by divorcing their mother Josephine and marrying Maria Louisa; which he was induced to do, in order to unite himself the more firmly with Austria, against Russia, as well as to detach the Queen of Naples from the influence of England; which he hoped thereby to accomplish.

There can be no doubt that his conduct was as strongly stimulated by these political considerations, as it was by private ambition, to become allied to the House of Austria; to which ambition he fell a victim, from the enslaving and benumbing effects which it had upon all his other faculties; his whole conduct, both public and private, having, from the moment he became the husband of Maria Louisa, undergone a total change.

It is well known, that scarcely had this mar-

riage been consummated, before a private correspondence, of the most affectionate and flattering description, was entered upon, by emissaries from the court of France to that of Naples. What effect it produced, I leave Lord William Bentinck to disclose, as well as the conduct which he pursued after he had been put in possession of the fact.

That Buonaparte intended to remove Murat from Naples, there remains not a shadow of a doubt. Salicetti was sent thither for the express purpose; and his monstrous plunderings and dilapidations were winked at, in order to undermine Murat's popularity. This man was one of the principal agents of all Buonaparte's private intrigues; and, by the unlimited resources which he was suffered to have at his disposal, he became a successful agent in realizing his master's gigantic projects.

It was Buonaparte's intention to have created two new kingdoms in the North, by way of checks upon Austria and Russia; one between Prussia and Russia, including the whole of Poland; the other between Russia and Sweden, including some islands in the Baltic, as well as all Finland. One of these kingdoms was intended for Murat, by way of compensation for consenting to give up Naples: while, to some of

the members of the court of Palermo, he held out the language of conscience, with regard to the justice of their claims; and, as drowning men are apt to catch at straws, they were drawn into the snare, from an over sanguine hope of recovering Naples: and, from the long wished-for idea of shaking off the English yoke in Sicily, did they thus become the victims of their own credulity.

That a correspondence was carried on between Buonaparte, Murat, the Salicetti agents, and some members of the court of Palermo, is very certain: and, if the Queen should have been one of them, it would indeed be surprising; since, at various critical periods of the French revolution, the author of these pages has had the honour of conversing with this extraordinary lady, and on every occasion she was wont to express her abhorrence, not only of French interference in the island, but of the whole French nation, ever since the horrid murder of her sister, Marie Antoinette, at Paris, on the 15th of October 1793, a day which she always held in sad remembrance! That her majesty should have suffered herself to be overruled, can alone be attributed to the all-seducing desire of reigning; in the hope of avenging herself on the enemies who had calumniated

and dethroned her. For that, and that alone, could possibly have so blinded a woman of her astonishing sagacity, as to have induced her to give credence to the assertions of one, whose thirst after universal dominion had exceeded the limits of his own vast calculations; and who, besides, had always been her most implacable enemy.

Buonaparte's views of aggrandizement were unlimited; and, in this want of limits to his ambition, is to be discovered the real cause of the non-duration of his power. Without a key-stone a building must fall under its own weight.

I happened to be at Paris in the year 1803, when Buonaparte was made First Consul, and was introduced to his mother, Madame Letitia. I complimented the old lady on the good fortune and great talents of her son: to which she replied, in a very affable manner, "Bless me, Madame! do you fancy that a First Consulship will satisfy him? O, no: the world is too small for the vast notions of my son."

But, it is time for me to return to the affairs of Naples.

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES.

Causes of the Miscarriages of the Neapolitans in their Constitutional Struggles.....Ferdinand's Pusillanimity.....His Cruelty towards Morelli and Silvati.....His Differences with the Crown Prince.....Intrigues of Prince Leopold..... Attempts to get rid of the Crown Prince.....False step of the Neapolitans in suffering Ferdinand to be absent from the Seat of Government.....Fatal Effects of disbanding the Corps of Lazzaroni, and letting them loose on the Country.....Reflections thereon.

THOUGH, in the eyes of all Europe, the Neapolitans are labouring under a national stigma, it is, I think, not impossible that their several miscarriages may be attributed more to credulity, and the great confidence they reposed in their sovereign's determination to support what he had sworn to defend, than to natural cowardice.

All the Neapolitans now residing in London, who have been actively employed in the revolution sanctioned by their sovereign, and who have only been able to find a shelter from persecution in this land of hospitality, declare,

most solemnly, that in order to serve his own selfish purposes, one of the revolutionary generals (now also in this country) grossly deceived the King of Naples, by so exaggerating the numbers of the mal-contents, as to induce him, through intimidation, to hasten the organization of the new constitution, merely for the purpose of thereby securing his own safety; fancying, from the versatile disposition, and the love of revolutions, "*del fidelissimo popolo di sua maestà delle due Sicilie,*" that, when out of danger and at a distance from Naples, he could revoke at pleasure those acts which the turbulent spirit of the moment had compelled him to sanction.

After the king had sworn to maintain the constitution, and the troops had returned to Naples, under the command of General Pepe, headed by the first lieutenant Morelli, and the second lieutenant Silvati, those officers, for their noble and valorous conduct, were proclaimed generals of the army by the whole population. This the government took no notice of; but, on its being repeated, and the people becoming more clamorous against those of their generals whom they considered as traitors, these two heroes, in order to save the lives of the king and royal family, then in momentary jeopardy, nobly came forward and

declined the offer; saying, that what they had done had been solely with a view to the public good, and that they looked for no reward beyond the heart-felt satisfaction of meriting the esteem of their countrymen. For this disinterested conduct they were universally applauded, and tranquillity was restored. Notwithstanding this, on the king being reinstated by the Austrians, in his absolute power, he ordered those two honourable men to be tried by a military commission of foreign officers; which commission condemned them to an ignominious death, and both of them were consequently hanged as traitors.

Ferdinand's differences on political matters with the Crown Prince have long been the source of domestic feuds between them and his second son, Prince Leopold, the avowed favourite of the old king; and who, in consequence of his marriage with his niece, Maria Clementina, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, has, with his father's consent, been carrying on intrigues at Naples, endeavouring to set aside the right of his elder brother, and to get himself declared heir to the crown in his stead.

These are facts well known to many persons of the court, as well as to the nation; and their plans would have succeeded, had not their abo-

minable intrigues been discovered; as would also their attempts to have the Crown Prince carried off, at different times, by poison, had it not been for the stir it occasioned amongst the people, by whom he is deservedly esteemed and beloved, for the liberal sentiments he entertains on all political matters. On the last disturbance breaking out, he would certainly have been the first victim of popular fury, had the people not been convinced, from the way in which he was exposed to their rage, that he had been, equally with themselves, betrayed by his father and Prince Leopold; though his filial and fraternal affections prevented him from accusing either, and induced him, at the risk of his own life, to stand the brunt of every charge. All which conduct, however, has only still further established him in the love and esteem of the whole nation.

The first false step of the Neapolitans may with justice be attributed to their allowing their newly-created constitutional king to absent himself from the seat of his government, and suffering him to be arraigned like a criminal, at the bar of a dictatorial self-created tribunal, consisting of three absolute sovereigns; to which humiliation he never would have consented, but

in the secret expectation of regaining that absolute authority, to which he had been accustomed from his infancy, and which he had constantly exercised in his own right, or by proxy, for the space of nearly sixty years. It is therefore scarcely possible to imagine, that he could have been brought spontaneously to sanction the annihilation of his own power, but from dire necessity.

Finding himself in a perilous situation, from a variety of circumstances, he joined his voice to that of the major part of his subjects, of all ranks, in favour of a free constitution, and yielded to the public will, through fear and not from choice. It was therefore naturally to be expected that, when out of danger, he would, from sheer pusillanimity, make his formal recantation before this magnanimous tribunal of his acknowledged judges, and pay implicit obedience to its fiats, with as much ease and indifference, as he had sworn to proclaim and defend the free constitution.

Antecedently to the time of Charles the First of England,—who, at least, had some virtues, to redeem his want of good faith—the word of a king was looked upon as sacred, even to a proverb: but, the glorious light of truth has dissi-

pated the ignorant enchantment, and has shewn them to be mere mortals, subject to all the weaknesses of frail human nature.

The king's quitting Naples was alike the death-blow of the constitution and of his own popularity. From that moment he lost the public confidence; and he has been indebted ever since, for his personal safety, to the foreign troops of that very sovereign, to whom he had sacrificed the liberty of his subjects, and his own independence; and for the commission of which crime he has been condemned, in his old age, to seek refuge in a barren northern clime, there to eke out the brief remainder of his miserable existence.

With what reason then could it be expected, when the head of the nation, as well as the parliament at Naples, had deserted the sacred cause which they had sworn to defend, that the newly-raised corps of Lazzaroni would be more firm in their conduct, on the approach of their hungry and mercenary invaders—that they would leave their homes and their darling maccaroni, for the chance of being butchered, in the cause of a set of constitutional poltroons, who had no one object in view but the safety of their own dear selves?

Ridiculous as some of these remarks may, *primâ facie*, appear to those who are unacquainted with the character of these Lazzaroni, it is nevertheless a fact too notorious to be called in question, that one and all of them abandoned the cause which they had enthusiastically sworn to die for, or succeed in defending. It is even asserted, that on their being repulsed in their first engagement with the invaders, one of their own generals ordered them to retreat.

Thousands, therefore, of these desperadoes were let loose on the country, with much less precaution, than a gentleman would bestow on discharging the meanest domestic. Like famished wolves, they prowled about in every direction, robbed every individual, and gutted every cottage they passed. They laid hold of every thing that came in their way; but cascia cavallo and maccaroni were the first objects of their plunder: these they carried off from the poor peasants by wholesale. The disbanding of troops in this way had, I believe, been never before resorted to by any civilized nation; and is without a parallel in ancient or modern history. It has been said, that these disorders took place from the want of military magazines and regular commissaries. The fear of their returning to Na-

ples, and thereby chilling the ardour of the constitutionalists, has also been given out as one of the reasons for their being disbanded and let loose in the interior of the country.

Errors of such magnitude as these are only to be excused, on the score of their having arisen out of an over-heated imagination, occasioned by the victory they had obtained over the king, in getting him to consent to the establishment of a constitutional form of government; by which the liberty of the subject was to be dependent on the laws, and no longer on the caprice of absolute power. And certainly, on minds capable of appreciating the blessing, such a reform must have an astonishing influence, when fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, and emancipation from national slavery, under the yoke of a foreigner.

Fatal as are the effects of retreat even to veteran troops, to an inexperienced, clamorous, newly-raised mob of Neapolitan Lazzaroni, little better than a horde of thieves, they must be irretrievably ruinous. It is said, that laurelled victory will make even cowards brave; and it is equally certain, that brave men may become cowards for the want of it.

A short time after his sister Caroline had

been married to the present King of Naples, Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, paid him a visit, for the purpose of regulating some points connected with the Neapolitan government. In the course of the discussion, the King asked Leopold, how many Neapolitans he had in Tuscany? The Grand Duke replied, that the question had no relevancy to the subject before them. "Indeed but it has," retorted the King of Naples, "for I have many thousands of your Tuscan subjects in my dominions; and that is a pretty plain proof that they like my government better than they do their own; for when people are happy, and possess the means of obtaining a subistence, they never quit their native land in quest of it."

If Ferdinand should happen to recollect this anecdote—and I dare say he does, for monarchs are often found to possess the faculty of retention, even when they have no other—what must be his feelings at being now compelled, in his old age, to leave the delightful scenery and climate of Parthenopē, to seek shelter in a bleak, chilling, northerly atmosphere, where, for two-thirds of the year, nature refuses to perform her accustomed functions! If the sacred love of country have any place in his

breast, with what bitterness must he exclaim, with the bard of Mantua—

> " *Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;*
> *Nos patriam fugimus!*"
>
> " Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
> Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home!"

CHAPTER IV.

NAPLES.

Account of King Ferdinand of Naples.....And of Queen Caroline.....Her Conduct towards Madame Banti..... Anecdotes of her brother, Joseph the Second of Austria..... Reflections on his sudden Suppression of the Monasteries and Convents.....His Conduct towards Pius the Sixth when his Holiness visited Vienna.....King Ferdinand's early Education.....From the idle Habits of the Monarch, Queen Caroline takes the Reins of Government into her own hands .....The Marquis di Gallo.....General Acton's treatment of the King.....Anecdotes of the Royal Fishmonger and his friends the Lazzaroni.....Princely Amusements at the Theatre San Carlo during Carnival time.

The present King of Naples is the son of Charles the Third of Spain. He was born in January 1751, ascended the throne of Naples in October 1759, on the accession of his father

to that of Spain, and in April 1768, was married to Caroline of Austria, daughter of the great Maria Theresa; who was very much disliked by the Neapolitans, almost as soon as she arrived in that country, and afterwards she became very unpopular, from the superiority of her natural capacity, and the difference of her education.

The real cause of the misfortunes which have attended the Queen of Naples may be traced to her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa; who, by her own example, taught all her daughters to govern their husbands: and in so doing she had in view the furtherance of her own political influence. Three of them she married to three weak-headed and feeble-minded princes. All of them were indulgent husbands and good fathers, but too careless and too bigotted for the times in which they reigned, to be considered good sovereigns; and better calculated to adorn the domestic circle, or to be the inmates of a monastery, than to shine as statesmen or political princes.

Caroline, therefore, became so excessively anxious to retain her power over the king her husband, that, from the fear of losing it, she was often betrayed into acts of violence, which were repugnant to her natural disposition and

her cooler judgment; for this princess really possessed a strong masculine understanding, with great natural and acquired powers of mind, scarcely inferior to those enjoyed by the profoundest statesman. She had a cool head in council, was capable of forming a just conception of things in general, and had acquired a knowledge of men and manners, far exceeding that of her unfortunate sister, Maria Antoinette of France; who, though she had a greater portion of the milk of human kindness in her composition than Caroline, possessed a capacity by no means capable of executing any plan that required firmness or perseverence. She nevertheless had a large share of natural good sense.

From the fear of being supplanted, not in the affections of her husband, but in the exercise of her power, the Queen of Naples suspected every female to whom the king paid particular attention. Effectually to prevent such attentions, she would instantly banish the object of her suspicions, not merely from the court, but from the kingdom.

For instance—the last time that Madame Banti, the celebrated singer, performed at the theatre San Carlo, the very night which terminated her engagement, she was hurried away from the stage to a carriage, and was not allowed

to go to her lodgings, or even to take any repose, until she had passed the Neapolitan territory, from a fear lest the king should cause her engagement to be renewed. And all this from the motives of jealousy of which I have just spoken.

The queen was the favourite sister of the Archduke Leopold, and Maria Antoinette of Joseph the Second of Austria. The latter was much offended with her, for condemning the precipitate manner in which he caused the monasteries and convents to be put down, throughout his dominions.

In the body politic, there are certain disorders which are more readily eradicated by partial bleedings, than by the sudden application of violent remedies; whereby there is great danger of not arriving at the desired object. For vices and virtues are the lights and shades of human nature. If all were virtue or all were vice, there would be a total blank in our composition. Cures prudently set about are generally attended with success; for either they effect a radical change, or the patient dies a natural death, and gradually descends to oblivion: whereas, a too sudden shock never fails to leave behind it some lurking mischief.

Thus it is with regard to monasteries and

convents. Wherever they have been suddenly and forcibly suppressed, they have *repristinated* with redoubled energy; for we are naturally inclined to forget petty offences, but we never forgive acts of downright violence. Nothing can be more just than the punishment of murderers; nevertheless, when we behold the criminal at the place of execution, we forget the crime, and naturally let fall the tear of pity.

As far as his heart was concerned, Joseph the Second was justified in suppressing the monasteries and convents; but not so, as it regards his head: for Maria Theresa had already given orders, that all persons who had been forcibly secluded from the world, should, as soon as the fact was established, be absolved from their oaths, and restored to their families.

Many abuses of this description had taken place in the course of her reign; but, whether from neglect or the multiplicity of other political matters, none of the applications in behalf of the persons aggrieved had been attended to. At her death, therefore, all these memorials came under the inspection of her son; and some of them struck his mind so forcibly, that, without consideration or distinction, he directed all monasteries and convents throughout his dominions to be put down: thereby imitating the

approved precedent of the renowned Doctor Last; who, when under examination before the learned College of Physicians, previously to obtaining a diploma, on being asked how he treated his patients in certain cases? replied; "I give them certain remedies that open both doors; so that if the disorder does not walk out, it is no fault of mine."

By so doing, Joseph undoubtedly made some few individuals happy; but he was soon convinced of the fatal consequences of the measure, when he beheld thousands of miserable objects, deprived thereby of their means of subsistence, becoming chargeable to the state; and, like Ganganelli for having suppressed the Jesuits—(who, by the bye, have again started up in all the Catholic countries)—Joseph was supposed to have paid for it with his life; as Emperor and Pope are both declared to have been carried off by poison.

So perfectly convinced was the Emperor Joseph of his error, that when Pope Pius the Sixth came to Vienna to expostulate with him on his conduct, he determined not to enter on the subject, and, during his stay of six weeks, never afforded his Holiness an opportunity of seeing him, except in public and on court days. Tired, therefore, of waiting, the venerable head

of the church took his departure for Rome, with the mortification of not having succeeded in the object of his long jousney. Joseph had adopted the principle of Catherine the Second; namely, never to recede from what had once been decided upon, but to persevere in it, through thick and through thin, whether right or whether wrong.

Ferdinand's principal minister and tutor was the celebrated Marquis Tenuci: but the possession of talents, and the capacity of infusing those talents into the minds of others, and especially into the minds of absolute princes, are two distinct things; to which are to be added, Ferdinand's aversion to study, and his excessive love of amusements; in which he was cordially encouraged by the individuals who administered the government during his minority. So that few opportunities were afforded the juvenile monarch of cultivating his intellects; and, though the most active in the pursuit of amusements of all sorts, he was, from habit, the most idle and the most careless with regard to business or mental improvement. Nay, on his marriage with the Arch-Duchess Caroline of Austria, he scarcely knew how to sign his name; and that princess was actually the first to teach him

so to read and to write, as to make himself understood.

Even after his marriage, so naturally averse was he to occupy himself with the cares of the state, that, at the instance of her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, Queen Caroline took into her own hands the reins of government, excepting that portion of it which she bestowed on the Marquis Gallo. For so doing, the king being one day displeased with him said, "Ah, Gallo, Gallo; se non fosse per quella gallina d'Austria," meaning the Queen, "vi farei vedere chi sono." The Marquis's office soon after devolved on the notorious General Acton, the son of an English doctor, residing in the south of France—a circumstance which gave birth to the *jeu de mot*, "*Hæc rex, hic regina, hic hæc et hoc Acton.*" That the witty insinuation was fully justified by facts, will hereafter abundantly appear.

As the king was one day hunting in a forest, on some of the crown lands, feeling in want of some refreshments, he entered a cottage belonging to one of his tenants. After having regaled his royal stomach with a copious supply of bread, onions, maccaroni, cascia cavallo, and what not beside, Ferdinand, by way of return

for the hospitable reception he had met with, renewed the man's lease, and directed him to repair to Naples, to see it carried through the necessary forms; a duty which then belonged to General Acton's department.

Sir William Hamilton and myself happened that day to be breakfasting with the great man. The moment his secretary saw the king's signature, he suffered the peasant to pass on to the sactum sanctorum. Upon looking at the instrument, so much did Acton, as secretary of state, feel his importance hurt, by this supposed infringement on his authority, in the king's signing a grant without having previously consulted him, that he rose from his seat, and, in our presence, tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and flung it in the peasant's face.

The poor man stood motionless for some minutes, until at last, recovering himself a little, he looked at us, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes—" Ahimé, mama mia, son disperato! vedete vostra eccellenza, vedete; lo Rè me l'ha fatto; sottoserivetelo, fe me lo tu pure, per carità:"—the king has made it; for charity's sake, do you sign it also. Acton, out of all patience, taking up a cane, said to the poor fellow, " If you don't quit the room instantly, I'll break every bone in your body." Upon

hearing this threat, the peasant, leaving the apartment, exclaimed, "O, mi sono perduto; e me ne va d'un rè di bastone, à trovarmi rè di cuore: Addio; statevene bene, rè di bastone vero."

In Catholic countries, and particularly in Italy, the people make only one meal on the day immediately preceding Christmas day; and that meal generally takes place after sunset, and consists entirely of fish. I happened to be on a visit to Sir William Hamilton at Caserta, at this precise season of the year, and took occasion to make some observations on the above conduct of Acton; which had taken place only a few days before. I observed that, considering the great respect which was paid, in England, to any recommendation coming from the sovereign, I could not possibly conceive why so little regard should be paid to the orders of an absolute monarch.

As soon as I had concluded my observation, Sir William answered me thus—"To-morrow, Madam, will be Christmas-eve. To-day, the king is busily engaged in fishing, to supply the market of Naples with fish, for the suppers of his good Catholic subjects to-morrow; when all the fish which the monarch catches himself, or causes to be caught in his name, he will him-

self sell in the public market. If you are so disposed, we will take a drive and see this regal fishmonger, like Solomon, in all his glory! You will thereby, from ocular demonstration, be able to form your own judgment as to the real character of this king, and of the claims which such a sovereign has to the respect of his subjects; or of his ministers: though, with all his weaknesses, Ferdinand is allowed to be a good-hearted man."

I accepted the offer; and accordingly, next morning, Sir William, Lady Hamilton, her mother, and myself set off from Caserta for Naples. Arrived there, Sir William and myself alighted, and, leaving the ladies in the carriage, we proceeded to the fish-market. And, sure enough, there stood his present majesty, the King of Naples, dressed in a white night-cap, and with an apron round his waist, selling his fish to the best bidder, surrounded, "in all his glory," by the Lazzaroni, giggling, and eating bread and onions out of their filthy hands, and carrying on with them a conversation, couched in a sort of *patois* jargon, not a jot less vulgar nor more civilized than their own.

A lawyer, whose name has escaped me, approached the stall, in the intention of purchasing some of the king's fish. Upon seeing him, his

majesty, who knew him to be a great miser, asked him considerably more for the fish than he would have done any other person. Upon which, the lawyer offered what he thought was a fair price; when the king replied to him: "Go, Mr. Lawyer, and fatten yourself on human dung; for you shall have no fish at that price, I assure you." This was considered as an amazing piece of royal wit, and mightily was it applauded by the surrounding Lazzaroni, and loudly did these "véritables sans-culottes" laugh thereat; for, to say the truth, the greater part of them were nearly *in puris naturalibus*, and exposed the entire of their filthy members, much more than those execrable wretches did, who first gave birth to the disgusting appellation.

His majesty used to indulge in numerous other amusements, equally singular and peculiar to himself. He would sometimes walk on the beautiful beach at the Chiaja, and, taking up one of these sans-culottes, would throw him, with the greatest violence, into the water—(perhaps the only washing the fellow had ever received)—and would then jump in after him, and bring him safe on shore. It was this freak of his Neapolitan majesty which gave birth to the immortal Canova's two figures of Hercules flinging

Lichon into the sea, now in the possession of the banker Turloni, at Rome. What, then, can rationally be expected from a nation which, for more than half a century, has been taught in such a school, and by such a preceptor?

On the last night of the Carnival, Ferdinand would go to the beautiful theatre San Carlo, and, ordering a dish of maccaroni to be brought him, scalding hot, and mixed up with oil, cheese, beef-gravy and what not, from one of the upper boxes, when the pit was crowded with spectators, all attentive to the opera or ballet, he would throw the greasy mess, by handfuls, on his loving subjects; and those who wished to be particularly noticed by the monarch, would tumble head over heels, and scramble to pick up some of it to eat. All which the king would heartily enjoy, and would laugh most immoderately at those who appeared concerned and vexed at beholding the unctuous marks of royal favour on their holiday-suits.

The queen, who would be sitting in her private box, would generally retire from the front, and now and then peep out, as if she was unwilling to shew herself until the kingly sport was all over. As soon as Ferdinand had entirely got rid of the contents of his dish, he would enter her majesty's box, which was im-

mediately over the stage, and would there receive the most unbounded applauses for the feats he had achieved, and some of the Lazzaroni in the pit would hold up to him large pieces of the maccaroni; upon which he would make the queen step forward to share in the public approbation bestowed on these his princely amusements.

CHAPTER V.

NAPLES.

Character of Caroline, Queen of Naples.....State of the Neapolitan Government during the King's exile in Sicily.....Murat.....Anecdotes of the Queen during her Exile.....Her Majesty accused of being concerned in a Plot.....And deprived of her share in the Government.....The King resigns the Government of Sicily to the Crown Prince..... The Queen ordered out of the Island.....She parts with her Jewels and retires to the Mountains.....Surrenders to the British Troops.....And is shipped off to the Ionian Islands .....A few Words in behalf of her Majesty.....Reflections.

QUEEN Caroline was never very popular with the Neapolitans. She had been too well educated; her mind had been too much cultivated; and she discovered too great a contempt for the uncivilized people over whom she was destined

to reign, and could rarely descend to the vulgarity and ignorance of the country. Indeed, she was too refined in her manners, and had too enlarged a capacity, for such a nation. Her judgment, on all matters pertaining to the state, was so correct, that her ministers could not fail to profit by the suggestions she would throw out.

During the king's exile, the reign of usurpation at Naples was as vicious as it was detrimental to public spirit. The government was confined to the most circumscribed class of the old and new nobility; and the people in general were precluded from taking a share in the public functions, except in subordinate military situations; for those offices which were attached to the court service, and were of rank, etiquette, power, and effective authority, were solely entrusted to foreigners nominated by Buonaparte.

Murat, like all the other kings who sprung from the Buonaparte manufactory, was merely an active agent, paying implicit obedience to his commands. None else could retain their situations; for, if they chanced to be refractory and run restive, they were sure to be thrown out of the saddle of royalty. This government, therefore, was equally vicious, with regard to its organization, as the former had been; the

entire executive administration being, as I have observed, confined to the class of the old and the new mushroom nobility, to the total exclusion of the major part of the nation.

To become a member thereof, the principal recommendation consisted in a readiness to sacrifice public virtue to absolute power. And thus were the rights and liberties of a whole people laid prostrate at the will of a circumscribed number of depraved and unprincipled individuals!

I will now relate a few interesting particulars, concerning Queen Caroline's exile, and her banishment from Palermo and the island of Sicily.

On my arrival at Palermo, with a letter of recommendation for her majesty the Queen of Naples, which I had received from a member of her imperial family, I was, to my utter astonishment, informed that she was then in close confinement, until such time as a ship could be got ready to convey her from the island.

This was an order from the British commander-in-chief, in consequence of his having discovered a correspondence, in which the queen was directly accused of being concerned in a plot, which had for its object the betrayal of

the island and of the British troops into the hands of the French.

Previously to this accusation; indeed, immediately on her arrival at Palermo, with the king and royal family; her majesty had been deprived by the English, whom she considered as her allies, but not her masters, of that influence which she had been accustomed to exercise in the government of the country, and altogether excluded from the cabinet councils.

For other political reasons of the English government at Palermo, the king, too, had been compelled to resign the government of Sicily into the hands of his eldest son, the crown prince.

Still further to prevent the queen from having any influence in future, it was determined that she should be sent out of the island, and, according to her majesty's own story, without having given the English the least reason for so acting, excepting that of continuing to govern, as she ever had done before she came to the island. To prevent which, she sold, or pledged, every one of her jewels, retired to the mountains, raised a party of peasants with the money she had thus procured, and was resolved therewith to recover her former situation of an independent queen, and not submit to be

banished by a power which she had called in to protect her against the aggression and the violence, which she had experienced from usurpation in another quarter. I have been assured, that the mountainous situation chosen by her majesty as a place of retreat, had never before been inhabited, except by a few straggling goats. Her forces consisted of about eight or nine hundred men, possessing no weapons of defence, except such as the implements used by them in husbandry would afford; imitating, in this, the conduct of her immortal mother, Maria Theresa, when driven from her capital by Charles the Seventh, Elector of Bavaria, and flying to the Hungarians for refuge.

Lord William Bentinck soon found that no terms of conciliation would be accepted, as her majesty declared, that the king's restoration to power (which was tantamount to that of her own), and the total evacuation of the island of Sicily by the British troops, were the only terms to which, as an independent queen, she would listen. She respected, she said, the English, and considered them as allies; but never could she be brought to acknowledge them as her masters. In consequence of this declaration, on the part of her majesty, all

pacific measures were at an end, and Lord William Bentinck immediately gave orders for the march of a sufficient number of troops, provided with camp equipage and cannon, who completely surrounded her place of refuge; so that there was no alternative but surrender or starvation.

This prompt step induced the queen to spare her followers the inevitable consequences of any momentary resistance, which either her own courage, or their attachment to her cause, might have produced. Her majesty was closely confined in a palace at a short distance from Palermo, and carefully watched by the British troops, to prevent the execution of any further schemes of mischief, with which she might have threatened the island, if suffered to be at liberty. In this condition Caroline continued, until such time as a vessel could be got ready, when she was shipped off to the Ionian Islands; from whence she went to Constantinople, and so on to Austria.

In what I have here said, it is not my intention to accuse, or to defend either party. I am only giving my reader a narrative of facts, to which I happened to be an eye-witness. But, I am free to confess, that, all circumstances considered, Lord William Bentinck, as com-

mander-in-chief, charged with the safety of the island and also of the British troops, had no other alternative, but to act with that firmness which was most likely to insure the security of both. It was rumoured at Palermo, that previously to Queen Caroline's departure, Lord William recovered her jewels, and sent them to her majesty.

Much may be said to exonerate her majesty from the foul charge of having treacherously betrayed either the island, or the British forces who were in it: for it can scarcely be considered an act of treason, in independent sovereigns, to endeavour, by any deed of heroism, to recover their lost rights, from those who may have usurped them illegally. The word "*betray*" is, in such cases, as much misapplied, as the word "*rabble*" is, when used towards a body of brave fellows defending themselves against the aggressions of a foreign invader. But argument is of no avail, where force and violence, and not reason or justice, reign paramount!

But, there is even a still stronger ground for exculpating her Neapolitan Majesty from the accusation of treason towards her subjects, her country, and her husband, and of ingratitude towards the British nation for its active

protection, which it seems to be difficult for those to imagine, who have not been living all their lives (as I may say) in a sink of vice. It has been my lot twice to have travelled over Europe; and, after witnessing the brilliant glitterings of all their courts, I can declare, with the utmost truth and solemnity, that by far the most virtuous inmates of those seats of general corruption, have been the sovereigns themselves. I know not whether their faults have been occasioned by the foul effluvia which they hourly inhale from the low and poisonous adulation of those courtiers, who "wear their faces to the bent of a king's looks," and who "water their plants with the dews of flattery;" but this I will say, that few, very few indeed, are untainted with the infection of mean subterfuge and hollow deceit:

"Princes, like beauties, from their youth,
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For Flattery is the nurse of crimes.
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown;
(A virtue never near a throne!)
In courts such freedom must offend:
*Ther*e none presume to be a friend!"

The above reflections are not those of a violent aristocrat, or of a vicious and base-minded de-

monarchy, but of an honest citizen of the world. Might not the queen's firmness have given umbrage to many of her enemies, from a fear, that if her majesty recovered her rights of sovereignty, a just punishment awaited their crimes? To prevent this, might they not have themselves fabricated all the foul projects attributed to this most unfortunate queen? That such things have been done we know but too well! Witness the conduct of the infamous Madame de la Motte, in return for the well-known humanity of that truly amiable, virtuous, and ever-regretted victim, the Princess of Lamballe, (who interceded in her behalf with Marie Antoinette, and by which intercession the doors of her prison were opened, and the wretch escaped a life of misery to which she had been so justly doomed, as a punishment for her foul calumnies against both these her generous benefactors): for until then the public mind had remained untainted by the poisoned shafts which had been scattered in all directions against them.

Is not this a fact? Can it be contradicted? And, if so, might not another such a wretch have been found, who, thinking thereby to kill two birds with one stone, had formed the diabolical design of accusing the queen of Naples, and

of bringing down the odium of her party upon Lord William Bentinck for having exiled her? and of thereby bringing about a revolution, having for its object the destruction of the English troops in Sicily?—a project which, though crushed in the cradle, was certainly in agitation.

CHAPTER VI.

NAPLES.

Conduct of the King of Naples after the Queen had been sent out of Sicily.....He revokes his Son's Authority, and endeavours to resume the Reins of Government.....Prompt Measures taken thereupon by Lord William Bentinck..... The Queen becomes an object of compassion with the Sicilians.....Decline of Lady Hamilton's Influence.....Curious Anecdotes of her Marriage with Sir William.....Arrival of Admiral Nelson.....My long Interview with the Queen of Naples at Zante.

The Queen had been but a short time sent out of the island of Sicily, when, one morning, the king came unexpectedly to Palermo, and commanded a proclamation to be posted up all over the city, ordering *Te Deum* to be immediately performed in all the churches for his

convalescence, revoking his son's authority, and proclaiming his own resumption of the cares of government.

This intention on the part of Ferdinand was announced so suddenly, and had been kept so entirely a secret, that nothing less than the promptitude which Lord William Bentinck had recourse to could have prevented its being realized. To prevent loss of time, the Duke of Orleans was instantly made the organ of the British commander-in-chief, to acquaint the king, that his palace at Palermo would forthwith be [illegible] by the self-same cannon that had sent the queen out of the island, and that he would himself be considered as a prisoner, and be made responsible for all the mischief which this most imprudent and most unjustifiable measure might occasion, if he did not *instantly* withdraw from the capital to the place from whence he came.

Finding that Lord William was not a man to be trifled with, Ferdinand made a virtue of necessity, relinquished the joyful *Te Deum*, beat a retreat, and chaunted a requiem to his departed authority. His pusillanimity on this occasion lost him the affections of his Sicilian subjects; as he afterwards lost those of the people of Naples, when it became known

that he had sanctioned the murder of Carracioli, of the famous physician Cerillo, of the two Piattis, father and son, and of divers other unfortunate individuals.

Was not this a measure calculated to weaken, if not entirely to overthrow, the British influence in Sicily, taken by the king himself? Assuredly, his majesty was more culpable than the unfortunate Caroline; seeing that he had formally and solemnly renounced his authority. Nevertheless he, who had in good truth committed himself with respect to the English, was suffered to remain on the island; because they were then convinced, that though the object was removed, the cause still existed; and I have often heard many of the common people exclaim—"Ebbene, quando saremo liberati di questi nostri ospitti, i signori Inglesi, chi hanno esiliato la nostra regina, poveretta! e chi tengono il nostro minchione di rè nei ferri per dominare loro?"

The queen now became an object of compassion with the people of Sicily; because they found her majesty had not been concerned in imposing on them a foreign yoke, to which they submitted with great reluctance. Like the Neapolitans, when she could no longer render them any assistance, they became sen-

sible of their loss; and the influence of Lady Hamilton was, in consequence, very much weakened.

However, to the kindness of the Queen of Naples, united to her own consummate address, had Lady Hamilton been indebted for her good fortune. The following anecdote, which was related to me by her mother, accompanied with much mirth at the deception so ably played off, has been frequently confirmed by Lady Hamilton herself, as well as part of it by Sir William, and may be depended on as a fact. Miss Emma Codogan—for that was her name, at least the one which her reputed mother caused her to go by—when she first came to Naples, was sent by Sir William Hamilton, to be improved in her education, to a convent at Caserta. Walking out one day in the royal gardens, her personal charms attracted considerable notice. They became the subject of general conversation at court; and, among numerous other *dilettanti*, they excited the curiosity of a certain personage, who, as is usual on such occasions, employed some of his *dragomanni* to inform him the very next time she made her appearance in the royal gardens.

One day, when Emma was taking a walk as usual with the female who had the charge of

her, she was accosted by the personage in question. He was so completely struck with her—for she was no less beautiful in form than she was engaging in manners—that he followed her and solicited a private interview, which was peremptorily refused. He, however, succeeded in gaining over the female belonging to the convent who attended her, to contrive to walk with her in a part of the gardens where they would be less observed; and he there made her very seducing offers. But she refused to listen to any verbal promises, and requested he would commit to paper the proposition which he had, *viva voce*, made her.

Not in the least suspecting her intentions, the personage in question complied. As soon, however, as Emma was in possession of the desired instrument, she sought an interview with the queen. The opportunity soon presenting itself, Emma fell upon her knees before her majesty, and humbly implored her, with tears in her eyes, to condescend to hear what she had to communicate. To which the queen consenting, she assured her majesty, that she wished to seclude herself from the world, by taking the veil, provided Sir William Hamilton did not intend to marry her; by doing which she said she should escape the seducing

temptations to which she was constantly exposed. That the queen might judge of the sincerity of her declaration, she artfully presented her majesty with the paper given to her by the above-mentioned *incognito*; for such she represented him to be.

At the sight of the document, which she instantly knew to be the king's hand-writing, her majesty was delighted at seeing so young and beautiful a creature so disinterested, and virtuously preferring a life of seclusion to the pleasures of becoming the mistress of a monarch. Scarcely could Emma refrain from laughing outright, to think how completely she had imposed on her majesty, by making her believe that it was her intention to become a nun; though the tears were at the moment trickling down her cheeks. Which said tears, however, as she has repeatedly told me, were occasioned by an onion which she had taken the precaution to conceal in her handkerchief, the better to enable her to carry on the farce.

The queen had retired a few steps, for the purpose of reading the whole of the letter. "During which time," said Lady Hamilton, "I was on my marrow-bones in the garden." Her majesty then came up to her, and commanding her to rise, assured her, that if Sir

William Hamilton did not engage to make her his wife, within the space of four and twenty hours, she would provide for her a retreat in a convent, according to her wishes. Taking then a valuable ring from her finger, her majesty presented it to the fair supplicant, in return for the confidence she had so disinterestedly reposed in her; and on reaching the palace, she sent immediately for Sir William Hamilton.

As might be expected, the result was an implicit compliance with the wishes of a supplicating queen, in behalf of his *amorosa*. It is very probable, that Sir William only wanted a stimulus of this kind, to justify him in putting into execution an act which he had long meditated, and which he was only deterred from doing, from the fear of forfeiting the high favour which he enjoyed at court, and with it his situation, as well as a dread of the ridicule to which he should be subjected, from the disparity between the parties, both in point of birth and of years. But, having thus obtained the royal sanction, he got the better of every other scruple; and, sending for Miss Emma, informed her, in the presence of the queen, that she was now the wife of his choice, and should, without loss of time, be made so by

law. At this sudden and unexpected piece of good fortune the young lady fainted with joy, and was not relieved until a "sea of copious pearls, which some call tears," came to her assistance.

From that moment, however, Lady Hamilton, in consequence of her beauty, her talents, and her good conduct, enjoyed the esteem of every one who was acquainted with her, and became the confidential companion of the Queen of Naples; and even the old *ruffiana*, as the king used to call the mother of Lady Hamilton, was frequently sent for to make tea for her majesty at the palace.

The unfortunate arrival of Admiral Nelson at Naples occasioned a total change in the conduct of Lady Hamilton; and, in consequence of which change, she lost all her former influence and popularity.

I left Palermo about the same period at which the queen had been sent off to the Ionian Islands. The last time I had the honour of being presented to her was when her majesty was at Zante. On being ushered into the royal presence, I offered, as usual, to kiss her majesty's hand; which, like those of her unfortunate sister, Marie-Antoinette, was remarkably handsome. Upon seeing my intention, her

majesty withdrew it, and said—"No, the ceremony would now be a mockery of royalty, and an insult to my present condition. The daughter of Maria Theresa—a wanderer, an outcast—must no longer receive those marks of distinction, which were the prerogatives of the Queen of Naples. You behold me now in a very different situation to that in which you first saw me, when you presented me with the letters of my dear murdered sister."

At this remark, observing me to be much affected, she continued—"Do not imagine I mean to offend you. I know your respectful attentions are directed to my person; for certainly they cannot be interested at this moment, as I am no longer in a situation to reward you as such attention merits; but when I reflect, that the only foreign nation for which I had a sincere regard has thus insulted me, and, what is still worse, ruined me in the esteem of many of my friends, by calumniating me in the eyes of all Europe, I cannot help feeling a pleasure at the sight of one of that nation who, I am sure, will do me justice." I said, it was no more than my duty, in grateful return for the former bounties I had received from her majesty; nay more, it would be an homage paid to her virtues and her fortitude.

"I thank you," continued she; "I do not class you among your haughty upstart English, who now govern Sicily. No: I know how to distinguish. Sir William Hamilton had been nearly thirty years at Naples. I looked upon him as one of my own family. He was the confidential friend of the king my husband, and all my children loved him. He saw them born. But Lord William Bentinck has been grossly imposed upon: if not, he has insulted me from private motives. I never gave him the least cause for so acting. He lent ready credence to every thing that was told him by my enemies. But, it is beneath the dignity of a queen to subject herself to foreign interference."

I said, I always considered Lord William Bentinck to be a most respectable and honourable character, and that probably her majesty had been imposed upon. "Imposed upon!" she replied, "imposed upon! I have been deprived of the government of my own country —of the dignity of my character—of the affections of my husband and children! But *he* has never been a father—*he* has never been a sovereign—and cannot therefore have the feelings of insulted majesty. And then, I am accused of treason, because, forsooth, I wish to

recover my just rights, as an independent sovereign, a wife, and a mother!"

I said, I hoped her majesty would, ere long, enjoy them again. "Never," she replied, "never. I shall be one of the few queens who end their days in the place that gave them birth. I pardon Lord William, as I do the rest of my enemies; but not only England, all Europe will one day do me justice." I said, I was convinced that her great mind, like that of her immortal mother, would be respected and duly appreciated by posterity.

Her majesty next asked me very kindly where I was going? I told her, that as soon as the blockade should be raised, I intended to set off for Venice; which place was not more than forty-four posts, or eighty-nine German miles, from Vienna. "Oh," said she, "as you know the miles and posts so well, I conclude you have often been there: to-morrow I am going from hence to Turkey." I said, that as soon as I arrived at Venice, I would do myself the honour of inquiring after her majesty's safe arrival, of my friend the Princess Colalto. "Oh, you know the family of Colalto? Then I shall see you again." I said, that if her majesty would allow me that honour, I should

consider it as the greatest possible mark of her majesty's distinguished bounty. Giving me her hand, which I was now permitted to kiss—"There," said she, "you have it. I shall always be glad to see one who was so earnestly recommended to me by my beloved sister. I suppose you are truly English, and not afraid of the sea." I said, no; but that I held with the Italians, when circumstances permitted. "What is that?" I told her majesty they said, "*Lode il mare, ma tiente alla terra.*"—"Ah," said she, "if ever that should be the policy of England, she will be ruined; if she be not so already, by her too large standing armies, to the neglect and detriment of her navy."

I said, I left that matter to those who governed; as I did not understand the system of politics at present pursued. "That shews good sense," said her majesty, "for nobody I believe understands them. From the way in which certain affairs are conducted, it would appear as if their rulers were paid for the ruin, and not the prosperity, of certain countries." I said, I hoped her majesty did not think thus of the English ministers. "I don't know," replied she, shrugging up her shoulders: "they are mere men, like others, and must be blind to

their own interest, otherwise they would never keep up such standing armies."

I was extremely happy to see her majesty so calm, and considered myself much honoured by so long a conversation. I therefore encouraged it, for fear of a relapse, and observed, that Sicily, from its situation and commerce, might, I thought, be enabled to keep up a respectable navy. "Yes," replied her majesty, "if the Sicilians were like the English, and contributed towards the expense; but all *our*"—Here she immediately corrected herself, saying—"all *the* Sicilian barons are feudal princes, and though sufficiently rich, will not even pay the common taxes, much less contribute towards defraying the expense of a navy. In former times, that good old Sir William Hamilton, when the war broke out with France, was very desirous that the king, my husband, should establish a naval force, upon the footing of yours in England; but General Acton insisted, that the King of Naples was too poor to support the expense. The times, however, are changed; and the French, ever since they have had Naples, have made the people pay ten times the taxes they formerly did."

I then wished her majesty health, and a safe arrival at the place of her destination. She

graciously wished me the same at Venice, and affectionately reminded me of my promise to visit her at Vienna.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPLES.

Further Anecdotes of King Ferdinand and of Queen Caroline of Naples.....Character of the Neapolitans.....Saint Januarius.....I Castrati.....State of Music.....Pacchierotti .....Marchesi.....Paisiello.....Cimarosa.

Though her majesty, the Queen of Naples, in the course of the long conversation which I have detailed in the preceding chapter, often delivered herself with much energy, she never for a moment forgot, that she was the daughter of the great Maria Theresa. Her dignified deportment, whilst addressing herself to me without the least restraint, proved her to be every inch a queen; and I have often been assured by the Duchess Carigliana Marini, who followed her majesty to Sicily when she left Naples, that the only motive she had for cultivating the acquaintance of Lady Hamilton and her mother was, that they were her spies

upon the king's private amours, and upon the motions of that portion of the nobles who were disaffected towards her authority; and who, to maintain their influence, stirred up great mischief at Naples, involving the ruin of the queen and that of many other families.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that in the course of the preceding conversation, her majesty introduced the name of Salicetti, saying, in Italian, "Anche quel birbante ha creduto di prendermi in trapola: what could I expect from a villain, who had been the factotum of the whole revolutionary tribe, and who was then one of the most active satellites of Bonoparte and of Murat at Naples? But, I will say no more: the wretch was beneath my notice. Yet, I am accused by Lord William of having carried on a correspondence with Murat, the object of which correspondence was to betray the English! After seeing our most faithful servants and friends torn from the king, and myself insulted, what would he have done, had he been in my situation? God forgive him! I never had reason to regret my knowledge of any other British subject. Lord William has been strongly prejudiced against me. However, it will soon be out of the power of my

enemies to do me any injury, or further to mortify my *amour propre.*"

These observations were delivered with that stoic firmness which is seldom the companion of a guilty mind. Grand and dignified in her demeanour—of a disposition liberal and munificent—noble of stature, and the mother of a numerous and healthy family — Caroline of Naples, though a fallen sovereign, was still powerful over her own wounded feelings, because endowed with real fortitude and genuine virtue.

I had first the honour of being introduced to her Sicilian Majesty in the year 1791, when I was intrusted with letters to her from her sister, Marie-Antoinette, the Queen of France; by whose gracious recommendation I was often charged with verbal messages, of a nature too delicate to be committed to paper in those perilous times, when the most trifling misconstruction might have occasioned the death of the innocent bearer of them.

In the year 1793, in the fatal month of October, in which that injured queen was so barbarously murdered at Paris by the revolutionary cannibals, I went to Florence; but, being in a very indifferent state of health, I was per-

suaded by Lord Hervey, Mr. Udney, and many other friends, to try the effect of a change of air, since they were aware that my illness had been occasioned by my being overwhelmed with grief, for the losses I had sustained on the fatal tenth of August, and the barbarity exercised on the third of September towards my most liberal benefactress. The recommendation was followed; and, in company with two foreign ladies, I set off for Naples. Sir William and Lady Hamilton having been apprized of my intention, and feeling much interested in my welfare, kindly came to meet their former friend some miles on the road to Naples; but, no sooner did I see that they were both in deep mourning, than I was at once convinced that the Queen of France was, alas, no more!

Sir William Hamilton was the only person admitted to the presence of the Queen of Naples, while the mock trial of her martyred sister was going on at Paris. On Sir William's announcing my arrival, amongst other persons who had come to Naples to pay their respectful homage of condolence for her majesty's grievous affliction, he received her immediate command to present me exclusively to her.

On entering the royal apartment, and beholding her majesty, who bore so strong a resemblance to her murdered sister, I fell speechless into the arms of Sir William; when the Queen of Naples exclaimed, with a tremendous shriek, "Good God! did you ever think the French would have treated my dear sister and her husband in so horrible a way?"

This scene, though heart-rending, was propitious, as it afforded me time to recover. I was, in a feeble voice, about to address her majesty in French, when she instantly said, "for God's sake, do not, I beseech you, let me hear any of that murderous language! You speak German and Italian; pray address me, for the future, in either of those languages." However, her majesty soon relapsed, and continued the conversation in French, which seemed her habitual language.

I saw her majesty again in the year 1795, and might also have seen her when she was at Palermo; but, from the situation the country was likely soon to be in, and she being then under a certain *surveillance*, I was told by high authority, that it would be most prudent in me not to visit her majesty, nor send the letter I had brought with me: which was merely a letter of recommendation from one of the Im-

perial Family, for the purpose of refreshing her memory. For which, however, there was no necessity; for though many years had elapsed, the moment my name was made known to her majesty at Zante, she instantly recollected it, and began to unburthen her mind to me in the manner I have already related. And even then she recalled to my remembrance the most remarkable events of the French Revolution which so cruelly interested her; particularly those of the tenth of August and third of September 1792, and the fourteenth of October 1793; the last of which always brought torrents of tears into her eyes, which never failed to be followed by a volley of execrations against the whole French nation.

This, I think, ought, in no small degree, to exonerate her majesty from the suspicion of partiality to a nation, which she always considered as the cause of the ruin and overthrow of so many members of her august family, and by which she herself had been driven to seek refuge under the military protection of another nation, which now rewarded her confidence with banishment. The school of adversity may tend to soften down the violence of passion, but it can never change or destroy the workings of nature.

Shortly after his marriage with Caroline of Austria, the King of Naples was one day walking out with his youthful bride at Caserta. On their way, they were accosted by a peasant, whose wife had blessed him with three thumping boys at a birth. The poor fellow observed, that he should have been more pleased if they had been three calves. "And how did you manage the matter," said the king, "for I have been married for some time and have not had a child yet?" "Please your majesty," replied the man, "the jade deceived me; for I have only been married three months, and therefore two-thirds of the business must have been done before hand." "O, then," said the king, "in that case you only come in for a third of the merit!" "Yes," continued the clown, "that is true; but I should nevertheless like to find out to whom the other two belong, for I am very poor, and dame is so ill, that she has lost her milk and cannot suckle the brats." "Well, here's something to buy a cow with, and I hope she will turn out more profitable to you than your wife has done." "Bless your majesty, there's no such luck among the brute creation; for no other animal is so prolific as a woman!"

The queen laughed heartily at this dialogue between a king and a clown. However, though her majesty was not of the Neapolitan breed, which is considered the most fruitful in all Italy, she nevertheless verified the peasant's remark, and, in the course of a few years, became the mother of twelve or fourteen fine children.

The Neapolitans are robust, well made, above the middle stature, and rarely deformed or defective in their features. The females have little to recommend them but their eyes, and are very much inclined *per far l'amore*. In general, they are sallow complexioned, much given to indolence, badly educated, uncouth in their manners, but enthusiastically attached to their own country: "*Vedi Napoli, e poi mori*," is their standing proverb.

The common conversation of the Neapolitans is generally so noisy and so boisterous, that a stranger would naturally suppose they were on the point of murdering one another. Their gesticulation is very significant; but they are the most laconic nation on earth. In affairs of business they will impose upon you if they can. Even the most respectable shopkeepers will ask you three times more for an article than it is worth; and on being told of

it, they will rarely let the article be re-shewn: they generally answer you in monosyllables, and, after taking the goods from the counter, will say, "*vatene, va.*"

When asked to direct a stranger to any particular spot, they stare him full in the face, and lift up their heads towards the sky; which is as much as to say, "I don't know." Or if they happen to like your countenance, after taking a survey of it, they will answer you roughly, "*chi saggio?*" A lady who was about to pay a morning visit to a friend, knocked at an apartment on the ground floor, where she thought she lived: on opening it, the servant lifted up his head and shut the door in her face. Supposing that her friend lived above, she ascended a story higher, where she met with the same reception. Upon this, concluding that her friend, who was of a studious turn of mind, had taken an upper floor, to avoid the terrible rattle of the *strada Toledo*, she continued her pursuit, until she had reached the uppermost apartment, where she was again answered by the same inclination of the head, and the same *chi saggio?*

I may here observe, that it is quite common, in various parts of Italy, for persons of the first rank to live in the upper stories of their man-

sions, in preference to the lower, particularly at Genoa and Venice, where they give sumptuous entertainments in them to their firiends and relatives.

There is little or no difference in the manners of the lazzaroni of Naples and the ancient nobility; except such of them as have travelled. Intelligence and classical knowledge is alone to be met with in the middling ranks of society; yet they boast of many literary men, whose works have immortalized their names, and stood the test of ages. The Neapolitans are, however, by nature, classically musical.

In the beginning of the French revolution, Saint Januarius, who was the patron of Naples, being accused of the crime of jacobinism, his statue was brought into open court, tried, found guilty, condemned to lose all its valuable ornaments, to be thrown into prison, and Januarius to be deprived of his protectorship; which was transferred to Saint Anthony. In such extravagant veneration had the worthy Januarius, their old patron, once been held, that the ignorant people would implore our Saviour to solicit that saint to be propitious to them—imagining the latter to have more influence than the former!

At Naples were formerly to be found a larger number of a certain class of mutilated beings, of which I have spoken in my first volume, than in any other city of Italy. These poor devils are sensible of their degraded condition, and generally give out, that it has being owing to accident. In general, however, they are the offspring of the lowest class of the human species, who sacrifice their children to the vilest speculation. Hundreds of them have been thus shamefully unsexed in their infancy, who never possessed a voice; as the operation would be of too dangerous a nature at a more advanced stage of their existence. It is no less true than extraordinary, that if the excision takes place during bad weather, the victims never sing in tune. This is certainly very curious! When they happen to have no voices, they are either taught to play on some instrument, or are otherwise employed in menial situations, as they are totally ignorant of every thing but music; for the moment they are docked for singing, they are sent to the *conservatoires*. Scarcely a soul of them can read. Pacchierotti was one of the best informed of the race of *castrati*. In consequence of his having a large portion of natural good sense, he greatly improved himself by study. Mar-

chesi was so grossly ignorant, that he wrote the word opera, *opperra;* but nature had been so bountiful to this animal, that his ignorance and insolence were forgotten the moment he sang.

I have frequently been in company with Paisiello and the famous Monk, *il padre Giordano,* at Sir William Hamilton's. This Monk had a remarkably fine bass voice, and though an eminent preacher, would often accompany Lady Hamilton in comic and *double entendre* duets, catches, and glees, in which Paisiello and Mrs. Billington would join.

In consequence of meeting the above Monk so much in society, I remember the King of Naples once saying, that he was the best preacher, the best singer, and the best eater of maccaroni in his whole dominions. He was a very stout man, above six feet high, well-proportioned, and had a good-looking, cheerful countenance. His long, white, monastic dress, contrasted with that of the rest of the company, had the most singular effect possible; considering that monastic characters in general ought to be dead to worldly pleasures, and alive only to the edification and improvement of others. Father Giordano was not, however, to be classed among his dead brethren; for he really lived, and enjoyed the good things of this

world like other men, and was, to all intents and purposes, what may be called a *bon vivant*. Paisiello having completed a new oratorio, at the first representation of which the king, the queen, and all the court were present, the composer came to conduct Lady Hamilton and myself to the church, which was very much crowded. As *dilettanti*, we were placed by the composer in a situation the best calculated for us to appreciate its merits. It was really a good composition. It was certainly not in the sublime style of the immortal Handel's sacred music; nevertheless, had it been as well executed as the music of the latter generally is in England, the effect would have been very different. On this occasion, there happened to be no fewer than a hundred of those "noun adjectives of the neuter gender," of which I have been speaking, employed in the choruses; and, so abominably did they sing out of tune, that poor Paisiello, forgetting where he was, jumped from his seat in a passion, and exclaimed, "Ah! mănaggio dei morti, siete stati tutti castrati in cativo tempo!" alluding to the fact I have already noticed; namely, that these degraded beings never sing in tune, when the maiming operation has taken place in bad weather. The effect can be better imagined than

described: the church resounded with the laughter of the whole congregation; and thus ended the poor "enraged musician's" oratorio! Though Paisiello, as well as his brother composer Cimarosa, had all the manners of the lazzaroni, he nevertheless would not have so far forgotten the respect due to the sacred place in which he then was, had he not been entirely led away by his mortified feelings.

Cimarosa and Paisiello were sworn enemies. They were never seen in company with each other. It was impossible to be on friendly terms with the one, if you happened to applaud the works of the other. These two great men in their line, would even go to the theatre in disguise, to hiss each other's compositions. But Cimarosa was superior to Paisiello. Generally speaking, one opera of the former composer would have made a dozen operas of the latter. They were, however, much esteemed at Naples; and deservedly considered—

"——— *Arcades ambo;*
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati."
Skilful Arcadians both, and both inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd."

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME.

Sensations on entering the Eternal City.....Mr. Rogers quoted .....Present Government of Rome.....Code of Laws..... Delay of Justice.....Mr. Williams and the Chancery Court .....Population.....Law of Celibacy.....Character of the Romans..... The Trastaverini..... Paper Currency..... Pasquin and Marforio.....The Climate of Rome.....Canova in his Studio.....Cause of the present degraded State of Italy.....Leo the Tenth.

Eternal city! once the mistress of three-fourths of the known globe, how art thou fallen! Long hath thy sun been set under the black clouds of northern barbarism; dark, however, as they may be, never can they totally obscure the brilliant star which shines over thy hills of genuine immortality! On approaching thy sacred precincts, through the Campagna di Roma, what philanthropist can refrain from exclaiming with the romantic Rogers, the sweet bard of Memory,

" O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
Low in the dust; and they who come, admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death

Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of Beauty.
Would'st thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shone among the natives of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven;—and *shalt again.*"

The Roman States are governed, without exception, in the most vicious and arbitrary manner; since ecclesiastical caprice is allowed to stand in the room of every other legislative authority: a fact this, the authenticity of which is established by the innumerable abuses which the population of these states have laboured under, ever since Charles the Magnanimous handed them over to the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

The Roman code of laws at present in use—for that of the immortal Justinian has long been banished the country for which it was intended—is founded on caprice, and is one, in the execution of which justice is sacrificed to power. In point of theory, the prohibition of litigation between brother and brother, appears well calculated to preserve harmony between two beings springing from the same parent stock: but, how far it may be beneficial in practice, I leave to the gentlemen wearing black robes and big powdered wigs to decide;

and shall only observe, that if such a law existed in England, bread would be considerably cheaper; as much of the flour which is now wasted on wig blocks, would find its way into the bellies of the half-starved and the hungry. But—as there is always a wheel within a wheel—for the purpose of doing away with the effects of this law, an act of absolution may be procured, on the payment of about three hundred Roman crowns to the *datería*, not only confirming the power of fraternal litigation, but granting a *salva guardia* to litigate even against the twelve Apostles, if they said twelve apostles were again to come upon the earth.

The members forming the tribunals at Rome, if tribunals they can be designated, are called Auditors. Those who fill the office of Auditors of the sacred Rota have peculiar privileges over the rest of the Auditors; who, though they sit as judges, are, from their numerous acts of cruelty and injustice, more criminal than the malefactors who are executed before the debtors' door of Newgate. Their mode of proceeding in all civil cases, both as judge and as jury (for both characters are united in one and the same person), is this: whenever a creditor who happens to be a stranger, makes his appeal against a Roman subject, to avoid entering into

the merits of the case, the applicant is put off whenever he seeks justice, with the cant word of *proserbato*; and a decision is never come to, one way or the other; it being their policy to retain foreigners as long as possible at Rome, whereby the city derives a benefit, which it would not do were the judges to come to a prompt decision. Thus do the cases remain in their primitive state, in secula seculorum; which is even worse than what we see in an English Court of Chancery; for there it is not impossible, that the third or fourth generation may come triumphantly out of court with the family deeds—though the property shall long ago have been entirely swallowed up by the legal expenses! Thanks, however, to the senatorial exertions of Mr. John Williams, the vigorous little bantam-cock of the British bar, that most grievous of nuisances, the "law's delay," stands a fair chance of being speedily "abated." I wish I could say the same thing of

"The insolence of office, and the spurns,
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Though the Roman States have suffered much in their legitimate population from the effects of external celibacy, in consequence of which two-thirds of the land is uncultivated, and even the

one-third which is cultivated is generally performed by peasants coming from Tuscany or the northern states of Italy, the devil is nevertheless as busily employed in this holy city, as ever he was in the garden of Eden; and, in the article of "forbidden fruit" he has been, and now is, carrying on as brisk a trade, as in any other part of the known world. For there is no class of men who have more nephews and nieces than the Roman clergy, and especially the Cardinals. Having no children whom they dare to own, they differ from all other men, in living after death, by the adoption of those of other people. Since the unnatural Council of Trent, no ecclesiastic is suffered to have a child of his own: he always contrives, however, to have some good-natured brothers or cousins, who are ready to father them.

The natives of Rome partake generally of the spirit and character peculiar to its soil, whenever it is cultivated. They are the best improvisatori and satirists in all Europe. The genuine Roman masculine character is more faithfully depicted in the class called the Trasteverini, than it is in those who reside on this side the Tiber. Though the violence of inquisitorial superstition may have tended to

debilitate their manly character, and to disincline them to warlike exertions, it has never been able to subdue their independent spirit, or entirely to repress their mental energies.

When a paper currency was about to be introduced into the Roman States, a certain individual at Rome published some very judicious remarks, pointing out the drawback it would occasion to commercial speculations, and the evils which it had already inflicted in France, in Germany, and in Spain. To obviate which evils, he intimated, that it would be necessary, as a previous step, that the government should declare the precise quantity it intended to put into circulation, which should be secured to the holder on lands legally mortgaged for the liquidation of the sums necessary to replace the said paper; by which means it would always be at par with the precious metals.

At this just proposition the government took the alarm, fearing that the publication might tend to impede the operation of the measure; as it was also suggested, that in the mortgage given to the national creditor should be specified, whether it was to be repaid in revenue, in landed property, or in specie. A reward of six thousand crowns was offered for the discovery of the person or persons who had thus

dared to prejudice the operations of government. On the following morning, the statue of Marforio was wittily made to ask the statue of Pasquin, "whether the reward was to be paid in paper or in specie?" Nor did the government ever discover the author of the pamphlet, or of the pasquinade.

Perhaps I ought to tell my reader, that the statue of Marforio is a statue of Mars, found in the forum, which the people have corrupted into Marforio. The statue of Pasquin is a marble statue, greatly mutilated, which stands at the corner of the palace of the Ursini. It takes its name from a cobbler of that city, called Pasquin, famous for his sneers and gibes, and who diverted himself by passing his jokes on all that went through that street. After his death, as they were digging up the pavement before his door, they found in the earth the statue of an ancient gladiator, well cut, but maimed and half spoiled: this they set up in the place where it was found, and, by common consent, named it Pasquin. Since that time, all satires are attributed to that figure; and are either put into its mouth, or pasted upon it; and these are addressed by Pasquin to Marforio. When Marforio is attacked, Pasquin defends him; and when Pasquin is attacked, Mar-

forio assists him in his turn; that is, the people make the statues speak just what they please.

Rome seems to be the very element for the growth of the fine arts. Whether it be owing to the recollection of her having been, for ages, the seat of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the immortal authors of those sublime monuments, or to the climate, or to the beautiful view of the seven hills, certain it is, that those *chef-d'œuvres* are no where so duly appreciated as at Rome. The grandeur of their buildings, the magnificence of their churches, daily presenting themselves to the eyes of the inhabitants, have justly made them the envy of every civilized nation.

The immortal Canova, when at Vienna, and in the zenith of his celebrity, courted and fêted by all that was distinguished for birth, for rank, and for talent, being one day at Prince Rezzonico's, was asked, why he appeared so low-spirited? "I do not know," said he, "what is the reason; but, when I am in my *studio* at Rome, working all day long with my paper cap on my head and my apron round my waist, I feel my lungs expand, my heart at ease, my spirits light as air, and my vigour increased by contemplating the surrounding objects. These delicious sensations keep the body and mind in harmony with each other.

Since I have been here, though I have certainly met with nothing but what has been calculated to flatter, in the highest degree, my *amour propre*, I am, nevertheless, like the unfruitful soil of the north, sterile in genius, in health, and in spirits, and feel as if I had the seven mortal sins on my shoulders."

And, how readily can I conceive this to have been the case with such a man as Canova! for the sensations which I have myself experienced whenever I have visited Rome and its environs, are such as I have never elsewhere experienced—

" Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground:
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow."

An old and esteemed female friend, whose talents I revere, and whose memory I respect,

once observed, as I think I have already mentioned, that "les Italiens sont plus remarquables par ce qu'ils ont été, et par ce qu'ils pourront être, que par ce qu'ils sont maintenant." This is true, and the reason is obvious. From the sufferings they have endured, they find themselves in the same degrading and unnatural situation, that a lion would be in, were it deprived of its teeth and its claws. But, fifteen millions of people should not be condemned on account of the vices of their different governments, whose policy it has uniformly been to keep them in a state of division, whereby every virtue arising from the *amor patriæ* has been enfeebled, and rendered nugatory. How just is the sentiment of Sallust! "Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabuntur." Would to Heaven, that the several nations of Italy had in time read, learned, and inwardly digested Fontaine's delightful fable, beginning,

"Toute puissance est foible, à moins que d'être unie!"

The people of Ferrara, Urbino, Ancona, and Bologna, as well as the Trasteverini, have long evinced an ardent love of liberty and independence; and, if seconded in their efforts

by a generous nation, may one day effect the desired emancipation of all Italy.

If the name of the ancient mistress of the world was ever dear to the lovers of science and the fine arts, they must feel deeply for the present degenerate, effeminate, and degraded condition of this once seat and centre of all that is noble and sublime. What an immense debt of gratitude do the people of Europe owe to those wonderful works which abound in every part of this truly classical country; which few have succeeded in equalling, and none in surpassing; and which have had such a decided influence on the taste of all other nations! Though in no city can improvement be so effectually obtained as at Rome, yet the motive which once animated, and inspired, and called into action, the genius of her own children, alas, lies crushed and buried under the dark superstition of narrow-minded ecclesiastical dominion! I say, "narrow-minded;" because, there was a time, when the head of the church was the life and the soul of the fine arts. For, to the immortal Leo is the world indebted for the restoration of literature, and, in some measure, for the reformation, and the overthrow of the Pope's primitive influence. But,

by his unbounded generosity to men of genius, he so much impoverished himself, that he was continually compelled to resort to the sale of indulgences, in order to recruit his ever-wasting treasury: a practice this, which gave birth to the first schism in the Catholic influence, life to the reformation, and a death-blow to superstition.

In the constellation of genius which shone forth in the age of Leo the Tenth, appeared Ariosto, and Tasso, and Sannasarius, and Vida, and Macchiavilli, and Guiccardini, and Michael Angelo, and Raphael, and Titian—

"But see! each muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung."

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CHAPTER IX.

ROME.

Character of Cavalchini, the Governor of Rome.....The Streets of Rome formerly not lighted up.....And why.....Certain unholy Practices of the Cardinals.....The Roman Nobility .....And their Domestics.....Prince Spada and the Statue of Pompey.....Effects of uniting the Ecclesiastical and the Temporal Government under one Head.....Restoration of the Pope.....The part taken therein by Buonaparté..... And by England.....A Word for the Catholics of Ireland .....Buonaparté promises the Restitution of the Roman Legations.....And thereby induces the Pope to crown him at Paris.....His subsequent treatment of His Holiness.

WHENEVER any one of the understrappers of his holiness the Pope happens to become a favourite with the people, he is generally appointed Governor of Rome; that being a sure step to the dignity of the Cardinalate.

During the time that Pius the Seventh was at Paris, engaged in the holy office of anointing Buonaparte and his wife Josephine, and crowning them Emperor and Empress of France, the Governor of Rome was a person named Cavalchini; but, from his ignorance and vulgarity

the appellation of Cavallaccio would have better suited him.

This same Cavalchini could never be spoken with after dinner; so, in order to save trouble, he would generally, like the worthy Hibernian, breakfast over night; for this disgusting creature, from the copious libations which he paid to Bacchus—the only debts, by the bye, he ever troubled himself about paying—would sometimes continue in the holy state of comfortable intoxication for eight and forty hours together, and sometimes longer; pursuits of this kind being better suited to his reverend governorship than the dry routine of public business.

Previously to the mighty Napoleon making his infant son and heir king of Rome, the streets of that city were never suffered to be lighted up. To prevent the people from running foul of each other, or against the carriages of the cardinals, every one provided himself with a dark lantern, similar to those which are made use of by house-breakers in this country; which lanterns they would poke into people's faces, and thereby prevent them from seeing their way.

This state of darkness, in which it was the policy of the Roman government to keep its subjects, was resorted to, upon the principle,

that it was as well for the people to be kept ignorant of certain cardinal practices, which would become too manifest and glaring, if the streets were suffered to be lighted up.

For the self-same reason the holy conclave have a private door to all the theatres in Rome, through which they enter *en masque*, and every now and then, *par hasard*, stumble in the dark upon some pretty female or two; whom, out of pure christian charity, of course, they take under the shelter of their sacred wings, during Carnival time; the better to prepare the said pretty females for their Lent confessions.

All these aforesaid matters are carried on at Rome, in a mightily edifying, pious, and innocent sort of way, and purely for the good of the souls of the parties concerned! as may naturally be expected, from men who are living under so sober a governor, and whose long cloaks so philanthropically cover what the witty Sheridan, in his admirable opera of the Duenna, calls "provision for the convent." Nay, such a sympathetic feeling—so vast a spirit of christian charity—presides in its pristine vigour in the breasts of these *celibatarii*, that the moment a free trader happens to arrive in the holy city, the fact is made known from one end of it to the other; and, if the frail fair one

should not be inclined to accommodate the whole college of cardinals, it is hinted to her that she must forthwith shift her quarters, and carry on her carnal concerns elsewhere.

The greater part of the Roman nobility scarcely ever give wages to their domestics. Indeed, it was customary formerly for servants to allow their masters a certain sum, out of the money they extorted from those foreigners, who merely visited Rome, for the sake of viewing the *chef-d'œuvres* of the fine arts, in the possession of the nobility. Prince Spada is the proprietor of what is said to be the original statue of Pompey the Great, at whose base the mighty Cæsar was so cruelly murdered. It is not shown to strangers at less than five paoli a head; and, as John Bull has not so much ready cash in his pocket as he formerly had, and is therefore become wiser, when the English set about visiting these valuable collections, they go in plural groups, paying only the singular price; a practice which has greatly diminished the gains of these *ciceroni*: but the established price for seeing any of the rarities which abound at Rome is three paoli.

If a foreigner pays a visit to a Roman nobleman, he is sure to receive, the next morning, the congratulations on his safe arrival of all the

domestics of the family; and there is no mistaking the matter for mere civilized hospitality, for their very countenances discover that they have an eye to your pocket, and come with the design of playing upon your generosity. It is not uncommon for them to tell foreigners point blank, that they live upon what they can collect from strangers, as their masters allow them no stated salary. Indeed, their own excellent proverb contains the best definition of this degraded race—"Roma santa, e popolo corrotto;" and, as long as this fine portion of Italy shall continue under the trammels of an ecclesiastical government, it never can recover itself, so far as to be on a level with the other civilized nations of Italy; and still less will its people aim at an imitation of the dignity, the valour, the virtue, and the greatness of their renowned forefathers.

From her primitive ecclesiastical institutions, Rome has naturally been deprived of those things, which are allowed to form the best riches of every other country—population, agriculture, and commerce. Solely as head of the Church, and as the sovereign representative of St. Peter, surely the Pope might be to the full as much respected as he now is. "My kingdom is not of this world," was the lan-

guage of our Saviour. God forbid that I should wish to deprive his holiness of his just prerogatives! I cannot, however, help thinking, that if he were to confine himself solely to spiritual concerns, it would be much to the advantage of the Christian world; and that his presence would become the foot of the altar, infinitely better than it does the arena of political warfare.

The restoration of the holy father to temporal power, has certainly been owing more to English policy, than to the exertions of all the catholic princes of Europe; as those princes, both individually and in a body, voted against it. Nay, the Emperor of Austria, when the late Pope was elected at Venice, would not, but for the influence of Napoleon, have consented to his returning to Rome to take possession of the Sacred See. But the holy father was at that time one of the innumerable gewgaws with which the great Buonaparte amused himself, and the people he governed; and, having so powerfully seconded him in his projects, the newly-made emperor insisted on his popeship being allowed to leave Venice. On which account, when he reached Rome, he acquired the nickname of *Papa-Gallo*. To such a pitch did the crafty Corsican hoax the holy man, that

he made him believe he was a staunch Catholic. But, though he acknowledged the Pope's supremacy, as head of the church, he insisted on his being allowed to go to Rome, merely for the purpose of humbling the pride of Austria, and to make the old pope himself subservient to his future views of aggrandizement; for he was well aware, that it was much easier to subdue the ecclesiastical authority, than it would be that of any other prince whom Austria, or the allied powers, might be inclined to set up in his stead; feeling perfectly persuaded, that they did not intend to unite it to the kingdom of Naples.

England also, from political motives, the more effectually to baffle the powers of the continent, became the strenuous advocate for the re-integration of the papal authority: at the very moment, too, when throughout the British dominions, all relaxation in favour of her own catholic subjects was denied to them; though no crime could be charged against them—unless it be one, to adhere faithfully to the religion of one's forefathers. I do not mean to justify the horrid rebellions, the plunderings, and the murders, of a portion of the misguided catholics of Ireland; but surely there must be some physical as well as political

causes for effects so direful in their consequences!

While the pope was absent on his famous visit at Paris, it was held, by Cavalchini, the governor of Rome, to be tantamount to high treason for any one to suspect, insinuate, or even imagine, that his holiness would return to his capital empty handed. The restitution of the Roman legations which had been taken from Pius the Sixth at the peace of Tolentino, was looked upon as the intended reward of his ready compliance. To secure this restitution, the pope fancied himself justified in acceding to the humiliating journey, which Buonaparte compelled him to undertake, as well as to the still more disgraceful task of officiating at his coronation at Paris. There can be no doubt whatever, that Buonaparte had held out similar allurements, and that they had been confirmed to the Pope by Melzi, Duke of Lodi, as well as by General Miolis.

However, when he had succeeded in getting the Roman "actors," as he called them, to figure away on the French stage, and had there exposed and turned into ridicule the whole Roman catholic hierarchy, Napoleon thought no more of his promises. Though it must be confessed, that the appearance at Paris of his

holiness, added much to the solemnity of the ceremony, and gave real weight to the assertion, that Buonaparte had been called to the imperial diadem of France by the free will of the people; yet, as head of the catholic church, it cannot be denied, that the pope, by his presence, sacrilegiously sanctioned the exclusion of the crown from the head of its then existing ligitimate wearer, in order to place it on that of an unprincipled usurper.

This imprudent as well as unjust act, in the face of all Europe, on the part of the power that ought to have been the most opposed to its execution, furnished Napoleon with the arms wherewith he had predetermined speedily to subdue the pope and the whole ecclesiastical domination, by lessening and degrading the very foundation of the religious order. And this he certainly effected, by being Macchiavelist enough to cause himself to be crowned at Paris by the sacred pontiff: this being the only instance of the kind in the history of the christian church; for even Charlemagne, who, in the year 800, had surrendered the Roman states in perpetuity to the ecclesiastical authority, had condescended to repair to Rome, for the purpose of being crowned. What an amazing improvement has the lapse of a thou-

sand years effected in the manners and sentiments of mighty conquerors!

As soon as the farce of the coronation was over, his holiness the pope, accompanied by his pontifical suite, paid a visit to the Tuilleries, to congratulate his Imperial Majesty on the event, and took occasion to jog the memory of the mighty man, as to the promise he had entered into, with regard to the restitution of the Roman legations. Upon this the "potentissimo ed augustissimo imperatore,"—for such were the titles which he had modestly taken to himself—flew into one of his violent passions,—exclaimed, with his brother monarch, the renowned Arthur,

> "We were indeed a pretty king of clouts,
> Were we to truckle to her maudlin humours;"

and ordered the hoary-headed manager, together with his troop of puppets, to quit the capital of his empire, without loss of time—but not before he had made the old man feel the weight of his imperial fist!

Here the curtain dropped; and thus ended the comedy, that has overwhelmed the ecclesiastical dignity with eternal ridicule and disgrace.

CHAPTER X.

ROME.

Napoleon's Treatment of Pius the Seventh further exposed..... The Pope becomes popular at Paris, and thereby excites Napoleon's jealousy.....Napoleon forms the Project of repudiating Josephine.....Gains the consent of Francis the First to marry his daughter Marie Louise.....The Pope refuses to grant a Divorce.....Upon which Napoleon causes him to be kidnapped by Miolis, and carried off to France.....My Interview with the late Queen of Spain.

THE rumour of the entire failure of the pope's application to the Great Napoleon reached Rome long before the actors themselves arrrived there. It excited various and different sensations; and gave birth to innumerable lampoons, and amongst others to the following: "Instead of his holiness returning to us; bringing with him an engagement for the restitution of the lost Roman states, it will be fortunate if the Emperor does not deprive the pope of those which the church is still in possession of; considering the rapacity of the one party, and the christian meekness of the other."

This innocent pasquinade coming to the ears of the drunken sot, Cavalchini, the governor of Rome, he threatened to send every man who should dare to allude to the circumstance, to the castle of St. Angelo. Alas, who, would suppose, that the degraded beings who could thus submit to be gagged by an ignorant bacchanal of a priest, were the descendants of the illustrious Gracchi!

Certain it is, that Napoleon and the Pope parted in mutual disgust and dudgeon with each other: so much so, indeed, that the former would not allow his holiness to crown him King of Italy. The promise respecting the restitution of the legations was a mere pretence for getting the Pope to Paris; and, as it was never intended to be performed, it was as good as any other: to have answered the object of the moment, Buonaparte would not merely have promised the legations, but all France itself: his language resembled that of the renowned Macheath—"What signifies a promise to a female!" When he had no further occasion for Pius the Seventh, it is clear that he regarded him in the light of an old woman: and therefore was it necessary that the good man should be disgraced, as an

excuse for Buonaparte's breaking his faith with him.

Another thing that gave mortal offence to the newly-made Emperor was, that his holiness was daily becoming more and more popular at Paris; a circumstance this, which was of itself a deadly sin in the eyes of the master of Europe. The bare idea that any earthly being should share in his popularity, was as a dagger to his heart. The Parisians, too, even began to be religious: they anxiously attended his holiness's benedictions; they applauded him in public, more loudly than they did their new monarch: and these were mortal crimes not easily to be forgiven. The refusal to fulfil his promise, by restoring the provinces taken from Pius the Sixth at Tolentino, compelled his holiness to quit Paris and the new imperial court; after remonstrating against the shameful treatment he had received at the hands of Napoleon, and solemnly protesting against the violence that had been offered to his sacred person.

Every thing between his holiness the Pope and the Emperor Napoleon remained *in statu quo*, until his last invasion of Austria; upon which occasion, the principal condition on which

he consented to withdraw his troops from Vienna, was a contract for a young wife, before he had fairly got rid of an old one. Having entered into this stipulation with the sovereign of Austria, the father of Maria Louisa, Napoleon next insisted, that his intended daddy-in-law should henceforward go by the name of Francis the First. "Necessitas non habet legem:" as drowning men are said to catch at straws, the Emperor, for the sake of saving himself, sacrificed his beloved daughter, and assumed the proffered title.

To satisfy his sensual inclination, Napoleon, like Henry the Eighth of England, applied for the *salva condotta* to his holiness the Pope; and, as Henry thought it would not be more difficult to obtain a divorce than it had been to assume the title of Defender of the Faith; so was Napoleon equally credulous in believing, that the consent to a divorce could be as easily obtained from the Pope, as the consent to a coronation had been. The title of "defender of the faith" had been bestowed on Henry by Leo the Tenth, for the support which the English monarch had given to the Catholic religion; but the divorce was applied for to Clement the Seventh, the new pope, who was then the prisoner of Charles the Fifth, a near rela-

tive to Catherine of Arragon; who, from political motives, as well as on principles of religion, refused his compliance.

As Napoleon had not only violently insulted the head of the church, but had trampled religion under his feet, the Pope had every reason to be dissatisfied with his conduct; and feeling himself, besides, under no obligation to the Emperor of Austria, he was induced by no motives of policy to act in contradiction to the dictates of his own conscience; for he had re-married Buonaparte to Josephine at the express desire of the husband; as previously they had only been bound together by a civil contract, during the reign of democratic principles, and had not submitted to the ecclesiastical ceremony, by which Catholic marriages can never be dissolved, except on proof that they did not take place according to the precise forms enjoined by that religion.

This, however, could not be the case in the instance before us, as the ceremony, which had taken place only a few years before, was not one between minors, or between individuals living under the controul of parental violence, but between two persons arrived at the full age of maturity, and following their own spontaneous inclinations.

Even if his holiness had been living on the best terms with Napoleon, obstacles here presented themselves, which could not be got rid of, except in the case of an hereditary legitimate line, where a succession was necessary; as in the instance of Henry the Fourth of France, who repudiated Ann of Valois, and married Catherine of Medicis. But Buonaparte had long before this publicly declared the first-born son of his brother Louis to be his heir; and, previously to that, the son of Josephine, prince Eugene Beauharnois.

All these obstacles were, however, mere trifles with a man like Buonaparte, who had made up his mind further to ennoble himself by an Austrian alliance: that alliance which proved so fatal to himself, to France, and to all Europe! for in wedding Maria Louisa, he united himself to his *malora;* and, in proportion as his grandeur increased, so did his popularity decline. By this single act, the strings of his good fortune were snapped asunder. He now shone, in the constellation of royalty, like one of those minor planets which revolve round the sun, and borrow their light from the great orb of day.

Every mean insult was now resorted to, whereby the authority of the Pope could be

in any way undermined; and, assassin like, the poisonous shafts were aimed at his holiness in the dark. His subjects were encouraged and incited to rebellion, by promises of reward; and his sacred authority was spurned at and disregarded. To all which the good man, saint like, submitted, with a degree of resignation only to be looked for in truly Christian minds. His territories were violated; his government was overthrown; and he himself was made a prisoner in his own capital.

In this state of suffering, Napoleon naturally expected, on the part of Pius the Seventh, either complaint or compliance. But, neither one nor the other could he extort from the calm and philosophical ministers of his holiness. Outrageous at this unexpected forbearance, Napoleon directed Miolis, who then commanded the French forces at Rome, to arrest the Pope, in the Quirinal palace, and to send him forthwith a prisoner to France. Miolis, who was an ex-friar, had hitherto shewn the greatest outward marks of respect towards the person of his holiness. The Pope, however, forseeing, from the violent measures that had been adopted, that Napoleon would not be satisfied, until such an event had taken place, had determined to shut himself up in his palace, and to exclude

himself from visitors, of all descriptions, excepting his own trustworthy ministers.

Upon this, Miolis made frequent remonstrances to Cardinal Consalvi, at his being thus deprived of all intercourse with his holiness; and, receiving the uniform answer, that the Pope would be seen by no one, he, "in the dead waste and middle of the night"—an hour propitious to deeds of treachery—taking with him a body of soldiers, scaled the walls of the Quirinal palace, entered the garden like a thief, broke open the door of the chamber in which his holiness was sleeping, arrested him, and sent him off, that very night, like a common malefactor, with scarcely any one to attend him, or any supply of the things necessary to his personal use and comfort. So secretly was the affair conducted, and so little was it then expected to be executed, that nearly all the conclave were absent at their country residences; and it was not known in Rome, until late on the following day, that their sovereign had been kidnapped and carried off to France.

The better to prevent discovery, Miolis had caused relays of horses to be placed at different stations, at a distance from the high road, by which his scandalous treachery re-

mained undiscovered. This atrocious circumstance calls to my recollection the arrest of the whole royal family of Spain, at the period when Buonaparte offered himself as a mediator between the king and his son the Crown Prince, whom he had encouraged to revolt and to dethrone his father. When they were in his power, with the rest of the royal princes, and the queen with her *cher ami*, the Prince of Peace, he made them sign an abdication in favour of his brother Joseph, and sent both father, mother, son, and paramour close prisoners to France. He then separated the prince Don Antonio, brother to the king, and the princes from their father, placing one part of the family under the responsibility of the newly-made prince Talleyrand, who was their goaler, and sending the other part to Italy, there to repent at leisure of the folly they had all committed, in trusting to the promises, and putting themselves in the power, of such an unprincipled man as Buonaparte.

The particulars of this transaction were related to me by the late queen of Spain, whilst she was at Venice: "My husband," added she, "never abdicated: he allowed my son to take the reins of government, to quell the disturbances that had broken out in Madrid, and

and he partially resigned, to prevent the effusion of blood; but he was afterwards forced, by Buonaparte's violent conduct and threats, not only to abdicate, but to renounce the succession of his children to the throne of Spain. In consequence of my remonstrances with him on this breach of good faith, by which he had become perjured, he would allow neither me nor my husband to reside in France; and the pensions which he promised us, were scarcely ever paid. On our arrival at Marseilles, I parted with some of my jewels, to defray our travelling expences." Her majesty further told me, what I thought rather singular, that she had got very little for her jewels, as they were found not to be of the first water.

Her majesty was at Venice at the time when the Princess of Wales visited that city. She was carried about in a sedan chair, and never walked out during her stay, which was about a week or ten days; and then returned to Strà, where stands the late palace of the Pisani, which Buonaparte took from the family, in payment for the taxes which they owed to the old Venetian government; and which has since been taken possession of by the Austrians.

CHAPTER XI.

TUSCANY.

Florence.....Climate.....Government.....The present Grand Duke.....His passion for Music.....Lord Burghersh..... Character of the Tuscans.....Fascinating Manners of the Females.....Fertility of the Tuscan Soil.....Dialect..... The Nobility retail Venders of Wine and Oil.....Honesty and Civility of the Tuscans.....Theatres.....Conversazioni .....Public Gardens .....Galleries..... The People of Arezzo.....Eliza Bacciochi.

If Italy be the garden of Europe, Tuscany may with justice be called the garden of Italy. As to its capital,

> " Of all the fairest cities of the earth
> None are so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
> Of purest ray, a treasure for a casket!
> And what a glorious lustre did it shed,
> When it emerged from darkness! Sacred within,
> Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
> Contending with the present; and in turn
> Each has its mastery."

Florence is delightfully situated at the foot of the most fertile hills, exuberantly supplied with every necessary as well as delicacy of life, and surrounded by the lofty Appenines—by some called the back-bone of Italy—which

alike protect the tender olive and the juicy grape from the bleak north, and encircle the whole of this beautiful city and its suburbs, in the picturesque form of an amphitheatre.

Like the rest of ill-fated Italy, this country is subjected to the authority of an absolute prince: but, in a political point of view, all Tuscany is of trifling importance, as far as it regards England; with the solitary exception of the port of Leghorn. Its chief commerce consists in oil, wine, straw hats, perfumery, and silks. In the year 1736, it was ceded to Francis Duke of Lorrain, in exchange for the latter dukedom; and, on his marrying the Empress Maria Theresa, it became the sovereignty of her second son Leopold.

The present Grand Duke was, for many years, in the leading-strings of his tutor, Manfredini, until Buonaparte, when he invaded Tuscany, generously taught him to walk alone, and made him Duke of Wurtzberg into the bargain; when the Italian mentor was no longer permitted to thwart the maxims of Austrian despotism, but was dismissed from his situation as minister, and the Grand Duke himself was only allowed to change the monosyllable *si* to *ya*; as he has since done back again from *ya*

to *si.* Austria again commands, and Tuscany must obey!

Ferdinand, the reigning Grand Duke, is said to be a very worthy sort of man; and, if it be necessary for the good government of a state, that its head should be a proficient in music, his royal highness is allowed on all hands to be a classic in this elegant science. Lord Burgoh hersh, too, the British ambassador at the court of Florence, is also said to be bitten with the same musico-mania; by which, no doubt, the interests of his own country are kept in constant unison with those of this principe-armonico!

The Grand Duke's first wife was the daughter of his two-fold uncle and aunt, the present king and the late queen of Naples; by whom he had several children. One of his daughters was recently married to the Prince Carignan, who took so active a part in the late transactions in Piedmont. She was greatly deformed, and died, it is said, in consequence of the harsh treatment of her lord and his minister, in not permitting her to have free access to her children.

Tuscany is rich in soil. Its inhabitants are industrious; and many of them who have very circumscribed incomes bear the names of their ancient nobility. Economy and frugality are the praise-worthy characteristics of these Italians;

and the late Grand Duchess—peace be to her manes!—was the very *ne plus ultra* of all that is avaricious. Indeed, neither of the daughters of the noble-minded Caroline of Naples, inherited either their mother's talents, or her unbounded generosity.

But, though the sovereignty is absolute, Tuscany is by no means governed so despotically as the states under the controul of the court of Austria; and it was even much less so than it is at present, during the reign of the late Duke Leopold; as Manfredini, who was then the *factotum*, exercised his power, for years, with great prudence as well as mildness.

In point of civilization, the Tuscans are infinitely beyond the rest of the *terra firma* Italians, and are at the very least a century before hand with the Neapolitans. The Sicilians have gained much, in this respect, from their commercial intercourse with Tuscany; but the higher classes of society in the island of Sicily are, in point of elegant manners and classical attainments, far behind the people of Florence.

The Etruscans appear, by nature, to partake very much of the mildness of their serene and salubrious atmosphere. Their modest simplicity; their truly elegant manners; and, above all, the insinuating suavity of the fair and beau-

tiful part of the creation, united to the purity of their language, all bespeak them to have been a perfect resemblance of the primitive inhabitants of the garden of Eden—

> "Grace is in all their steps, heav'n in their eye:
> In every gesture dignity and love."

But, alas, since the fatal period of the French revolution, they have been, in no small degree, corrupted by the all-powerful and all-seducing thirst for an imitation of exotic manners, as well as exotic vices, to the exclusion of that native simplicity which is the prime ornament of woman!

The prolificacy of the Tuscan soil, if I may be allowed the expression, is as much occasioned by the judicious manner in which it is cultivated, as it is by the mildness of its climate, and the purity of its sky. Not an inch of earth is left idle. Vines, olives, all kinds of fruits, are planted one above the other, in geometrical symmetry; rising progressively, until they lose themselves in the clouds, and forming, in the vintage season, one of the most enchanting scenes, that nature can possibly produce.

The common people, as well as the peasantry, speak the language, as settled by the celebrated academy Della Crusca established at

Florence, in its greatest purity; and even the beggars in the streets, who ask you for a crazia, which is almost the smallest coin of the country, really do it *con grazia*, and will often address themselves to a stranger in the classical idiom of their poets, and tell you, that such and such a nobl man has regaled them, on their birth-day, with "an omelet of four eggs" —which, indeed, is by no means a common event; for the Tuscans are neither rich nor generous, and do not reckon their income by pounds, shillings, and pence, but by the number of flasks of oil or of wine, which is made on their estates.

Nay, many of the nobility, both at Florence and at their country residences, will sell you, at their own houses, a single bottle of either. At the side of the door of their palaces, there is usually a little hatch, just big enough to admit a bottle, and a bell; on the ringing of which, and paying the price, a servant brings the wine or the oil to the purchaser.

The Tuscans never impose on foreigners, in the manner practised at Naples and at Genoa. The shop-keepers are remarkably honest, as well as civil; and particularly so to the English. At Florence, there are three or four very good theatres; but they are open for per-

formances only at a certain season of the year. A good opera is rarely to be met with at Florence, except when the principal singers happen not to be engaged elsewhere; as the people are really too poor to pay them sufficiently high salaries; except during the bathing season at Pisa and Lucca, at which towns there is a great influx of strangers; and even then the natives are admitted at half-price.

At Florence there are numerous private amusements at the houses of the nobility, where concerts are given to strangers in excellent style, as well as other fashionable establishments. In former times, the principal families who gave the above weekly *conversazioni*, were the Duchess Strozzi, the Marchese Santine, Torreggiani, Acciauoli, Corsini, Ruspigliosi, &c.; besides which, there was the noble public Casino. The Palazzo Pitti, the public garden of Boboli, which commands a most beautiful prospect, the garden of exotics, the gallery of natural history, and the gallery of pictures and of statues—a full description of which will be found in every itinerary—are all *chef-d'œuvres* of science and of taste.

The streets of Florence are all well paved, well lighted up at night, and kept, like the churches and houses, remarkably clean. The

people of Tuscany are generally very frugal and sober. The Tuscan women are considered well made, and as having fine figures and fair complexions. They dress tolerably well, and are remarkably dignified in their deportment; but those of Siena are not only proverbially beautiful, but amiable in their manners; and their conversation is infinitely more acceptable to a delicate ear, as they speak the Italian language without the harsh guttural aspiration of the Florentines.

Arezzo, the birth-place of Mecænas and of Petrarch, and anciently called Aretium, is a town of some consideration, situated at the brow of a fertile mountain. Its inhabitants were the only people who made any thing like a resistance to the French invaders. When any of the sans-culotte gentry paid them a visit, they were rarely suffered to return to tell tales; for they put to death every man that had the rashness to venture amongst them. In character they resemble the Romans more than they do the Tuscans: in shape and make, they are rather stouter and taller than the latter, and infinitely more marked in their features.

In general, the men of Tuscany, both in size and figure, are like the English; and they are not unlike them in manners, excepting that they

are more communicative, and more pleasant and agreeable in society; not quite so rude as to shove people off the pavement, as is not unfrequently the case in London; nor quite so uncivil as to sit with their arms a-kimbo, at the theatres and other public places, in the presence of ladies; and, like the men of every civilized nation, they are—for the truth will out!—more attentive to the fair sex, than are my worthy countrymen, Messieurs les Anglois.

The guttural pronunciation, so peculiar to the Florentines, and so widely different from that of the other states of Italy, is supposed to have arisen from the long residence amongst them of their gothic invaders, in consequence of the extraordinary beauty and fertility of the country. And, no wonder!—

> "For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes
> Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
> Here the sweet muse so oft her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
> Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
> And every stream in heavenly numbers flows."

The Tuscans are easily governed, and hold the memory of the late Grand Duke Leopold, the predecessor of the reigning duke, in great reverence. But, if Ferdinand does not inherit Leopold's abilities, he, at least, possesses the

milder virtues. In general, the people are attached to his person; as they are indeed to all his family, considering them as Italians, born and reared up, for the greater part, in Tuscany. They rejoiced at his restoration, but complain bitterly of the influence of the House of Austria; though the mass of the people were by no means warmly attached to the French.

In her rule over the Tuscans, Eliza Bacciochi closely followed the tyrannical footsteps of her brother Napoleon. Various rumours of a scandalous nature are in circulation respecting the connection between her and young Lucchesini. The insolent and haughty means resorted to by her, for the purpose of humiliating the ancient nobility of Tuscany, afforded them frequent opportunities of discovering their sentiments respecting her, by often refusing to pay court to her; indeed, in 1814, on her departure from Tuscany, they shewed towards her the most unequivocal marks of their dislike.

The Austrians, who succeeded the French in the temporary possession of Tuscany, did not, however, succeed in conciliating the affections of the people. The Florentines were overjoyed at getting rid of them; although it is said, that their Grand Duke paid several

millions to the Court of Vienna, by way of compensation.

The fact is—deny it who can!—that the Austrians have disgusted the entire people of Italy, by their uncivilized behaviour, their rudeness of manners, their disgusting pride, and the easy indifference with which they appropriate to themselves the goods and chattels of the natives of the countries which they overrun, not as deliverers, but as conquerors.

CHAPTER XII.

LUCCA.

Lucca.....Its former happy condition.....Character of the People.....Is made a Dukedom of by Buonaparte.....Bacciochi and his Wife Eliza.....Maria Louisa, the present Grand Duchess.....Anecdotes of Lucien Buonaparte.....Mrs. Spencer Smith's escape.....Cruel treatment of Mrs. Watson.....Murat.....Jealousy of his Wife.....Anecdote of a certain English noble lady.....Reflections on Murat's fall.

Lucca, the industrious, one of the most ancient, and once one of the most happy republics, fell beneath the hand of a foreign rapacious invader. In Lucca there was no inquisition—no arbitrary despotism—no over-

bearing, bigotted, ecclesiastical authority—no Venetian oligarchy, so much railed at by the despoiler of Italy! Nevertheless, Lucca, like the rest of that delightful and magnificent country, has fallen a sacrifice to the boundless ambition of a universal dictator! Peace and plenty, riches and happiness, were the blessings enjoyed, and enjoyed silently, for ages, by this happy little republic.

The character of its natives is mild, moderate, frugal, industrious. The soil, the climate, and the language, resemble, in every respect, those of its polished neighbours; as the natives also do both in their manners and customs.

By Buonaparte this little republic was transmogrified into a dukedom, under the name of Lucca Piombino, to admininister to the ambition of Eliza Bacciochi, the eldest and the favoured sister of the Corsican, who took upon herself the title of Grand Duchess of the same; though she could only be considered as a subordinate agent to the grand carver of European destinies.

When the nobility of Lucca were first presented to Bacciochi, their harmless blockhead of a grand duke, who had not long before been a marker at a billiard-table, they apologized to their newly-made sovereign for their ignorance

of court etiquette, observing, that they never before had had the honour of having a grand duke; to whom Bacciochi replied with a laugh, "Never mind, gentlemen: we'll excuse each other: for I am as great a novice in my new situation, as any of you can possibly be in yours."

His christian name was Pascal, which in Italy is an appellation not held in the highest veneration, since it is synonimous with that of dunce. Accordingly, on his being appointed the foot-stool prince of Lucca, Buonaparte, who looked upon every member of his imperial and royal family as being nothing more than subordinate agents, gave directions to Bacciochi to take upon himself the dignified name of Felix the First; a circumstance which gave rise to the following jeu d'esprit—"Quando tu eri Pasquali, noi eravamo tutti felici: or, che tu sei Felice, noi siam tutti Pasquali."

Bacciochi was a harmless, insignificant *bon-vivant*. His wife, on the contrary, was so impudently ostentatious, that she was generally disliked. When she paid a visit to Venice, she took up her residence in the palace Cornaro, on the grand canal, called the Palazzo della Cà Grande. Marina Cornaro, the Pisani of San Steffano, one of the most distinguished of

the patricians, as well as one of the most virtuous, amiable, and charitable ladies in all Venice, waited upon this mushroom duchess, to enquire if her highness was comfortably lodged and accommodated; but though in her own palace, and defraying the expenses of its table, she was not suffered to sit down in the presence of her *parvenue* of a visitor.

Lucca is at present under the authority of Maria Louisa, a sister of the "beloved" Ferdinand of Spain, and widow of Louis, one of the brood of kings whom Buonaparte made and unmade. She was one of his first queens of Etruria, created at the moderate price of eight millions of livres, which he received from her father, Charles the Fourth of Spain; though her husband had been by him deprived of the dukedom of Parma, his hereditary dominions. After the death of her short-lived king and husband, she was intended, by Buonaparte, to be the second wife of his brother Lucien; but, not being inclined to follow the example of Napoleon, in divorcing one wife in order to make room for another, the match did not take place; which circumstance is supposed to have given birth to the quarrel between them. Had he but remained firm in his resistance to the ambitious views of his brother, to the end of the

farce of king-making, Lucien would have immortalized himself as much for his moderation as his brother Napoleon has been

——— "damned to everlasting fame,"

for his unlimited and insatiable ambition. Unfortunately, however, the alacrity with which he stepped forward to assist his brother to remount the throne which he had solemnly renounced his right to, proves but too clearly, that if Napoleon, at the former period, had consented to have crowned Lucien's obscure wife, he would, like the rest of his brothers, have accepted the poor and humble pittance of a kingdom. The reconciliation of the one brother, and the unexpected activity of the other, is pretty clearly accounted for in a letter which was intercepted, and by which it evidently appears, that Napoleon had a new kingdom *in petto*, for this long neglected sprig of the imperial Corsican tree. His refining pot was once more to have been put into the furnace, for the purpose of melting down into oblivion the recollection of the porter's daughter, and to bronze her over with the varnish of majesty; and, there is little doubt, that the Princess of Canino would have cut as good a figure on the imperial stage, as the rest of the

Buonaparte-breed of actors and actresses have done.

Besides the above eight millions of livres paid to Napoleon, Lucien had received a considerable sum in the way of brokerage, for being the mediator in this affair, as well as for having been the ostensible person commissioned by the Queen of Spain and the prince of peace, to negociate the preliminaries of peace between France and Spain. He therefore un-duchessed her to make her a queen, and afterwards un-queened her to make a duchess of his imperial sister, Bacciochi!

While the present duchess of Lucca was the mock-queen of Etruria, and, *vice versâ*, Eliza Bacciochi was Duchess of Lucca Piombino (which latter title belonged to the noble family of the Lovisis, the Prince of Piombini, then living at Rome) the assumed democracy of the real princess, and the aristocratical pretensions of the democratical princess, occasioned them to live in tolerably good fellowship with each other, and especially in all matters in which they could assist and further the policy of their mutual patron and master; the necessity they were under of doing which is the best excuse that can be found for the conduct they pursued. As the satellites which revolved

round the Napoleon orb, were one and all compelled to dance to his music, and to sing too, whenever he commanded them—for with the mighty man it was "No song no supper,"—both of them paid a visit to Leghorn, and when there went on board a merchant ship from Malta, under the pretence of interrogating the captain, respecting the route which Mrs. Spencer Smith had taken, after she had escaped from the officer who had arrested her at Brescia.

But this was a mere pretence. The lady they were really in quest of was one who had been arrested at the same time with Mrs. Spencer Smith, while she was at Venice on a visit to her sister, the Countess of Attemis, and who had also fled from her gaolers in a small fishing boat, and traversed the Adriatic, until she had fallen in with the British fleet, which was then blockading the Venetian ports; and who was taken up by one of Admiral Fremantle's ships, and carried triumphantly to Malta. What the illustrious ladies wanted, was to get possession of the captain's journal, for the purpose of finding out the route she had pursued, that they might give intelligence to the French police to have her arrested, in case it found out where she resided. But the lady was

fortunately safe at Palermo. The two imperial and royal agents were consequently obliged to return to their respective stewardships as they came, *re infectâ*—and greatly mortified at the miscarriage of their honourable, most honourable, commission! For the flight, and safe arrival of Mrs. Spencer Smith at Vienna, had been announced in all the public papers.

It was effected through the assistance of a Neapolitan gentleman, who followed her from Venice to Brescia, taking with him a male disguise, in which she equipped herself, and, instead of going to rest, by the means of a ladder which the gentleman procured, and placed at the first floor window of the inn in which she was to pass the night, she made her escape; and the next morning, when the officer came to her bed-room door to call her up, with the intention of proceeding on their march, the bird was flown, and already in Switzerland; having taken the route of the Lago Maggiore —as she afterwards informed me herself, when I met her at Vienna.

On these occasions, the French were not very gallant; for they would make the ladies walk nearly as if they were prisoners of war, or, what is worse, common soldiers. This was the case

with poor Mrs. Watson, an elderly lady, the wife of the last British Consul at Venice. When the French first entered this city, her husband having been sent, by Sir Richard Worsley, with dispatches to England, they took her prisoner, and dragged her about, from one place to another, for the space of nearly eight years. In consequence of this ill-treatment, and her being often obliged to lay down her weary limbs on the high roads, she returned to Venice, on the downfall of her cruel oppressor, a complete cripple, totally deprived of the use of her limbs, from her hips downwards; and there she remained until death kindly put an end to her sufferings!

The truth was, that Napoleon's police were so ashamed of having been outwitted by a couple of ladies, that they exerted every means to get them again within their power; but finding they could not obtain their wicked ends, they became so outrageously exasperated that they arrested all the English travellers they could find in Italy. The Countess Athenemis, however, the sister to Mrs. Spencer Smith, became afterwards the dame d'atour of the ex-queen of Naples, who is now the wife of Marshal Macdonald.

When the present Grand Duchess of Lucca was dethroned by Buonaparte, she was ordered by him to repair with her son to Milan, there to await his further instructions, as to their future destination. It is said that Murat, the then governor of Lombardy, moved to compassion by her distressed situation, paid her the most marked attentions; which were not lost on the widowed queen. But this so roused the jealousy of the great lady his wife, that she contrived to have her removed from the scene of danger, least the growing attachment should become reciprocal—as it is well known that Spanish ladies are not entirely insensible to the attractions of handsome French officers. She was, therefore, soon sent off to her future destination in Spain.

It is also said, that she was extremely jealous of a German princess, who resided some time at Naples, previously to her going to Egypt; but, it was not so easy a matter to persuade king Murat to send this lady away from Naples, as it had been to send away the Queen of Etruria from Milan. Sound policy prevented such a step; for this lady happened to stand high in the estimation of a part of the British nation; and, founding great hopes on her popularity and foreseeing the result of the Isle of

Elba affair, the influence of that lady was looked up to as a source of protection in the hour of danger.

A certain noble lady, as distinguished for her personal charms as she has been for her prolific qualities, and who was once the *cher amie* of a distinguished member of the English opposition, contrived to strengthen the hopes and expectations of this puff-paste king; but, his elevation being built on a rotten foundation, all was of no avail, and the whole fabric fell to the ground; the principal actor having been shot as a criminal, merely because it was more convenient and expeditious to put him out of existence in that manner, than by hanging him up by the neck.

What a useful lesson does the melancholy end of this mushroom branch of the Napoleon dynasty, who had been originally a postillion, and afterwards a scullion in the Prince of Condé's kitchen at Chantilly, present to the reflecting mind! What a striking instance is it of that

> "Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
> And falls on the other side!"

CHAPTER XIII.

PARMA AND MODENA.

Enslaved condition of the inhabitants of Parma and Modena .....Anecdotes of Maria Louisa, the reigning Grand Duchess of Parma, and Ex-Empress of France.....Her unaccountable conduct when at Venice to a Lady whose husband had written a Poem in praise of the Ex-Emperor Napoleon... ..The General with one eye.....Anecdotes of the reigning Grand Duke of Modena.....His rigid parsimony.....Eulogy thereon.

THE inhabitants of Modena and Parma may be considered as completely sunk into the lethargy of indifference, with regard to the future political destiny of their respective duchies. But, such is the natural consequence of gross superstition, and the arbitrary and vexatious power of an oppressive government! Too long have they been subjected to the toothless controul of old women and of a wily priesthood, and much do they stand in need of being roused from that state of feeble infancy to mature manhood, before they shall be fitted for the enjoyment of rational liberty and independence. But, what can be looked for from

them, so long as they shall continue to be kept in such an abject state of slavery, that if a subject, in passing by the carriage of one of their princes or princesses—even though it were an infant at the breast of its nurse—were to omit to take off his hat, he would be instantly arrested, and thrown, like a common felon, degraded and dishonoured, into a dungeon, without a hearing before judge or jury; and, if he should dare to remonstrate, and enquire on what account he has been thus treated, he would be insolently told, that "that would be known by the punishment."

The dignity of our social existence imperiously demands, that we should soar above the level of the brute creation; but that can only be done through the free agency of our faculties; for when the exercise of those faculties is illegally impeded, instead of soaring above, we sink infinitely beneath them. Man, being constantly at variance with his fellow, is the only animal that counteracts nature; a fact this, which is demonstrated by the violence to which a human being resorts, the moment he attains the mastery over that power, by whose overbearing oppressions his energies have been borne down and repressed. The truth of this has been fatally evinced by all modern revolu-

tionists; and it will continue to be so, until a just equipoise shall be established between the governors and the governed.

Although, therefore, the recent movements in Italy, and particularly in Naples and Piedmont, have, for the moment, been unsuccessful, it is highly improbable that they should not be renewed, and break out with redoubled energy, from the recollection of former miscarriages. The fire may at present lie dormant; but, like its neighbouring volcanoes, it is not extinguished, and, sooner or later, it will burst forth, and bury in its ashes the enemies of freedom, and lay the foundation of a new Pompeii or a new Herculaneum!

Parma and Modena are two small states, extending to the Po; which river separates Modena from the Venetian territories, as it does Parma from the Milanese.

The present Grand Duchess of Parma, Maria Louisa, Arch-duchess of Austria, Ex-empress of France, Queen of Italy, &c. &c. after her husband Napoleon was exiled to the Island of Elba, paid a visit, for the first time, to Venice, in company with her father, the Emperor of Austria, to condole with him on the death of his third wife, her mother-in-law and cousin; she being the daughter of the Arch-duchess

Beatrice, sister to the late abdicated Queen of Sardinia, to the Duke of Modena, and to the Electress widow of Bavaria. It is necessary for me to mention thus precisely this long list of imperial ancestry, to show that nature will predominate, and that, when no longer restrained, and when the motives of ungovernable ambition no longer existed, this lady felt for her own dignity: though, while the allurement of being the consort of the first sovereign in Europe was floating in her fancy, every consideration of blood, of rank, of birth, and, I may say, of decency, was sacrificed to the ambition of sharing the usurped throne of one of her own relations. All, however, vanished and disappeared, as soon as the main spring of that ambition had been crushed and sent into exile.

A lady of rank, the wife of a Venetian gentleman, and a member of the republic of letters, who had been commissioned to write a poem in praise of the Ex-emperor, "her beloved husband and the dear father of her only son,"—for such, it is said, was the language of the affectionate empress while the emperor was in his glory)—presented a copy of the said poem, which had been intended for Napoleon himself, had the events of the war not proved

so fatal to him. Buonaparte, being, in point of generosity towards literary undertakings, which he encouraged as a part of his immortality, very different from the great Wellington, had subscribed for a hundred copies, besides obliging his staff to subscribe for a hundred more; but, as I have observed, from the above-mentioned reverses, the copies were not taken, nor were they paid for. The author's wife, as well as the work, were both most flatteringly received by the dame d'atour of her imperial majesty, who assured the lady, that it should be instantly presented to her, at the same time requesting the lady to call at the palace on the following morning, when she would receive her imperial majesty's commands, and would probably have the honour of being admitted to her august presence.

The work was printed in the best style, and richly covered with crimson velvet, embroidered, in the most costly and elegant manner, with the united arms of France and Austria, as commanded, in pure gold foil on each side of the ocver, and the coronets inserted in coloured stones. The lady, according to directions, waited on the dame d'atour the next morning, and was ushered into a room, where she found her

in bed, and by whom, to her great astonishment, she was thus accosted:

"Madam, the empress, my august mistress, has commanded me to return to you the book, and to inform you, that she is much surprized you should have the hardihood to present her with any thing that relates to that bad man Napoleon: further, she desires me to say, that, as you are an Austrian subject, you may think yourself fortunate, that she does not denounce you to her imperial father, who would certainly punish you for your presumption, in presenting her with a work of the kind."

The lady, though much surprized at such an unexpected reception, said—that if "Napoleon were politically upon the list of dead sovereigns, his exploits were not so amongst great men."—"Very like, very like: but Napoleon was a very bad man." "Then, madam, if I am to be punished for having presented the work of my husband, what is to become of Cesarotti, who wrote an elaborate epic poem on the warlike achievements of the Archduke Charles—and who, when the Austrian army had been driven out of Italy by the French, only changed the name of Charles for that of Napoleon, and presented the identical work to

the French, instead of the Austrian, conqueror? And, did not the celebrated Monti, the author of the "Bassevilliana," who wrote so much against the French and all the French partizans, on Napoleon's becoming the master of Austria and the dictator of Europe, employ the whole of his time, during the reign of the said dictator, in expiating his first crime, by unceasing eulogia? In short, have not all the poets, for these twenty years past, nearly exhausted their genius, in singing the praises of the great hero, whose achievements have outstripped poetical imagination? What punishment, then, ought to be awarded to the Emperor of Austria, for having accepted, sanctioned, and circulated many of these effusions; giving his daughter in marriage to him, and she having not only accepted him for a husband, but submitted to have a child by him, knowing him, all the time, to be utterly unworthy of the sacrifice which they were both consenting to make?"

To all which no other answer was given to the lady, but the repetition of the assertion, that Napoleon was "a very bad man:" but, from a motion of the dame d'atour, the lady was fully convinced, that her imperial majesty had been within hearing during the whole of the conversation. But, whether she was or was

not, it is quite certain that the dame d'atour would never have dared to express herself in the manner she had done, if she had not been encouraged thereto by her imperial mistress. If such, then, were the sentiments of the wife of Napoleon, while he was still at Elba, what must they have been when he was lost, beyond redemption, in the Island of St. Helena, with no probability of her being any thing beyond an Ex—. But General —— will no doubt console her imperial majesty; for he certainly has the credit of seeing more with one eye, than other persons can with two!

The reigning Duke of Modena is said to be the most frugal prince of the age. He travels with his own provisions; and what he happens not to eat one day, is carefully packed up, and laid aside for the next. And truly, this is most praise-worthy conduct in sovereigns; who, when they are on their travels, ought not to dissipate their incomes on postillions and inn-keepers, but should rather bear in memory, that it is not talent or merit, but the sweat from the brow of the labourer, that pays the piper; besides, according to the good old proverb, "waste makes want," and the man who thinks of a rainy day, is always prepared against state emergencies.

By a rigid perseverance in this system, the late Duke of Modena, after years of the most rigorous economy in his table, his dress, and his household establishment, contrived to accumulate immense wealth; with the loan of which he would oftentimes assist his loving subjects—upon good security! On the arrival of the French, he fled, with the treasures he had hoarded, to Venice; which treasures he might have preserved; but, rather than take a boat to himself, at the enormous charge of about fifteen or twenty ducats, he staid until the enemy arrived, and immediately disencumbered him of the whole of his property. So much for rigid economy!

The present Duke of Modena married, in June 1812, his niece, Maria Beatrice, the daughter of his sister, the Queen of the abdicated King of Sardinia. The duke and the above queen are the offspring of the Arch-duchess Beatrice and the late Arch-duke of Milan. She was heiress in her own right to Modena; but she has given up the sovereignty to her son, and has only retained the smaller principality of Massa and Carrara, famous for its beautiful white marble.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILAN.

Description of Milan.....The Peasantry of Lombardy....., Public Amusements ..... Napoleon's Coronation ..... The Corona di Ferro ..... Appiani ..... Cesarotti ..... Melzi, Duke of Lodi.....And Margarite Prati.....The Men of Lombardy described ..... The Females ..... Buonaparte's Labours for the Benefit of the Lombardians.....Prince Eugène's Court.....Melancholy State of Lombardy under the Austrians.....The Electress Leopoldina of Bavaria .....Curious Anecdotes of her Thrift.

MILAN, once the capital of the kings of Lombardy, is an immense city, and has been much enlarged, extended, and improved, since the period of the French Revolution. It was the residence of the Viceroy of Italy, Prince Eugene Beauharnais; and may now be considered the Paris of Italy; the seat of luxury, commerce, arts, sciences, and amusements; and the military parade of the whole kingdom of Italy. The seat of government was to have been divided between Venice and Milan; but the court seldom left the latter city, except for a few days at a time. Indeed, the mode of living

at Venice is only calculated for Venetian-born subjects.

Milan is situated in the very centre of Lombardy, in a flat country, richly cultivated, and relieved from a monotonous appearance, by the fine views of the hills of Varese, and of Mount di Brianza, famous for its excellent wines. It is completely encircled by the *Navaglio*, which is a source of considerable wealth, from the communication it affords to the rivers Tesino, Lario, Olona, Adda, and the Lago Maggiore, all of which run into the Po. From the immense number of hydraulic operations, Lombardy is irrigated at all seasons of the year; in consequence of which, it annually produces three, four, and even five crops of every necessary as well as luxury of life.

The peasantry in Austrian Lombardy, are, for the most part, landed proprietors, who are too wealthy, too much occupied with rural concerns, and too great epicures, to feel the least thirst after military glory. They are, therefore, of a disposition much less warlike than that of the rest of the Italians.

The active movements that have shown themselves, announcing a desire to shake off the yoke of the foreigner, and of thereby securing the emancipation of their country, have

hitherto been confined to three classes; namely, the gentlemen of the bar, the literati, and the members of the ancient aristocracy.

The Milanese are passionately fond of public amusements. They scarcely think of any thing but the pleasures of the opera, the Corso, or Le Belle Ragazze. Unless roused by the example of their more warlike neighbours to exert themselves in the cause of their country, they generally look on until the blow is struck. Such was the case at the period of Murat's invasion, when they took especial care not to commit themselves; and, by doing which, they then avoided the train of those horrible murders, exiles, and cruel military punishments, that were inflicted, by the exasperated conqueror, on the inhabitants of the towns and cities of Italy which had offered a resistance; and more especially upon the unfortunate Bolognese.

The people of Milan have had, from time immemorial, a certain compact among them, that whenever a foreign enemy shall have entered Lombardy, and arrived within a certain distance of Milan, the most courageous of its inhabitants shall be dispatched to the invading enemy, with the keys of their city; as they have a proverb amongst them: "salviamo

la panza, per i figlii." By so doing, they, at any rate, escape those horrors which are generally the attendants on the sacking of a city.

Previously to the French revolutionists having taken possession of this truly rich country, Milan was considered one of the most respectable cities in all Europe. It abounds in magnificent public and private buildings, worthy, in every respect, of an enlightened nation; amongst which are its hospitals and colleges, its churches, theatres, museums; its amphitheatre, and its justly celebrated Duomo or cathedral, in which Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, with the *corona di ferro*, used by the Gothic Lombard kings on those occasions, and where also he instituted the order of the Iron Crown, bearing for its device the words, "Dio mi l'ha dato: guai à chi me la tocca!" "Oh, England, England, what a profanation hast thou made of this mighty man's works!" exclaimed a certain member of his family, on his being sent to the Island of St. Helena,

The profusion of luxury that was displayed on the above occasion, in decorating this imposing structure; the military pomp and parade; the splendid ornaments with which every part of the interior of this vast cathedral, the largest

in Europe, was covered; the profusion of sparkling diamonds, the costliness and variety of the dresses of the male and female attendants of the courts, not to mention those of the emperor and empress, the imperial family, the foreign princes, the ministers, the corps diplomatique, and the clergy, were, perhaps, never before equalled, and certainly not exceeded.

In the midst of one of these fêtes, Napoleon, observing that the Marchesa Busca, daughter of the Duke di Serbelloni—who, though very rich, was more inclined to be just, and charitable to the poor, than lavish and extravagant towards milliners and dress-makers — observing, I say, that she always appeared at court in the same robes, said to her, in the hearing of the whole assembly, "I am afraid, my dear Marchesa, that you have been very much fatigued?"—"Not in the least, please your majesty; why should you think so?" said she. "Because," answered the emperor, "you have not been out of your clothes for these six days."

The polished Italians call Lombardy the Bœotia of the peninsula. It has nevertheless produced some very distinguished men of letters, as well as artists. Appiani, for instance, was considered the Milanese Polignotus and

Apelles; and especially for his fresco paintings. From his great knowledge of mythology, theology, and general history, no doubt was left of the subjects of his several compositions; for they pointed out to the spectator, page, chapter, and verse, whence he had taken them.

From the encouragement which Buonaparte gave to men of learning and science, Milan became the seat of literature. Cesarotti, Monti, Parini, Giani, and most of the modern Italian poets, made it their place of residence; and particularly under the vice-consulship of Melzi, Duke of Lodi, whose administration was certainly mild, impartial, just, and disinterested; until, unfortunately and fatally for himself, he became attached to the Sultana Grimaldi, one of the ladies belonging to the seraglio of Momfrin, the snuff-merchant at Venice, who afterwards married a gambler by profession; whom Melzi employed, and through whose blind infatuation, and that of Majon, Prince Eugene's secretary, another partner in her private favours, she soon became mistress of the most important situations under the government; which she and her husband are said to have sold to the best bidders. During the transactions of the firm of Majon and Melzi with this man-trap, she contrived to carry on some

very important, as well as lucrative affairs; by which she not only dishonoured and disgraced them, but became the original cause of the unpopularity which discovered itself, on the part of the nobility, towards the viceroy himself.

It was a fact well known at Milan, that Grimaldi married this Margarite Prati, the daughter of the poor Prati of Treviso, entirely upon speculation; intending her for one of his customers, Nicoletto Cornaro, knowing him to have a penchant for women of her description; and, by obtaining money from him in one way, and his new wife in another, he calculated on making a comfortable fortune between the two; but the ruffian of a gambler succeeded better with Cornaro than his wife; for he plundered him of considerable sums of money. The Prati, however, did not turn out to the good man's fancy; upon discovering which, Grimaldi, mad with disappointment, could not refrain from exclaiming, "Zounds, I married the tall lath of a thing, because I thought she would just suit his fancy; but his passion is now for the *en bon point*, and here am I saddled with this scrag of a trollop on my own shoulders."

This demirep and her husband, before they came to Milan, had been sent out of Paris by the police, in consequence of their having won a considerable sum of money from General Springporten, then the Russian minister. Fortunate was it for them, that a considerable number of persons who had made themselves obnoxious to the people, took to their heels on the prince's leaving Milan; for if they had not done so, assuredly many an additional umbrella would have been employed, in revenge for the public plunder, by which numerous individuals had enriched themselves.

The Lombardian male creation are certainly not the descendants of those who discovered the use of the globes; nor are they to be numbered amongst the most enlightened or civilized. Nevertheless, they are good-natured, disposed to render themselves useful, are attached to strangers, and truly hospitable. The females are handsome, and inclined to the *en bon point*. They have fine eyes, and interesting figures. They dress very becomingly, and attract notice; until they open their mouths, when the admirer becomes instantly shocked and disgusted, at the vulgarity of their manners, and at their gross Milanese dialect.

Buonaparte certainly did every thing in his power for the benefit of the Lombardians in general, and for the happiness of the Milanese in particular. He promoted every kind of commerce, excepting that with England. He encouraged their manufactures, employed thousands of hands in improving the public roads, and expended millions in beautifying their city, in planting trees, and in opening public gardens and promenades for their accommodation and comfort. He also sanctioned various amusements for the recreation of the different classes of the people.

The constant residence of a most brilliant and splendid court, presided over by a handsome, virtuous, and prolific princess, the mother of a numerous and a beautiful family, with a good-humoured, humane, and well-intentioned prince at their head, all tended, no doubt, to make Eugene Beauharnois popular, and the people attached to his authority; which, though vigorous, was accompanied by incalculable advantages, which diffused themselves generally throughout Lombardy; but which are now, alas, in part at least, if not wholly, fled; from the change which the people have undergone, in being placed under the yoke of Austria—a change, which has left the

strongest sense of regret in the minds of all those who are capable of comparing their present degraded situation, with the blessings which they once enjoyed.

It is beyond doubt clear, that low, calculating avarice is the natural characteristic of a certain race of beings, in the same way as liberality and generosity are the distinguishing features of another; and that both become hereditary in different families. Hence it is, that the immediate descendants of the immortal Maria Theresa were, in general, remarkable for their generosity; excepting one or two individuals, whose children, to this day, demonstrate to the world, that they put into rigid practice all the precepts of their undoubted maternal grand-father, and their father.

The living examples to whom I allude, are his royal highness the Grand Duke of Modena, and his royal sister Leopoldina, widow of the late elector, Charles Theodore of Bavaria; and, as they establish the existence of family virtues and family vices, I will here briefly narrate what has been told me of her royal highness the Electress Leopoldina, as I have already done of her royal brother of Modena.

Though the daughter of the Arch-dudless Beatrice, who was considered the best informed princess of the Austrian imperial family, the education of Leopoldina has been totally neglected. Her manners and sentiments are far below those of a simple gentlewoman. With a perpetual desire to set about every thing, she is utterly incapable of effecting any thing that shall discover her to have been born a princess. Her unnatural and unconquerable aversion to all her family, and more especially to her mother, is her most striking characteristic. When the French entered Piedmont, her parents being on the eve of quitting Milan, the good elector, her husband, proposed their coming to Munich. "And if they do," answered she, "as soon as they enter at one door, out will I go at the other; not a soul of the family will I have here." The elector, of course, desisted from his intention of inviting them, and they were, in consequence, obliged to proceed to Vienna.

When her marriage with Charles Theodore, who was then seventy years of age, and she little more than seventeen, was first proposed to her, she enquired of the match-makers, "whether she was to be a reigning sovereign?" Being answered in the affirmative, she replied,

"Then, I'd marry the devil to get out of my mother's clutches:" and certainly, during the elector's life time, though they were as diametrically opposite in their natures, as mounts Caucasus and Etna, she conducted herself towards her old lord and master with the most scrupulous constancy and fidelity, as well as in every other respect, excepting, perhaps, some trifling juvenile tricks; such as going to the convents, with a number of young persons, like herself, then ordering a dance, and calling the poor pent-up nuns to the grate of the *parlatorio*, amusing herself with tantalizing them by talking of that which they could not enjoy, and cruelly asking them a number of questions, which had the effect of making them restless and uncomfortable for the remainder of the night.

The electress contracted a partiality for a professional lady, of some celebrity, who was in the service of the court, and often invited her to accompany her in her morning walks at Niphenburg. The gardens being damp, the lady, on her return, wished, naturally, to change her dress. Upon observing which, the electress would exclaim, "Mercy, on us! you'll ruin yourself in washing! Look here, and see what I do;" lifting up the front of her dress, which,

though very much soiled with the mud, she would roll up and fasten with two or three pins, and in this state she would set down to dinner with the old elector; who was really a man of considerable talents.

Sometimes, if the elector had happened to have displeased her—(and it is not very likely that an old German of seventy, had the faculty of pleasing a young woman in any great degree)—she would go into the dining-room, and hide herself under the table. When the dinner was served, her husband would look round and ask where the electress was? Upon which, she would pinch his gouty legs, and nearly spoil his dinner from the pain she would give him.

Whenever she particularly wished for any thing, she would, like Lady Teazle in the School for Scandal, tell him how happy she was, and that she never would offend him again; and, the better to gain her point, she would make him believe that she was in a thriving way. No sooner, however, had he granted her request, than she would exclaim, in a horse-laugh, "Lord, lord, what an idiot you must be, to fancy such a thing! I shall always be a virgin, as long as I am your wife"—"io non posso sperare che lo spirito santo condescenderà di far mi altrimenti!"

She would have her court dresses cut and altered into six or seven different shapes and forms. When first made up, she would wear it as it came from the dress-maker; secondly, she would order the front breadth to be changed; in the third place, she would have different sleeves put to it; fourthly, a new body; fifthly, a trimming of flowers; sixthly, a trimming of French blond; seventhly and lastly, a trimming of ribbons. And, having done all this, she would laugh with the lady above alluded to, at the idea of her having so completely imposed on the females of the court, as to have kept them in total ignorance of the deception played on them by her avarice.

It so happened, that the lady in question had invented a very handsome gold filligree trimming, which she humbly presented to her royal highness, who was so much pleased with it, that she said she would sit for her picture and present it to the lady, in token of the satisfaction she felt at the inventor's kind attention; and, as it was near the season, when the court permitted a six months' congé to the first-rate performers at her private concerts, her royal highness told her she should have it, with the souvenir that the elector also intended to present to her previously to her departure from

Munich. In addition to which, her royal highness obligingly said, "as the people of Munich have never heard you, I would advise you to take a public concert before you leave Bavaria. I will sing for you; the orchestra and all the professionals of the court shall assist; and, in the mean time, I will write to my aunts of Inspruck and Naples, to request them to interest themselves in your behalf, if you should be inclined to give a concert at either of those places."

The lady thanked her royal highness, and acknowledged the sense she entertained of her very gracious condescension. She said, she should feel herself highly honoured by the letters, but begged leave to decline the other parts of her royal highness's offer; well knowing that her royal highness general sang in one tune, and the orchestra in another,—a circumstance, which, however it might pass in the court of an Arch Duchess, would never do with professors, nor before an audience, who, as they paid for their admission, might not be quite so indulgent to their sovereign, as they were when in the gallery of the court, into which they had been admitted gratis.

Besides, this lady had already given her opinion respecting the incorrectness of her royal highness's ear; for, on the elector putting the

question to her one day, she had replied, that "the ears of her royal highness might have been otherwise engaged, but, that certainly she sang like a princess." At which the elector laughed heartily, as he was himself a great amateur, and had always the first Italian and German professors at his court. However, as ignorant people are generally the most headstrong, her royal highness would take no denial; and, as a further inducement, "send me" she said, "a certain number of tickets;" which the lady of course thought her royal highness intended to distribute among the persons of the court. The price of the tickets was two crowns each. Her royal highness, however, sent the court pages round to every individual at Munich she could think of, to the great disadvantage of her *protégée;* as many who would have been disposed to pay much more than the regular price, if they had come from the lady herself, did not chuse to do so by the electress. But, what is most extraordinary, she actually paid the lady for the tickets in Bavarian crowns, upon which there was a loss of a livre on each crown; for her royal highness had certainly received French crowns, but her avarice led her to speculate on the most trifling objects. It was, however, so much gained towards the expence of the shoes of the pages;

who had run about Munich to distribute the tickets.

How different was the conduct of Mr. Dorner, a merchant of Hamburgh! for when this lady gave a concert in that city, he took a couple of hundred tickets at the above price, and, while entertaining her at breakfast, selecting one of the tickets out of the packet for his own use, and throwing the rest into the fire, he gave her a draft on his banker for the amount of the whole.

At the death of the old elector, her royal highness most democratically took it into her head to set off from Munich with the brother of Heck, the first violin player of the court; and, though he was only second in the orchestra, he managed his bow so well, as to play first fiddle on the heart of her royal highness; for she actually would have married him, had they not been overtaken and arrested before she had an opportunity of putting her determination into execution.

On her return to Munich, she was severely reprimanded for the step she had so rashly taken. On being told by one of her friends, that she was not the only Austrian princess who had formed a private attachment, but that for thinking of so far degrading and dishonouring

herself and her family as to project a marriage with one so infinitely beneath her, she merited the severest punishment, she replied, "no, if I cannot have him as my husband, I will have him on no other terms."

Shortly after this, she was sent, under a strong escort, to Laybach, to which place she was exiled for some time, and in which she continued to carry on all sorts of commercial speculations. After the marriage of her late sister with the Emperor of Austria, she was permitted to return to Munich, where she married a private individual, by whom she has had two or three children. To enrich them, she monopolizes as much as possible all the produce of the country, and is looked on as the forestaller of every article that grows on the earth.

Upon market days, her apartments are crowded with farmers. She goes rarely to court, and sees no other society than that of brokers, farmers, and stock-jobbers. If an artist presents himself to her, she tells him she is not such a fool as to spend her money upon such nonsense as paintings, books, statues, poetry, and music.

The lady above-mentioned having had occasion, about four years ago, to pass through Munich, did herself the honour of paying

dutiful respects to those truly amiable and truly paternal sovereigns, the present king and queen of Bavaria, and also to prince Eugene and his beautiful consort, and she there saw their lovely family.

She also called on her royal highness, the late electress, who, to do her justice, received her while she was at dinner, with every mark of her former kind condescension. On entering the apartment, her royal highness ordered the servant to withdraw. The dinner consisted of a miserable mutton chop, a potatoe, a half pint bottle of wine, and a lemon, which she cut into two, and, together with the remains of the wine, carefully put by for the next day. She complained bitterly of her poverty, and expressed herself mightily pleased with the lady's attention, in remembering her after the many years that had elapsed since she saw her. The electress putting by the half of a lemon and the dregs of a small bottle of wine, was in perfect unison with what I have related of her royal brother, the Duke of Modena, carrrying about his dinners from day to day, when on his travels.

How few are there of the present race of princes who merit to be handed down to posterity, for acts of charity, liberality, or gene-

rosity! And, how grateful ought they to be to those men of talent who bring them into public notice! From the rank which they hold in society, they ought to be distinguished, if I may be allowed the expression, for a vicious generosity; for, as charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, so does generosity hide a host of defects! But some of these eminent characters—to their shame be it spoken—are not only destituteof generosity, but of justice; and will even stoop to accept the mental labours of a female without paying for them! Let such persons bear in mind, that a man of talent is the noblest work of the Creator. The antients were accustomed to reverence all such, and to look up to them with a degree of respect, bordering on religious veneration, and considered themselves honoured when men of genius condescended to notice them in the effusions of their brilliant imaginations—

"*Sed tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*"

CHAPTER XV.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

Buonaparte's first Arrival in the Milanese Territories.....My Interview with him.....Barras's First Acquaintance with him.....His Conduct on the 13th Vendémiaire ..... Appointed, in consequence thereof, to the command of the Army of Italy.....And marries Josephine Beauharnois, the Mistress of Barras.....Wretched Condition of that Army on its entering Italy.....Buonaparte raises a Loan at Genoa for the Use of his Army.....Which enters Milan.

I SHALL now redeem the promise which I made in my first volume, at page 275, and present my reader with some interesting anecdotes of the exploits of the Buonaparte Family in Italy, from the first arrival of the Corsican in the Milanese territory, down to the overthrow of the grand Napoleon dynasty.

The first time Buonaparte's name was mentioned in Italy, was at a dinner given at Florence by Lord Hervey, the British minister, to a gentleman who had come from Toulon

with Horatio Nelson, then the commander of the Agamemnon, in company with Mr. Udney the British consul at Leghorn; at which dinner I had the honour of being one of the party.

The loss of Toulon becoming the subject of regret, one of the gentlemen expressed himself in the following terms respecting the re-taking of it by the French: "The most active and obstinate of all the officers," said he, "was a little ill-looking fellow with a sallow complexion, whom I learnt to be a Lieutenant Buonaparte, possessing the most extraordinary countenance I ever beheld."

This short speech, though of no great moment at the time, made a deep impression on my mind, more from the energy with which it was uttered, than from the importance of the individual who had been the subject of it; as the name of Buonaparte had not at that period, excited the slightest sensation in Europe.

This happened in the year 1793. However, two years afterwards, when Buonaparte came to Italy, at the head of the French army, so greatly had my curiosity been excited by the aforesaid energetic speech, that I determined on setting out from Venice, with a party of

friends, for Milan, principally from a desire to see whether the countenance of the juvenile warrior answered the description which the gentleman had given of it.

On our arrival at Milan, Buonaparte was then actually reviewing the troops in the Piazza di Castello, afterwards called the Fora Buonaparte. On alighting from my carriage, I was placed in the best possible situation for viewing the young hero, and I must confess that I found him to answer, in every respect, the description that had been given me of him; he being then extremely thin, and of a sallow complexion. When giving the word of command, he appeared to be perfectly in his element: but, that being over, he instantly looked quite another being. He appeared evidently to be struggling to adapt and vary his features to the subject matter that was immediately engaging his attention; but, the imperative and penetrating steady stare, which he darted on the persons he was conversing with, was evidently the result of a fixed principle, and done with the view of intimidating, and of putting them out of countenance: thereby gaining time to himself, and creating a temporary absence and confusion in others, on the subject upon which they were interrogated. With

Madame de Staël, I can truly say, that "I never beheld Buonaparte, conversed with him, or heard his name mentioned, without experiencing a most singular emotion, that would almost paralize my recollection."

Shortly after this, I had an opportunity of having my opinions, with regard to the character of Buonaparte, confirmed by a long personal interview. I was introduced to him by the Duke di Serbelloni, in consequence of having had two carriages stolen from the public repository, by one of his generals, O'Pigion, at the period when the French entered Mestre. As the Venetian states had not at that time been openly violated, except in these partial plunderings, I applied for their restitution; and, through the medium of my friend the duke, I obtained an order from Buonaparte to that effect; though he well knew, that O'Pigion had already disposed of them, as he had done of many others, for the benefit of the fraternizing gentry, who, at that time, under the name of liberty, appropriated every thing they could lay their hands on to their own use. Nor did I ever find reason to depart from my first impression with regard to Buonaparte, during the many opportunities which I after-

wards had of seeing and conversing with this most extraordinary man.

Like Jupiter himself, he appeared to hold the destinies of human nature in his own hands; operating like a destructive thunderbolt on every thing connected with morality and religion, with justice and honour. Is it therefore to be wondered at, that his misfortunes and his ultimate downfall, should have been unaccompanied by any real regret; excepting from those individuals who had lost their short-lived authority, and their fragile importance, by his political extinction?

The first knowledge that Barras had of Buonaparte arose out of the success of the latter, when commanding the troops against the insurrection of the populace at Paris, on the 13th Vendémiaire, 4th of October 1795. His name had begun to be a little popular, from his conduct at the retaking of Toulon from the English in 1793; but his notoriety may be dated from the period of the former scene of blood; and, notwithstanding his own activity, and the party he had at Paris, all of them

"*Habiles chiens de chasse, ardens oiseaux de proie,*"

he could not save himself from the execration, which his cruel conduct on that bloody

occasion had produced; and accordingly, on the 9th of Thermidor, he was dismissed the army. As he was entirely without a fortune, or the means of procuring one, Barras contrived to have him appointed one of the Committee, whose business it was to defend the Constitutionalists.

Tuscany and Spain were the first to acknowledge the French republic. Next Prussia, at Basle in Switzerland, in the house of Rocco Sanfermo; then the Venetian minister, negociated for the same object. Sweden followed; and Venice, wisely and cautiously, received the French minister, as the then representative of the "French government," without committing herself, by giving to him any distinctive appellation. This prudent line of policy, which, for fourteen centuries had been acted on by the Venetian republic, was soon discovered to be too worn-out and threadbare, to make head against the machinations of Buonaparte: and it has since been strongly affirmed, that if Austria and England had then consented to acknowledge the government existing in France, Italy would never have been invaded; as the French government was by no means inclined to, or in a situation for, offensive operations; but were rather disposed to retain their troops as a necessary prop of their newly-adopted system, and to turn

their thoughts to their own domestic organization and commercial interests, instead of engaging in external conquests.

But England and Austria, in conjunction afterwards with Russia, refusing to make peace with the republic, and the French army on the Rhine, under General Moreau, having gained considerable advantages, the government at Paris, fearing a renewal of the disturbances of the 13th Vendemiaire, began to think seriously of liberating themselves from the tribunes, by a foreign war, as well as to find employment for the hordes of miscreants, that had fled from all parts of France, and had found ready refuge, and encouragement for the commission of every earthly crime, in that vortex of infamy, "la bonne ville de Paris." The best way of accomplishing which, and of ridding the soil of France of this band of assassins, it was supposed would be, by enabling the cut-throats to satiate their rapacity for plunder in a foreign country.

Many generals were applied to; but, not a soul of them could be prevailed upon to engage to pass the frontiers of France, from the exhausted state of her finances, the wretched condition of her credit, and the extreme difficulty of finding commissaries, who would engage to supply the army with absolute necessaries.

Just at this period, Barras, whether from being glutted to satiety, or from having formed an attachment to some fresh object, was desirous of getting rid of Josephine Beauharnois; whose husband, if report speak true, was guillotined by his directions, on the very day, or rather the very night, on which he solemnized his acquaintance with the lady. She was accordingly proposed by Barras to Buonaparte; and, upon condition that he would forthwith marry her, the command of the army which was about to invade Italy, was to be the reward of his compliance. Josephine having a tolerable stock of the commodity which is said to "make the mare to go," and Buonaparte and his numerous relatives being poor even to distress, both the terms of the agreement were instantly complied with; and the modern Hannibal took upon himself the command of an army, consisting of thirty thousand sans-culottes, without uniform, without arms, without money, without provisions, without carriages, without horses! Nor was it until they had reached Milan, that the necessary *matériel* was supplied them.

Buonaparte once paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Clery, sister to the wife of his brother Joseph, and now the reigning queen of Sweden;

but he was strongly opposed in his intentions by his mother, Madame Letitia, to whose wishes he used to pay implicit obedience, until he became master of Italy; when he ceased to accord any attention to the advice given him by any of his relatives. He had now begun to command, and would pay no obedience but to his own good will and pleasure.

As soon as Buonaparte had reached the frontiers of Savoy, he left the army, and, in company with his mentor Berthier, and Salicetti, his adjutant-general of plunder, set off for Genoa, where he was sure of finding a number of partizans, not only attached to him from revolutionary principles, but from personal interest; as many of them had large capitals in the French funds, which had been reduced to the minimum of their nominal value; but which he promised, if supported by them, to raise to *par*. And, a pretty *par* it was! for he soon despoiled them of the remainder of their property, and annihilated the political existence of Genoa;—in gratitude, no doubt, for their readiness to become, in common with the rest of Italy, the willing slaves of his "liberty and equality."

At Genoa, Buonaparte soon formed an acquaintance with Emanuel Balbi, one of the

richest merchants in that city; who, in company with Emanuel Gnecco and Adamini, procured him the loan of two hundred thousand livres.

This was the very first capital sum that Buonaparte had at his own disposal: and hence may be dated the ruin of Italy; and, ultimately, his own destruction, from the spur which it gave to his projects of unbounded ambition.

At this critical juncture, General Depinois entered Milan with the ragged army of free-booters, whose natural wants stimulated them to that species of courage which is commonly to be found in pirates. In their way thither from the frontiers of Piedmont, they made free with carriages, waggons, horses, and every thing they could lay their hands on, to the utter ruin of the country that had the misfortune of being cursed with such unwelcome visitors; but these little necessary appendages to an army only served as whets to their insatiable appetites. Liberty, fraternity, and equality, were the articles which they dealt out by wholesale: that is to say, they fraternized with the wives and daughters of their hospitable hosts; they took the liberty to plunder them of their property; and they placed every thing on a footing of equality, by reducing the inhabitants of every town and village they passed through, to a state of misery and wretch-

edness! hitherto unheard of. Such were the blessings conferred on Italy by her ragged and rascally race of regenerators!

CHAPTER XVI.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

The French Army in Milan.....Its boasted March over the Alps accounted for.....And also its easy Conquest of the Milanese.....Balbi and the Brignola.....Marchesi..... Buonaparte banishes the Castrati from the Stage.....Procures a Loan at Genoa.....And returns to Milan.....The Duke di Serbelloni.....Neglected State of the Milanese Army.....The whole Buonaparte Family settle themselves at Milan.....Their Parties.....Buonaparte's mode of working a Revolution.....List of the Leading Men in Italy who supported him.....Dreadful Contributions.....Massena's Extortions.

WHILE Buonaparte, Salicetti, and Berthier were thus busily employed in getting together the "sinews of war" at Genoa, Depinois took up his head-quarters at Milan, in the palace of Count d'Oppizoni. The lady of the house having invited him to dine with her at her own

table, observed to a friend who was present, that the general was so filthy in his person, and so dirty in his dress, and particularly in the article of linen, that she could not bear to sit at table with him. Her expression was, "Guardate; ha una camisca come un farraio." However, Depinois had not been a week at Milan, before he had taken care to lay in a plentiful supply of wearing apparel, from the proceeds of the plunder of the churches, and private houses of the Milanese. The finest linen and cambric to be found in the shops of Milan were scarcely deemed good enough for the ruffianly marauder.

When Moreau arrived from the Rhine, he was all astonishment at beholding the vast difference there was between the appearance of the army of Italy under Buonaparte, and the one which he himself commanded in Germany. The former resembled, he was accustomed to say, more the Hungarian body guard of the Emperor of Germany, than the modest troops of a young republic.

I have been assured by Fiorelli, Serrurier, Le Clerc, and others, that the state of destitution in which the French army was, previously to its setting foot in the garden of Europe, was the *primum mobile* of the prodigious activity which distinguished their marches over the Alps: suc-

cess or inevitable destruction being the only alternatives that presented themselves to their view. In the facility with which they accomplished their object, and the neglect of the Austrians in not sending a sufficient force to cover the Lombardian territory, and assist the Piedmontese in the narrow passes of the Alps, are to be found the real causes of the inveteracy of the Milanese against the Austrians; since, if this precaution had been taken, it would have been physically impossible for the French army to have made any effectual resistance; from their total want of the most common necessaries, and the debilitated state of mind as well as of body in which they then were. Unfortunately, however, they were allowed to pass on unmolested; the court of Turin having made a precipitate flight, without leaving any decided instructions for the conduct of the government which remained behind.

I happened to be on a visit at Genoa, when the transactions between Buonaparte and Emanuel Balbi of which I have spoken took place. On the following carnival at Venice, Balbi returned my visit; and, in the course of conversation, he assured me, that he had been repaid all the money he had lent, by a bill upon a merchant in England, and, to the best of my recol-

lection, in London, Balbi, though he had a tolerably handsome gentlewoman for a wife, was then paying his court to the beautiful Venetian, La Barbaria. As Balbi, though rather an old man, wished to keep up the appearance of bustle and business, he generally invited the French parties to this lady's habitation. The society of the handsome Brignola, mother to the present minister at Turin, was also much cultivated by Buonaparte, as well as that of a Signor Fravega, during his stay at Genoa. For certain secret services which she had performed, the Brignola was afterwards made dame d'honneur to Josephine, to the no small annoyance of the Castrato Marchesi, then one of her *amorosi*; a passion which seized him, after he had scandalously deserted his English *chère amie*, Mrs. Cosway, a lady of distinguished merit. The cause of the quarrel being made known to Buonaparte on his arrival at Milan, to give the devil his due, he certainly did every thing in his power to mortify the unsexed musician; nay, he even went so far as to forbid the race of castrati to appear on the public theatres, and to direct, that the parts allotted to them should henceforth be given to females; which continues to be the case to the present day. Buonaparte has at least the merit of having put an end to

this disgraceful and disgusting manufactory of mutilated human beings.

When he was crowned King of Italy, the Empress Josephine wished much to hear Marchesi sing. The gentleman of the doubtful gender was accordingly sent for; but, as he at first refused to comply with the royal command, he was compelled by a military escort to obey the "altissimo et augustissimo Imperatore;" which titles were now at the head of all the decrees and public acts of the government.

As soon as Buonaparte had got the two hundred thousand livres, and had made a sufficient number of proselytes to the good cause of insurrection at Genoa and Venice, leaving Salicetti behind him as his plenipotentiary and factotum, he returned to Milan, and took up his head-quarters in the palace of the Duke Galliaccio Serbelloni.

This repectable nobleman, for many private reasons, had never been attached to the Austrians. To save his country from destruction, he availed himself of the prerogative and privilege which the Milanese had obtained, when they gave themselves up to the Austrians on their chasing the Spaniards from Milan; and amongst those privileges was the one which I have already mentioned; namely, that they

should be allowed to deliver up the keys of their city, whenever an enemy should be within a certain distance of the capital, rather than submit to have it taken by storm. Serbelloni was one of the deputies sent, with others, on this melancholy mission.

The above particulars were related to me by the Duke di Serbelloni himself, who was my particular friend, and with whom I became intimately acquainted, on my first visit to Milan, through the recommendation of the lamented Princess of Lamballe. I met the Duke at Paris, when he came there, by the order of Buonaparte, as one of the seduced deputies, to offer him the consulship of [illegible] for life, shortly after he had caused himself to be elected Consul of France.

The Duke di Serbelloni was a most excellent character, a nobleman of the old school, and a general benefactor of mankind. His heart was in the right place; but he was a little weak-headed, rather inclined to be credulous, and, of course, easily imposed on. He had gone too far to retract; well knowing that Austria would never forgive the enthusiasm with which he, and the rest of the Italian deputies, had hailed the approach of the man, who so solemnly promised them liberty, and the emancipation of their

beloved country from the trammels of foreign interference.

On Serbelloni's arrival at Paris, and going to the Tuilleries, Buonaparte embraced him cordially, called him his "caro amico;" told him he was his country's champion and liberator; and directed him, on his return to Milan, to keep open house, to stir up and cultivate a party in his favour, as it was his intention to nominate him vice-consul of the Cisalpine republic. Whilst he was thus soliciting the favour and good offices of this popular nobleman, Buonaparte had certainly no idea of causing himself to be made Emperor of France, or King of Italy.

On the Duke's taking leave of me at Paris, previously to his return to Milan, he said, "I know not the reason, but, somehow or other, it runs in my head, that if you do not shortly pay us a visit to Milan, we shall never see each other again;" adding, jocosely, to my husband, "If you won't come for my sake, at least come and see your old sweetheart the Duchess." However, after he had expended considerable sums, agreeably to Buonaparte's directions, and while all Lombardy was rejoicing at the prospect of the worthy duke's elevation to the vice consulship, the Corsican thought proper to nominate Count Melzi to the high situation. Whether

from poison, from grief, or from remorse, poor Serbelloni died shortly after the above appointment took place, to the great grief of a numerous family by whom he was beloved, of the poor to whom he was a generous benefactor, and of his friends by whom he was sincerely and justly esteemed.

Though the Milanese had been constantly taxed by the Austrians, even in time of peace, for the maintenance of a standing army of twenty-four thousand men, when the French arrived amongst them, there were not within its walls above eight thousand troops. To this scandalous neglect is mainly to be attributed the disaffection of the Milanese towards the Austrian government, and the strong revolutionary party which existed, and who were greatly and naturally incensed, at beholding themselves left thus unprepared for the long talked of invasion of their territories by the French.

"On his arrival, Buonaparte found the gates of Milan not merely open to receive him and his myrmidons, but taken off their hinges never more to be closed against an enemy! And here he remained for a considerable time, with the whole Ajaccian brood. The mother Letitia; the sisters, Paulina, Eliza, Caroline;

the worthy uncle Fesch; and the brothers Joseph, Lucien, Louis, all established themselves in Milan; together with General Le Brun, the generous, but duped *cher ami* of the beautiful Paulina Buonaparte, the present Princess Borghese; Le Clerc, Berthier, Bernadotte, Murat, and many others.

All the engines of democracy were set in motion, and every man and woman applied to, that was likely to become instrumental to his revolutionary projects. Among others, the beautiful Ruga, the elegant Lamberti, once the *chère amie* of the Grand Duke Leopold, the Sopranzi Visconti, and many others were now to become the pot-companions of Madame Josephine; and the latter lady afterwards became the awowed mistress of Berthier. The place fixed on for the *conciliabulum* of Berthier and Visconti, of Lecchi and Ruga, of Paulina Buonaparte and Le Brun, of the sister of Lecchi and Murat, was, for the good of human nature as well as of the fine arts, the house of the celebrated painter, Appiani; where, too, "La Madre Letizia" condescendingly stood godmother to one of his daughters, who now bears the christian name of the good old lady.

To the honour of the new democratical Cisalpine Republic, I should here state, that all

the official decrees run in these terms: "La Madre Republica di Francia ordina, e commanda la figlia Republica Cisalpina," and so forth. What an honour for this newly-created puppet-show government to be "ordered" and "commanded" by the mighty French nation! At that time, the young Eugene Beauharnois, the son of Josephine, was aid-de-camp to General Le Brun.

Here, too, was planned the loudly vaunted battle of Lodi, whose much talked of bridge was passed, not by force of arms or by military bravery, but in consequence of the artful manœuvres resorted to by the wily Corsican, to rouse the Italians to a pitch of enthusiastic madness in the supposed cause of independence. Buonaparte would often exclaim, "ora è venuta la regenerazione dell' Italia, e degli Italiani: liberta, independenza, e egualianza!" These few fatal words electrified the people of Italy, and effected more for the invading general, than he ever effected for himself, or than all his soldiers and cannon balls accomplished for him. This new inflammable matter burned, like another Etna, in the bosom of every Italian. Liberty, after two thousand years of slavery! This was the *acido carbonico*; this was the true gas, that made them soar in an element

above human conception: or, more properly speaking, this was the hot-bed and nursery of all the exploits of the Corsican adventurer. The syren sounds of "liberty, independence, and equality," that were now vibrated from one end of Italy to the other, were the all seductive weapons which bound them to his future operations, and which finally rivetted their fetters; as will presently be evident to every unbiassed and honourable mind.

The way in which Buonaparte contrived to raise the edifice of his greatness was by first working on the minds of that class which, in all nations, are most easily seduced to rebel against their lawful governments. This once accomplished, he soon made himself master of their destinies. His next step was to induce them to send deputies, demanding of him their independence. By this crafty mode of proceeding, every city and province were promised that they should be guaranteed by him in their maniacal projects, in virtue of his undoubted right to protect them. Ridiculous as this plan may appear, it nevertheless completely answered his purpose. He affected modestly to accede to every thing that was proposed to him. Never was there a mortal who so completely masked his real character, as Buonaparte did

upon these occasions; though he took especial care to do nothing that could, in the least degree, militate against his own schemes of aggrandizement. It is an old saying, that "love is blind;" and assuredly the love of liberty had at that time blinded the poor Italians most completely!

As soon as Buonaparte returned to Milan, he set about procuring the names of all the leading men in Italy, who were at all likely to further his revolutionary projects. In most of the cities and principal towns, he had soon contrived to station his apostles, who were ready to prepare the way for the introduction of his regenerated system; and he took especial care to select his victims from among the higher classes, and to choose men who, from motives of ambition or of disappointment, and not at all aware of the frightful engine that was preparing for the destruction of their country—and under the weight of which they were themselves about to be crushed—unguardedly swallowed the gilded pill, and entered, *bonâ fide*, into all his infernal projects.

As these individuals were, in general, amongst the most distinguished for their wealth and character, they were anxously looked up to by their inferiors and dependants, and their movements

served as signals for the seduced and misguided multitude. I shall here present my reader with the names of a few of them.

At Milan, there was the Duke di Serbelloni and his brother, Melzi, Belgioso, Moscati, Caluzi, Eluosi, Litta, Triculzi, Annoni, the general Pino, Oppizzoni, Cicopieri, and others of equal respectability. At Brescia, there were the general Lecchi, his brother, and his sister's husband, Martinengo, Tosi, and Gambaruce; at Crema, Gambazocca, Cavalli, General Galimberti, and Tadini: and at Turin, Breme and Satirano. At Genoa there were Brentano, the Brignola, Fravega, Doria, Emanuel Balbi, Gnecco, Adamini, Durazzo, and Guistinan: at Bologna, Caprara, Carbonesi, Aldini, Pepoli, and Ricci; and at Vicenza, Anghisola, Tiene, Barbaran, Walmarano, Tressino, and many others. At Padua, there were Gaetano Onesti, Zigno, Ferro, San-fermo, Battaja, Zen: at Modena, Mullazani, Paulluci, Arrigoni: at Ferrara, Cicognara and Rangoni: at Rome, Borghese, Aldobrandini, Braschi, Justinan, Bonelli, Santa Crocie: and at Venice, Alvise Mocenigo, Alvise Pisani, Nicoletto Cornaro and his son, Delfin, the Tron, Widiman father and son, the Abbate Colalto, Barzoni, Contarini, Bragadin, Soranza, Fontana, Gradenigo, Qui-

rini the brother of Madame Benzona, with Labbia and many others.

To this long and sad list, may be added those classes which are ever ripe for a change in the established government; namely, the poor who have nothing to lose, and the idle and turbulent, who were liberally rewarded for their endeavours to propagate and establish a system so favourable to their native love of robbery. The standing maxim amongst these regenerators of their country was, "liberty to plunder the rich, and to put them on a level with the lowest and most miserable classes, by a division of their property."

I do not hereby wish to insinuate, that there were not, in the several governments of Italy, abuses that called loudly for reform; but that reform was not to be effected by the means resorted to by "I Romani in Greca," or by the French in Italy. I assert, and I do it fearlessly, that your aristocratical reformers who have acted upon democratical principles, have uniformly fallen the victims of their own misguided policy, wherever they have set themselves up in opposition to their own order.

The contributions of men and of cattle, of money and of provisions, of statues, of gems, and of pictures, that were levied by Buonaparte

in Italy beyond all calculation. "Live and let live," was assuredly his maxim, as far as regarded those who acted under him. Every one of his generals, without distinction, was suffered to levy these contributions; and it is generally believed, that he had always a stipulated share of the booty. Augereau, Massena, and Lecchi were the very Attilas and Theodorics of the modern French regenerators of the poor, suffering Italians. Massena, wherever he had any command, plundered in the most unmerciful manner. A report of his cruel exactions being made to Buonaparte, he answered, "if I had two Massenas, I would hang one of them by way of example to the other; but as I have only one, all I can do is to order the restitution of the property;" and accordingly, one of his aid-de-camps was despatched to desire that the plundered effects might be sent to head quarters. "Is this all that you have to communicate?" said Massena, "then tell Buonaparte, that if he ever talks to me about sending the plunder to head-quarters, I'll take care he shall soon move those quarters. The trumpet is now sounding, and I am called elsewhere; inform the general, that after the battle, we will settle accounts, and then we shall see who has plundered most." Any other man but

Massena would have paid for these expressions with his life; but, as the Corsican truly observed, he had only one Massena in his army, and that one was too useful an instrument to be sacrificed at that moment. It is however well known, that he afterwards made him disgorge a considerable part of his plunder;—though it certainly never found its way back to the pockets of the right-full owners!

CHAPTER XVII.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

Domestic Anecdotes of the Buonaparte Family..... Madame Letitia Fesch ..... Jerome ..... Eliza ..... Pauline ..... Grand Scuffle Imperial ..... Letitia's Parsimony ..... Her Piety lauded by Dr. O'Meara ..... Josephine ..... Her Associates at Milan.....Her Treatment of Madame Paravicini.....Instance of genuine Charity.....A Hint to certain Royal Dukes.....Madame Grassini.

I SHALL here introduce a few domestic anecdotes of some of the leading branches of the new imperial dynasty. To begin with the

parent trunk. Madame Letitia Fesch, the wife of Charles Buonaparte, and the mother of "Napoleon the Great," was at one time considered the most beautiful woman in all Corsica. When Count Marbœuf, the governor of that island, first became a candidate for the favours of this lady, she was the humble wife of a poor half-starved attorney living at Ajaccio, a deserted spot in this more than demi-savage island. A friend of mine, who, while the British army was in Corsica, supplied it with bread, has assured me, that little Jerome, who was afterwards made King of Westphalia, was then a poor miller's boy, and used to carry the flour in sacks to the different dépôts of provisions. The same gentleman likewise declared to me, that Eliza Buonaparte, the late Grand Duchess of Lucca Piombino, was the keeper of a billiard table; which she attended to in person, and where she got acquainted with the British officer, by whom she afterwards had a child.

When Madame Letitia first came to Milan, she was accompanied thither by her daughter Paulina, afterwards the princess Borghese, who, from her beauty and her various accomplishments, soon attracted, amongst others, the attention of General Le Brun. Whether or not

it was for value received, it is impossible for me to say; but, from the extraordinary sums he lavished upon her, he was soon obliged to quit the army, and even Milan itself. Through the industrions manœuvres of her mother, she shortly afterwards married General Le Clerc; which marriage was kept at the palace of the Duke di Serbelloni, and at which, as I have already mentioned, I was myself present.

So notorious was the avarice of Madame Letitia, that it soon became the subject of general conversation at Milan. It was even asserted that she cultivated an acquaintance with the family of the celebrated painter, Andrea Appiani, from motives of the most refined economy, and that she might have her own portrait and those of her family, painted at the price of a *grazia*—a coin with which it was very common for the good lady to reward the labours of the several artists she employed!

Letitia condescended to stand god-mother to one of Appiani's daughters, and the child was even permitted to have the amazing honour of being named after the mother of a whole brood of forth-coming sovereigns—an honour which, of course, more than compensated the painter, for any expence he might have been at, in co-

lours, brushes, canvas, and carved frames; or for any extraordinary pains which he might have taken, to hand down to an admiring posterity, the lineaments of a lady, who had been so great a benefactress of the world!

I must, however, do one piece of justice to Madame Letitia. On her being informed of the arrest of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, she flew to her son Lucien, and begged of him to accompany her to the Tuilleries. When arrived there, she made use of all the authority over the First Consul, which a mother might be supposed to possess. She pointed out to him the danger to himself of committing so foul, and at the same time so useless, a crime, upon the person of a prince, who was so highly esteemed by all France. Finding that all her intreaties only strengthened her son's determination to order the immediate execution of his bloody purpose, she threw herself on her knees before him, and implored mercy for the unfortunate prince. Not being able to free his hands from her powerful grasp, Napoleon actually spurned his mother from him; and Lucien, in endeavouring to stop the progress of any further violence, would have been struck also, had he not warded off the kick, by giving the aggressor a tremendous blow between his mouth and nose, which

levelled the little man, as well as his mother, with the ground.

The noise occasioned by the scuffle brought Josephine into the apartment, who assisted in wiping away the blood from her husband's face. But, though in great pain from the violence of the blow, Buonaparte had scarcely been seated, before he exclaimed, "I'll make all my brothers and sisters princes and princesses, except you, you vile wretch!" The above circumstance, singular as it may appear to those who are unacquainted with the family, may be relied on as a fact; and it most probably was the original cause of Napoleon's treating Lucien with such marked indifference; for he was the only one of his relations, who dared to reproach him with misrule, and an abuse of the authority which he had arrogated to himself. In a pecuniary point of view, however, it was not in the power of Napoleon to injure him; for, while he was ambassador in Spain, Lucien, from the personal interest which he had in all the vessels furnished with letters of marque, that sailed from the different ports, contrived to have the prizes taken by those vessels adjudged in his favour; so that, from the immense sums which he accumulated in this way, and from the millions of livres which he received as his reward for signing the treaty of peace between Spain, Portugal, and

France, the modest Lucien had pretty well feathered his nest.

Madame Letitia was so parsimonious, that she would seldom or ever dine at her own house, and never failed, when at Salicetti's, to order to be sent home to her what might be left at table, giving by way of excuse for so doing, that her own cook was very unskilful in these matters, and could not hit her palate. On the day when she had no invitation abroad, she would bargain with her own maître d'hotel, and purchase of him what he might happen to have in the house at half price. She never paid a visit to any of her imperial children without bringing something away with her. She would caution them to take care and lay by something against a rainy day; "Pensatevi figlii miei," she would say, "non si sà cosa arriverà domani"—Reflect, my children; we do not know what may happen tomorrow." The poor Pucelle d'Orléans was put to death for witchcraft; but the good prophet, Letitia, has been suffered to console herself quietly at Rome, for the upset of her imperial house, with the spoils which her frugality and parsimony had enabled her to save out of the wreck of revolutionized Europe.*

* Dr. O'Meara, (who, by the bye, is said to be partial to *old gentlewomen*) informs us, in his most veracious "Voice from St. Helena," that, in 1819, this old lady's thoughts were

Josephine Tescher Beauharnois, previously to her marriage with the great Napoleon, had been the mistress of Tallien, Barras, Talma, and, if rumour be correct, of many others. Her person was handsome, and her manners were graceful, fascinating, and elegant. When she first came to Milan, as the wife of the young general, her chief companions consisted of the very *lie du peuple;* amongst them were the Sopranzi Visconti, who shortly after became the mistress of Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel; Lamberti, the ex-mistress of Leopold, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, together with Castelbarca, and Tanzi,—anciennement belle, mais à présent un peu passée.

The other ladies with whom Josephine associated at that time were all of the same stamp; and not a little did they contribute to the expensive democratical entertainments given to Madame Buonaparte, and her train of Italian regenerators, out of the contributions which they levied from the numerous votaries, at the shrines of their beauty. Nothing could well equal the enthusiasm in "the good cause," with which these demireps contrived to animate the

entirely "*divided between God and her son*"! Verily, Mrs. Cole, thy piety was nothing, in comparison with that of *la madre Letizia!*

gonzi, or dupes of the day. Madame Josephine was the goddess, at whose altar every one paid their devotions, and every where was she hailed as the *double* of the youthful Italian regenerator. Not a sound escaped the lips of these fraternals, that did not vibrate from one end of Italy to the other. "Liberty and equality! freedom and independence!" were words, not only in the mouths of all, but even chalked over the door of every habitation. All, however, ended in the *divide et impera!* Montaigne says, that, "if there be a God, he must be just." The end of Buonaparte must have convinced the world that there is a God; and that that God is a lover of justice!

Up to the period of the battle of Lodi, the above spirit-stirring words were constantly at the tongue's end of the credulous and abused people of Italy. Fêtes of every description were given on the occasion; and, at one of them which took place when the delirium was at its height, Josephine was mightily taken with a female artist, who performed admirably on the violin; a Madame Paravicini, one of the numerous individuals whose professional abilities were put into a state of requisition, for the amusement of this all-powerful *régénératrice*. Josephine was amazingly delighted with this lady's performance, es-

pecially as she enjoyed it gratis, and gave her an invitation, in general terms.

Madame Paravicini, having recently married, against the consent of her relatives, a young man of family, not overburthened with riches, and being, in consequence thereof, wholly dependant on her talents for a subsistence, cultivated the patronage of Josephine, in preference to her own interest; conceiving that her popularity as an artist who had just made her *début* in public, would be greatly promoted, by the powerful countenance and protection of this Mecænas in petticoats.

Not aware of a fact which then began to be generally known; namely, that Josephine's real name was "Take all and pay none," and that she had learned how to conjugate the verb *to have*, but not the verb *to give*, Madame Paravicini continued to perform for her every day, during her residence at Milan; where there was a continued round of parties. And, that every thing might be *en régle*, she had also the high honour of giving lessons on the violin, two hours in the day, to Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnois, who was at that time aid-de-camp to general Le Brun, and to whom she lent a most valuable instrument, made by Steiner.

When the great lady was about to leave Mi-

lan, she enticed, by her flattering promises, this poor young *artiste* to follow her to Paris, and paid her for her past trouble, with a "Comme vous êtes charmante! Je vous remercie infiniment: adieu, ma belle! au revoir, ma chère, à Paris."

Deceived by her apparently affable conduct, both husband and wife were credulous enough to follow their liberal patroness to the French metropolis. On Madame Paravicini's arrival there, being then far advanced in her first pregnancy, she was taken dangerously ill, from the fatigue of the long journey, and had no other means of subsistence, but what might be derived from the sale of their wearing apparel. Having at last disposed of every thing, and being in a strange country and totally destitute of the necessaries of life, she bethought herself that she would write to Josephine, to solicit of her at least the payment of the sum due for the violin which she had lent her son to learn on. The instrument was worth from eighty to a hundred louis d'or; to which was to be added the sum due for the lessons she had given to young Beauharnois. However, to this just application she received for answer, that "Madame Josephine was astonished she should be called on for the payment of a violin, which she imagined

had been sent to her son as a present; that she knew nothing respecting the instrument, or the lessons given to Eugene; and desired therefore that she might be troubled no further on the subject."

Driven almost to desperation by the above unfeeling answer, Madame Paravicini was under the cruel necessity of applying to the Italians then resident at Paris; who kindly made up amongst them a subscription for her; not proclaiming their good deed, *pro bono publico*, on "the house tops," as is the case in *some* countries, and by which the remedy is often rendered as painful to the wounded feelings of the patient, as was the disease itself; but collecting the needful together quietly, from a few real friends of suffering humanity.

With the money thus obtained, the lady was enabled to redeem her apparel, and to return to Milan. I never take up an English newspaper, and read "A Case of Distress," with the name of this or that Royal Duke, ostentatiously stuck at the head of the list of subscribers,—but who, nine times out of ten, perhaps, never actually pay down the money affixed to their names,—without thinking of the *real* charity of her countrymen to poor Madame Paravicini, and without calling to my recollection, the advice of the great

founder of the Christian religion—" When thou givest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth!" But, in the cases I have alluded to, not only the " left hand" is made acquainted with the gift, but every man, woman, and child, who is capable of reading a newspaper! But—*verbum sat sapienti.*

So much for Madame Josephine's want, not merely of generosity, but of common honesty. This circumstance took place before she had been dubbed an Empress. The whole particulars of her dishonourable conduct were related to me at Dresden, in the year 1803, by both the Paravicinis, after I had been dining with them at the house of M. Lavallette, who was then the French minister at the court of the present king of Saxony, and who afterwards was liberated from a prison at Paris, through the gallant exertions of Sir Robert Wilson, an English general and Member of Parliament.

That Buonaparte had formed the intention of repudiating Josephine, long before he married Maria Louisa is certain: for when at Verona, he was accustomed to enquire who were the richest noble young ladies; and, having seen two whom he liked, he proposed to Berthier, that if he would take one of them, he had no objection to take the other himself. Berthier

was, however, too much attached to the Visconti, a low Italian woman whom Buonaparte detested, to think of marrying; and his departure for Campo Formio put an end to the speculation.

So little of a democrat was Buonaparte, that he could not bear to associate with low women, except for the moment. He was greatly displeased with Lecchi, for forming an attachment to the Ruga; nor was he satisfied with the marriage of General Pino with the dancer Pellesina, though she brought him an ample dower, and had been previously married to the Marquis Calderara. By Pino's marriage, too, Buonaparte saved several thousand livres; as he had twice paid the general's debts.

It has been said, that Buonaparte was one of the innumerable innamorati of Madame Grassini; but the fact has never been established, nor was he ever observed to be more attentive to her, than he was to the other opera singers. Most probably the signora was herself the inventor of the rumour, that she might have greater influence with a certain Royal Duke, a member of numberless philanthropic societies, and a prodigious collector of Bibles, who afterwards became the protector of Mrs. Billington. Just as if a woman, who had been as common as a

country whipping-post, could raise her reputation on the fame of one man more than on that of another! She afterwards married a young man of the name of Ragona, whom she had never seen but once; and, as she "longed," like Lucy in the Beggar's Opera, "to be made an honest woman of," she gave him a considerable sum of money. In a short week after the marriage, the bride set off for Paris, to follow her old trade; leaving Ragona at Bologna, the place of his birth, there to enjoy the fortune which he had so easily and so honourably obtained!

With respect to Buonaparte, it is evident that ambition and thirst of conquest was the ruling passion, which,

"Like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the rest;"

and, to this may be mainly attributed the fact, that he never discovered a propensity to those other vices which are so common to all our great heroes.

Buonaparte was subject to violent hysterical fits during the night; and, when in that state, he was remarkably communicative. On this account, the prudent Josephine was extremely careful that he should form no connexion that might entice him from her bed. To effect her purpose, she expended considerable sums on

spies of all descriptions, whose duty it was to acquaint her if any such connexions existed; since he might, when the fit was on him, divulge to them certain state secrets. In this precautionary step she was mainly assisted by her factotum Fouché, and his innumerable runners. Many a female was banished from Paris on mere suspicion; and Grassini would never have been allowed to remain in that capital, or to have sung at Josephine's private concerts, had the great lady for a moment suspected, that her husband had the smallest attachment to the syren.

When Josephine was at Milan, the Count Sommaglia said to her, "I hear that our Grassini is a mighty favourite with the Emperor." "Yes," said she, "the ridiculous vanity of the creature amuses us amazingly: she sometimes sings a duet with Crescentini, when they happen to be good friends; but, since she has been made by the Emperor directress of the Italian opera, there is more intriguing going on amongst these gentry than there is at court: in the midst of a serious conversation she will break out into a horse laugh, throw herself on a sofa, and, fancying herself Semiramis on the throne of Nineveh, will burst out in great style with,

'Son Regina e son amata!'"

As soon as Josephine had been crowned Queen of Italy, she entirely forgot her old democratical pot-companions, and refused to see any of them, male or female. She did not, however, forget, at the last court day, to recommend her son, Prince Eugene, who was then made Viceroy of Italy, to all the old nobility. She went round to each of them, entreated their affections for her "dear Eugene," as she was accustomed to call him, and expressed a hope, that if he might happen not to do all that the Milanese should expect of him, they would kindly consider his youth, and his dependant situation. "His heart," she would say, "was good, and she therefore trusted they would take the will for the deed, and assist him with their kind counsels; of which, from his inexperience, he would so much stand in need." She was certainly most passionately attached to her son, and could never take leave of him, but with evident marks of the bitterest anguish.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

Buonaparte's Progress in revolutionizing Italy.....Vacillating Conduct of the Austrian Cabinet towards the Italians, the cause of his Success.....Wishes to become Duke of Mantua and King of Italy.....His boundless Ambition.....Aristocratical Propensities of the Buonaparte Family.....Curious Memorial of Joseph Buonaparte, in 1789, *to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.*

THE overthrow of the Venetian republic, the particulars of which I have given in my former volume, was soon followed by that of the rest of Italy. Ferrara, Bologna, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Rome and Naples, were stripped of all the chef-d'œuvres of art; which were sent on their travels, until they should arrive at the conqueror's "good city of Paris."

Buonaparte now directed his attention towards the Roman States and his Holiness the Pope, with a view of avenging the insult of the Basvilliana; but he was stopped in his career by the

famous peace of Tolentino. The once mistress of the world was plundered of her most valuable monuments of antiquity, and Pius the Sixth was soon afterwards sent prisoner to France. Naples, as my readers will have already seen, had been previously revolutionized, and had taken the name of the Republic of Parthenope; in consequence of which, Buonaparte returned to Verona, and from thence to Milan. I do not recollect, that the great man ever visited Rome or Naples, or even Florence. The only people in Italy, who made any vigorous opposition to the revolutionary army, were the people of Arezzo, in Tuscany, already noticed.

All Italy was, by this time, divided into different republics, kept in subjection by French troops, governed by French magistrates, and following French fashions The air only, the soil, and the climate—things which the mighty Buonaparte could not change—remained *in statu quo*, unpolluted by the Gallic disease—though, even the very earth had been impoverished, by the numerous different armies that had entered that unfortunate country:—for revolutionists and imperialists alike brought with them nothing but desolation and destruction!

The different invasions of Italy, by the troops of Russia and Austria, took place chiefly while

Buonaparte was engaged on his notable expedition to Egypt. The Russians soon becoming dissatisfied with the conduct of the Archduke Charles, withdrew their army, and left Austria in full possession of the whole of that country: but, the vacillating manner in which the Austrian cabinet conducted itself towards the Italians, was by no means calculated to promote their influence in that country. Every thing done by them was "*provisional.*" In their civil and military operations, there was no solid guarantee for the people; who were, in consequence, kept in a state of unceasing perplexity and irritation. The most unjustifiable arrests took place of many Venetians, who were not subjects of Austria when the crime imputed to them had taken place; namely, that of having embraced the democratical government, after the aristocratical one had abdicated; and who were, therefore, certainly not amenable to the jurisdiction of Austria. Notwithstanding which, chained together like malefactors, they were sent, as galley-slaves, to the different fortresses in Hungary.

This conduct of Austria towards her newly-purchased subjects, was surely most harsh and unjustifiable, and little calculated to make her yoke popular with the people of Italy. Besides,

the general confusion that took place in the organization of the government—which, as I have said, was only a provisional one,—caused such a stagnation in every department, as was of itself calculated to promote universal dissatisfaction. But, added to this, the discharging of nearly all the persons before employed in the public offices, the persecution of others merely for their opinions, the shutting up of the free-masons' clubs and the declaring their members incapable of holding any public situation—all these things naturally created an unconquerable disgust in the minds of the people against the Austrian government.

The same impolitic persecutions also exasperated their former subjects, the Milanese, against them. Being by this time habituated to the polite and insinuating manners of the French, they began to look upon the Germans as a nation of uncouth intruders—not to bestow on them a harsher appellation!

Buonaparte had his emissaries established in all parts of Italy. When he was in Egypt, he was acquainted with every thing that was going on there, as well as in France.

Was it, indeed, to be supposed, that a man who, from the moment of his entrance into Italy, had formed the design of appropriating

the sovereignty of that country to himself; and who was only waiting for the moment the most propitious to its accomplishment, had lost sight of so vast an object?

Did he not, on his return to France from Italy, sound Barras upon the subject; telling him, that they had offered to make him Duke of Milan and King of Italy; and adding, "Mais je ne pense à rien de semblable dans aucun pays?" And, did not Barras reply, "Vous faites bien de n'y pas songer en France; car si le Directoire vous envoyait demain au Temple, il n'y aurait pas quatre personnes qui s'y opposeraient?"

This spirited reply of his friend and protector convinced Buonaparte of the necessity of absenting himself from France for a time, as the only means of avoiding the daily stabs which the Directory encouraged, and permitted to be published, at his growing popularity; as nothing was left him to execute, but the mad project of invading this country. The conqueror of Italy had, indeed, no alternative but that, of the scarcely less ridiculous project, of subjugating India, through the medium of an expedition to Egypt—an enterprize, which, at the same time that it saved his own person, flattered the credulity and the vanity of the French.

As a further proof of his boundless ambition, did not Buonaparte cause Madame de Staël to be banished for twelve years from Paris, because her father, M. Neckar, after the interview he had had with him on Mount St. Gothard—in the course of which interview the latter discovered his projects of aggrandizement — published a political work, putting the French upon their guard against the encroachments of Buonaparte, or of any other military chief, who might attempt to violate their liberties, and restore those abuses, which, after so many sanguinary conflicts, they had succeeded in annihilating?

That neither Buonaparte, nor any of his relations and kindred, were ever republicans at heart, nor advocates for a democratical form of government, any further than as it could be rendered subservient to their long-stifled views of ambition, has been evinced by every succeeding event; since that form of government has, on every occasion, been laid aside, whenever it could be done without compromising their own personal safety: a fact this, which will be abundantly established in the course of the following pages.

Indeed, long before this, Napoleon Buonaparte had caused himself to be appointed one of the Triumvirate, with Le Brun and Cambacères;

who were of the same service to him, as link-boys are to pick-pockets; the former, by keeping the royalists in the dark; the latter, by holding up "le revers de la médaille." But, when he found he no longer stood in need of their artificial light, they were themselves extinguished, like the snuff of a candle, and pronounced mere noun-adjectives — the substantive Buonaparte having, ex-abrupto, declared himself Consul for life!

To shew the falsehood of Buonaparte's assertion to Doctor O'Meara at Saint Helena, that he wished to be considered "l'homme du peuple," and still further to prove, that neither himself, nor any of his family ever had a grain of democracy in their composition, I shall here insert a valuable document, which will prove to my readers, that, so far back as the year 1789, his brother Joseph was anxiously labouring to prove himself descended from an ancient Italian family, and humbly supplicating the Grand Duke of Tuscany to bestow on him a knighthood of the order of San Steffano. What a striking instance of the vicissitude of all earthly events! How little did Joseph Buonaparte dream, in the year 1796, that his brother Napoleon would dethrone this very sovereign; and, in the year 1803, be Emperor of France and

King of Italy, and created his sister Eliza, Grand Duchess of that very principality. I shall first give the original of this curious memorial, and afterwards a translation.

"A Sua Altezza Reale:

"Giuseppe Bonaparte di Corsica, figlio di Carlo Bonaparte, ultimo servo di V. A. R., colla piu profonda venerazione le rappresenta, come la di lui famiglia, di presente domiciliata in Corsica, ha avuto la sua origine dalla Tuscana, e segnatamente da Firenza, dove sino dai tempi della republica, godei i primi oneri e si trovò alleata di sangue colle prime famiglie, come sono Albizzi, Alberti, Tornabuoni, Attavanti, ed altri simile; e come per diverse politiche combinazione, che successero nei bassi secoli alle republiche d'Italia, fù costretta la detta famiglia Bonaparte divisa allora in piu rami e seguace del partito Ghibellino, di abbandonare la città di Firenze, e refugiarsi in diversi stati, e segnatamente il ramo del supplicante di trasportarsi in Sarzana, allora picciola republica, dove fù ammesso ai primi onori e decorato dei primi impieghi, avendo poi contratti i piu decorosi matrimonj ed alleanze colle famiglia Malaspina ed altre illustre famiglie.

"Rappresenta in oltra il supplicante, come avendo le tante vicende, e revoluzioni succes-

in quei tempj, per l'Italia, tutta trasportata la sua famiglia in Corsica, fissò la sua residenza nella città d'Ajaccio, nella quale fu sempre la famiglia Bonaparte distinta e riguardata come nobili, come consta dalle lettere dell'istessa republica di Genoua, che dichiarano Geronimo Bonaparte capo dei nobili anziani di detta città, in cui i Bonaparte di Corsica si trovano alleati colla famiglia Collonna, de' Bozi, d'Arnano, Durazzo, e Lomellino di Genoa, e si trovano godere dei diritti Segnorili del feudo di Bozi, &c. &c. &c.

Rappresenta in oltra, come passata la Corsica sotto il dominio del Re di Francia, il genitore del supplicante fú reconosciuto nobile, è di una nobiltà antica, e provata al di sopra di due cent' anni, e piu volte ammesso nel numero dei dodici gentiluomini rappresenti l'intiera nazione, e nominatamente dall'assemblea generale deputato della nobiltà presso S. M. il Rè Christianissimo; il quale si compiacque con lettere del 1779 autenticare la nobiltà della famiglia, e dopo le prove fatte Napoleone, fratello minore del supplicante, fú nominato da S. M. fra gli aluni della scuola reale e militare di Brienne, da dove passò a quella di Parigi, e da quella al grado di ufficiale nel corpo reale dell'artiglieri.

" Rappresenta finalmente, come in conseguenza della qualità di sua famiglia Marianna Bonaparte, sorella dell' oratore, ebbe l' onore di essere nominata dallo stesso Re di Francia ad un posto di aluna nel convento di S. Luigi, a S. Cyr, stabilito da Luigi XIV. per l'educazione delle giovone dame quale postà, e grazie non si possono ottenere senza aver fatto prima le debite prove almeno di quattro generazione di nobiltà."

" Su tali reflessi essendo stato sempre la famiglia Bonaparte considerata come originaria della Tuscana, e discendente da quel Giovanni Bonaparte che fu garante per la republica Fiorentina nella celebre pace stipulata dal cardinale Latino, e per tale sempre riconosciuta anche degli stessi Bonaparti dimoranti in Toscana: mosso per ciò l' oratore dal desiderio di reconoscere l'antica sua patria, non ha dubitato recorerre al clementissimo trono di V. A. R. supplicandola umilmente a degnarsi di accordargli la grazia di poter prendere per giustizia l'abito dell' insigne ordine di S. Stefano, perchè conquesta nuova decorazione il supplicante abbia luogo sempre pui, ed occasione di demostrare a V. A. R. quella profonda venerazione, e quella piu fedele obbidienza chif è dovuto alla respettabilissima persona di V. A. R. ed a tutta la sua augusta famiglia, che della grazia." &c. &c.

"May it please your Royal Highness:

"Joseph Buonaparte of Corsica, the son of Charles Buonaparte, the most humble of your Royal Highness's servants, begs leave, with the most profound veneration, to represent:

"That his family, at present settled at Corsica, had their origin in Tuscany, and particularly in the city of Florence, where, from the very time of the republic, they enjoyed distinguished honours, and were connected by blood to some of the most illustrious families, such as the Albizzi, the Alberti, the Tornabuoni, the Attavanti, and others of equal rank; and as, in the course of the numerous political changes which took place in the early ages of the Italian republic, they were under the necessity of dividing themselves into different branches, and, as adherents of the party of the Ghibellini, to leave the city of Florence, and take refuge in divers others states; and in particular the branch of the present supplicant, who withdrew to Sarzana, at that time a small republic; where they were called up to the first honours, admitted to high public situations, and contracted the most respectable matrimonial alliances with the Malaspina, and other illustrious families.

"The supplicant, with profound respect, begs further to represent to your Royal Highness,

that, in consequence of the many revolutions which took place in those turbulent times all over Italy, the branch of the Buonaparte family to which he belongs were induced to settle in Corsica, and fixed their residence in the city of Ajaccio; in which city the said family were distinguished, and considered as noble; as can be proved by the letters patent granted them by the Republic of Genoa, declaring Geronimo Buonaparte to be the head of the antient nobility of that city; to whom the Buonaparte family settled in Corsica are allied, and also with the families of the Bozi, the D'Arnano, the Durazzo, the Lomellino, and in a direct line with the lords of the fiefs of Bozi:

"The supplicant begs leave further to represent, that the kingdom of Corsica having passed under the dominion of the King of France, the father of the supplicant was acknowledged to be a noble, and of ancient nobility, of upwards of two hundred years' standing, and often chosen one of the twelve gentlemen appropriated to represent the whole nation, and nominated a member of the general assembly of noble deputies, at the court of his Majesty the most Christian King; who was pleased, by letters patent, in the year 1779, to authenticate the antient nobility of the Buonaparte family,

And further, after the said authentication, Napoleon, a younger brother of the supplicant, was appointed, by his most Christian Majesty, one of the pupils in the Royal Military School at Brienne, whence he passed to that of Paris, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of an officer in the royal corps of artillery:

"Lastly, the Supplicant begs leave to represent, that in consequence of the quality of his family, his sister Marianne Buonaparte had the honour of being appointed, by the said King of France, to be a pupil in the convent of St. Lewis at St. Cyr, founded by Lewis the Fourteenth, expressly for the education of the daughters of nobles; and which selection and favour could not have been obtained, unless she had previously proved an uninterrupted noble descent of four generations:

"From all which it being evident, that the Buonaparte family have ever been considered of Tuscan origin, and descended from that Giovanni Buonaparte who was the guarantee for the Florentine Republic at the celebrated peace stipulated with Cardinal Latino, and as such always acknowledged, as long as the said Buonapartes remained in Tuscany.

"Moved, therefore, by a desire to acknowledge his ancient country, he has not hesitated to appeal to the most clement throne of your Royal Highness, humbly beseeching your Royal Highness to condescend to accord to him, in your justice, the honour of wearing the habit of the noble order of St. Stephen: because, with this new decoration, the supplicant would have fresh opportunities of making known to your Royal Highness, that profound veneration, and that faithful obedience, which are due to the personal virtues of your Royal Highness, and to all your august family;" &c.

Here follows the answer which was given to the above memorial, by the persons appointed by the Grand Duke, to enquire into the pretensions of the different supplicants for the honour of being made Knights of the order of St. Stephen.

"Il consiglio dell' ordine, considerando il supplicante come di nazione estera, ed essendo in allora i cavallieri esteri essistente in maggior numero degli ottante voluti dal motu proprio del di otto Marzo 1786, remesse sa ressoluzione della domanda alla magistrale voluntà; ma nonostante in pie di tale informazione fu apposto il seguente rescritto:

"S. A. R. ha rescritto, si receveno dal supplicante le prove di essere Toscano di origine, e si repropongo l' affare."

The council of the above noble order, considering the said supplicant to be a foreigner, and the Foreign Knights of the order greatly exceeding, at this time, eighty, the number limited, by his Royal Highness the Grand Duke, on the 8th of March 1786, thought it their duty to refer the supplicant's request to superior authority; and his Royal Highness has been graciously pleased to intimate his royal commands as follows:

"His Royal Highness directs the council to receive from the supplicant the proofs of his Tuscan origin, when the affair shall be further inquired into."

The above is dated the 10th September 1789, and is faithfully copied from the originals, in the archives at Florence. It proves, beyond a doubt, that, in the Buonaparte family, there were no democrats; and that they were, as M. Necker observed of Mirabeau, "tribuns par calcul, aristocrates par principe."

CHAPTER XIX.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

Progress of Buonaparte's predilection for Monarchy, and Aristocracy .....He cultivates the good will of the Pope..... Erects Etruria into a Kingdom.....Plans the arrest of the French Princes.....Seeks to become King of Italy.....His Senate.....His College of Electors... ..Bestows Titles, Pensions, and Decorations.....Restores the Catholic Religion.....The Concordat proclaimed in great pomp at Paris .....Buonaparte seeks to become Emperor of France.

THE first public intimation that Buonaparte gave of his predilection for monarchy and aristocracy, was in cultivating, on his return from his Egyptian expedition, the good-will of the Pope, whom he caused to be elected at Venice, and restored to his prerogatives, even against the wishes of the Emperor of Austria. A brief, but, I think, an interesting detail of Buonaparte's conduct towards his Holiness, will

have been found in a former chapter of the present volume.

The next proof of Napoleon's attachment to royalty was in sending his brother Lucien ambassador to Spain, there to negotiate, at the price of twenty millions of livres, the erection of the short lived kingdom of Etruria, in favour of Charles the Fourth's son-in-law, the nephew of the Duke of Parma, whose territories had been previously violated and plundered. For which purpose, that imbecile puppet of a Duke, was now to be exhibited at Paris, by way of *échantillon* of Buonaparte's new kingly manufactory. On the first night of the prince and princess making their appearance at the French opera, they were assailed with the most disgusting epithets; such as "vilain crapaud, est-tu venu ici pour faire la cour aux assassins de vos parens?" "Partout nous vous chasserons." "En bas, en bas, avec ces f——— de princes!" were the cries from all parts of the house. Buonaparte, however, took care not to shew his face at the opera that evening; and the poor gingerbread king and queen of Etruria were accompanied to their hotels, with the same, if not worse, language, from the mouths of the "dames de la Halle;" and it was with the greatest difficulty that they reached their apart-

ments, without that personal injury, which was alone prevented by the military in attendance upon them. It was also necessary to keep their departure a secret from the said *Dames*, who were busily preparing for them, *à leur façon*, some additional proofs of their attachment. They left Paris in a private and precipitate way, and thereby escaped the honours laid up in store for them. But, having turned their backs on Paris, they were no longer in danger.

All the leading persons attached to the old school of monarchy were now courted by Buonaparte, and flattered with the restoration of it; and were even so far gulled as to be made to believe, that he actually intended to replace the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors.

The "Moniteur," the official newspaper, was every day filled with fabricated articles, announcing Buonaparte's magnanimous intentions in this respect. The wife of the well-known Clery, the faithful domestic of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, was dining with me one day, during the appearance of these rhodomontades; and, quite overjoyed, she shewed me a paper. "There," said she, "I am ordered to write to my husband;" who was in Germany with the Countess de Lille, as she was then called, the wife of the present King

of France. This paper, was a sort of guarantee from the police. She enclosed in her letter to her husband many of these articles from the Moniteur; but a Madame Beaumont, a natural daughter of Louis the Fifteenth, and very much like him in person, who lived with her, was not so ready in her behalf. She had had an intimation given her of what had been going on between Buonaparte and the Prussian minister; who had dispatched a well-known author and public character, now in England, on the famous mission to Warsaw, with propositions to induce Louis the Eighteenth to give up his pretensions to the throne of France, in favour of Buonaparte, and not expressions of a wish, on the part of the latter, to replace the former on the throne of his ancestors. The said propositions were, however, rejected with utter disdain.

At this time, emissaries were dispatched all over Germany, for a purpose, if possible, of a still more heinous nature, and in the accomplishment of which the Corsican's *mouchards* were equally unsuccessful. The object of Buonaparte was the entrapment of the royal family of France, particularly the queen, in a manner similar to that which had led to the ever-execrable murder of the Duke D'Enghien—from the spilling of

whose blood sprung a grand dukedom. This atrocious deed, together with the sale of the Venetian states to Austria, for ever blackened the fame and blasted the laurels, that Buonaparte had gained by his military achievements; as they were both of them the most wanton acts of cruelty and injustice, that were ever resorted to by a man in possession of unlimited authority.

The deception practised by Murat towards the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, was justly punished by the fate which he afterwards met with—not to mention his numerous and horrible executions in Madrid, the bare recollection of which appals my senses,

"And make the conduits of my blood freeze up."

And yet, there are Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, to be found, who whine over the end of this sanguinary monster!

Finding that he had failed in two of his *grandes pensées;* namely, the assent to the abdication on the part of Lewis the Eighteenth, and the arrest of the French princes, Buonaparte now set all his engines at work, to play on the credulity of the people of Italy. He caused a report to be circulated, that, being of Italian origin, he might, probably, be induced to renounce the

Consulship of France, and take upon him the glory, after so many centuries of degradation, of regenerating that fine country, from the borders of France to Sicily, by forming it into one grand kingdom; and this report, being in accordance with the *ruse* which he had played off on my excellent friend, the poor deceived Duke di Serbelloni, stirred up the hopes of the people almost to madness. The enthusiasm which prevailed in the north, as well as in the south of Italy, shewed, that they were all children of the same soil; though millions of them had never felt the influence of the heat of Vesuvius or of Etna. They were electrified at the bare thought of becoming one entire nation, after they had been, for centuries, groaning under the yoke of so many princes and sovereigns; by whom, from motives of a political nature, arising out of their soil, their strength, and their desirable situation, they had been kept in a state of perpetual variance with each other; and, in consequence of which, they have now amongst them, nearly as many dialects as there are cities; though the nobility and men of letters all speak good Italian.

Engines, of every description, were put in motion, for the purpose of promulgating the mighty man's new projects. Pensions were

offered to one class, who were to be made Senators for life. The College of Electors were to be the sacred depository of the people's rights. The Senators were called the monosyllabic association: the College of Electors, the affirmative tribe. The lesson given to this notable body was, never to dispute among themselves, and only to answer as the bride does when the parson puts the wished-for question, "Will you have this man to be your usband?" The second order of these Orator Mums were directed to spare their lungs, and, by a sign of the head, like Mandarin figures, they were to bend themseves forward, in token of approbation of every individual whom Buonaparte might wish to have elected. For which good work, each member was to wear a cross of merit, and with it was to receive the very moderate annual pension of thirty thousand franks!

As the wily Gloucester, when Buckingham had seduced the Mayor and Aldermen of London to entreat the cruel hunch-back to take upon himself the sovereignty of the kingdom, craftily exclaimed,

"Alas, why should you heap these cares upon me?
I am unfit for state and majesty;
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you"—

so did the no less crafty Napoleon, when, poor man! he was about to receive the heavy load of the imperial dignity, so much against his inclination, say, to those who intreated him thereto, "Well, gentlemen, if you will have me take upon myself the immense charge of being the responsible head of the French government, tye me down! create a Senate to watch my proceedings!"

And, good heavens, what a Senate it was! Why, it was the very rump parliament of the renowned Praise-God-Barebones, who occupied themselves all day long in seeking the Lord, as earnestly as Cromwell, their master, occupied himself in seeking the Devil! Certain it is, that Napoleon imitated the regicide hypocrite in all his operations; except in his laudable economy of the public money; for, to the notorious Fouché were intrusted millions, for the purpose of seducing the wretched inhabitants of the faubourgs of Paris, to assist in the erection of his usurped power.

Titles, and pensions, and decorations, were also to be lavished on the army. Emoluments were to be bestowed on the literati, and on the civil magistrates. Even the restoration of the nuns and friars was held out, to induce all parties to combine together for their own des-

truction. But, who could have supposed it possible, that he meditated the deception of the whole of them, and that even his son-in-law Eugene was not to be exempted from his dupery? For, though he had already declared him his heir, he nevertheless, on the birth of his brother Lewis's son, as easily revoked his promise, in favour of the child, whose father, when King of Holland, from the same ambitious motives, fell under the weight of a mere French crown; which crown, however, Louis afterwards honourably renounced his claim to, rather than wound his own conscience, by injuring the interests of his subjects, to satisfy the caprice and the cruelty of his brother Napoleon.

The city of Genoa was flattered with Napoleon's especial protection. Having discovered, that many of the ancient families of that city had been formerly allied to the Buonaparte family, he "willed, ordered, commanded, and insisted," that their government should forthwith be revolutionized: and, for giving them a pretended free institution, he made them come down handsomely; for, what between the vessels which the English took from them by sea, and the plunderings of the French by land, the Genoese were reduced almost to a state of nudity. Having lost the ancient spirit of the

Dorias, they accepted, with the bayonet at their throats, the short-lived, buffoon Ligurian republic.

Having, like a skilful physician, a plaister for every sore, Buonaparte made the Genoese believe, that he would restore their navy to its pristine greatness; that he would build them new arsenals and docks for fresh fleets; and that he would render them, from their situation, the dread of the English, by furnishing them with a fleet which should cruize from Genoa up to Gibraltar. Nothing could flatter the vanity of the Genoese so much, as the idea of again becoming a respectable maritime power; and, in nothing were Buonaparte's great abilities more conspicuous, than in the pains which he uniformly took to accomplish his end, by flattering the weak side of all those whom he had determined to make his dupes and his slaves.

But, all these manœvres were necessary to the attainment of that imperial authority which now became the object of

"His daily longing, and his dream by night;'

And, from the debased condition to which the people of Italy had been reduced, by a series of plunderings and dilapidations, can it be matter of surprise, that their minds should have

become debased; that their feelings should have been deadened to their best interests; and that they only looked forward to the readiest means of freeing themselves from a state of perpetual uncertainty, agitation, and convulsion?

And, such was the precise situation of Italy, when the project for the restoration of monarchy began to be warmly embraced by all ranks of the people of that distressed country. That tranquillity, and that peace of mind, to which they had so long been strangers, but which Buonaparte now flattered them with the possession of, and which really had all the appearance of being within reach, lulled them into a luxuriant dream of coming prosperity; whereby they were induced credulously to promote all Buonaparte's projects of ambition, to their own future enslavement, as well as bitter remorse, at having, at the expense of the political independence of their native land, reared the first steps of his tyrannical usurpation.

Napoleon's next grand operation was the bringing about the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in Paris, at a period when it was almost dangerous for a citizen to be seen with a common-prayer book; but, without the accomplishment of this object, never could he

have succeeded in placing the imperial diadem on his head; for, certain it is, that the intrigues of the French clergy had a considerable share in establishing him on the throne of the Bourbons, regardless of the rights of the legitimate heir; though Lewis the Sixteenth had suffered on the scaffold in the support of their cause!

The better to secure the success of this project, the same Archbishop of Aix, who had officiated at Rheims at the coronation of the unfortunate Lewis, was applied to. The profound policy discoverable in these workings of the Corsican's brain is alone equalled by the effects which they produced. The ambassadors chosen on this occasion were Cambacères and Le Brun; the object of Napoleon being to destroy these two worthies in the estimation both of the republicans and of the royalists; as it was equally so to ruin the said Archbishop in the universal opinion of all Europe. Like all his other plans, this too completely succeeded; the parties consenting to become the dupes and the slaves of its wily projector.

Now was arrived the time for proclaiming the concordat of his holiness the Pope. Accordingly, on the Easter Sunday following, Buonaparte went in state to the Metropolitan

Church of Notre Dame, in one of the carriages belonging to the murdered King of France, drawn by six horses, accompanied by the Bishops and by an army of thirty thousand men, there to reestablish the true Catholic faith, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of royalty, excepting in the article of liveries. He, however, insisted, that the servants of Cambacères and Le Brun should be so habited, in suits of the richest description; for the purpose of trying how far the Parisians were likely to relish the restoration of the old order of things; to see whether or not he subjected himself to danger, or to ridicule; and, if there should be any, that it might fall on the shoulders of the above right worthy couple, whom he longed to precipitate from the seat of government: for, Napoleon, like his brother Turk, was unable to "bear a rival near the throne."

The experiment exceeded the cunning projector's most sanguine expectation; and, to say the truth, the sight altogether was one of the most imposing scenes that was ever exhibited. Indeed, it beggars all description, and was certainly, of all Buonaparte's triumphal entries into Paris, the triumphal entry *par excellence*. No fewer than eighty thousand troops lined the streets of the city. The Mameluke soldiers

two and two, were seen leading a horse each, bedizened out in the richest Asiatic trappings, the saddles and saddle-cloths being covered with gold and precious stones. The whole, in short, having more the appearance of eastern pageantry, than a republican procession headed by its democratic first ruler.

In a morning or two after this splendid procession, an article appeared in the official paper, the Moniteur, for the purpose of being circulated throughout France. It began by stating, that "it could not be denied, that Paris abounded in persons possessing the most lively imaginations; that it had been strongly urged by such persons, how much it would be for the benefit of France and of all Europe, and how greatly it would contribute to the establishment of universal tranquillity, if Buonaparte could but be induced to take upon himself the sovereign authority, with a title suitable to the dignity of so renowned a nation. 'What do you think of king?' said one. 'O, no,' replied another, 'that's a name odious to the ears of Frenchmen.' 'Well,' said a third, 'what think you of emperor? I wish, with all my heart, that such a proposition was not death by the law!' 'O!' continued a fourth, 'but our Buonaparte is too merciful and too generous to order its execution

on a person, who merely ventures to suggest the re-establishment of good order, and a general reconciliation between all parties.' 'Besides,' added a fifth, 'he was himself one of those who caused this decree to be issued; and surely, as Charlemagne, in many instances, made and unmade laws at his discretion, the great Napoleon may be allowed the same privilege.'"

This trumped-up dialogue was immediately copied into all the other newspapers, and every succeeding day produced a fresh article in favour of monarchy. By devices like these did the son of the pettifogging attorney of Ajaccio, feel the pulse of the people of France, as to the degree of safety with which he might ascend the imperial ladder! And, by such means did he

"Court that greatness which did overwhelm him!"

CHAPTER XX.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

Buonaparte sounds the Pope as to his Coronation... ..Takes Charlemagne for his model... ..Hortensia's Marriage..... Her Character.....The Work of King-Making commences .....Madame Campan called in to give Courtly Lessons .....Ludicrous Imperial Trainings.....The Family adopt their Baptismal Names.....Slices of Territory given for Princely Compliances.....Jerome sent for from America .....Napoleon ascends the Imperial Ladder.....His Treachery towards Spain.....Removes Joseph to the Throne of Spain.....Gives that of Naples to his Sister Caroline and her Husband Murat...,..And that of Holland to his Brother Louis.

BUONAPARTE's court now adopted a new style of addressing those around them. The family put on a sort of condescending benignity of manners, and strove to recommend themselves by their charities, and their beneficent attentions to all ranks and classes; until at last, nothing was actually talked of, but the astonishing mildness of manners of the whole family, and the calm and implicit submission of Buonaparte himself to the will of the nation.

And at this time it was, that he first ordered his secret emissaries to sound the Pope, as to his coronation; for if he had found the old man unwilling to take a journey to Paris, he had determined to have imitated the example of Charlemagne, by going to Rome to be crowned; though that was not precisely what he wished, as he was desirous of degrading and humbling the Pope, rather than of exalting him; though he had chosen the conduct of the above sovereign as the model to go by.

Having mentioned the great man who, in the year 800, became emperor of the west by right of conquest, I must here be allowed to relate a short anecdote. In the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle there is deposited, among other curiosities, a cameo of an onyx, about the size of a crown-piece, on which is a likeness, in basso relievo, of the son of Charlemagne, which really resembles Buonaparte, as much as if it had been intended for him, and far more than many of the portraits which he has himself sat for to Andrea Appiani, of Milan, who has painted him, at his own request, in all the striking stages of his career, and in all his imperial costumes. This cameo, when he was at Aix-la-Chapelle, Buonaparte had copied; and that copy was the identical medallion which he wore as the real likeness

of Charlemagne. But that, however, was not the fact, as the original is still to be seen in that chapel; where the story was told to me by one of the keepers of the antiques. It must now be nearly a thousand years since it was executed.

This cameo, on his arrival at Dresden, Buonaparte shewed as the head of Charlemagne. He told the Saxons, that in the year 803, they had submitted to his likeness, exhibiting it from his neck, around which it was suspended by way of triumph; as Charlemagne had behaved towards the people of Saxony with excessive cruelty. This Buonaparte did, in revenge for the insults they had offered to Lavalette, who had been his democratical ambassador, and for the little respect they had paid him, previous to his being made emperor of France, and raising the Electorate into a kingdom. Ludovico Widemann, a Venetian nobleman who died in Russia, assured me he was present when this conversation took place at Pilnitz, the country residence of the king of Saxony; as did also Alvise Mocenigo, who was charged with the mission to the Pope, the anecdote respecting the coronation.

But, to return to my narrative. Paris was now made to resound with the noble sacrifices, the warlike achievements, the political acquire-

ments of the great Napoleon, and the pitch of glory to which he had elevated France, from the depth of anarchy in which he had found her, when he took the reins of government out of the feeble hands of the Directory. "The conquest of Italy, the submission of the greatest part of Germany, the subjugation of the Swiss, the success in Egypt, the union of Holland, the aggrandizement of France, and the amazing advantages that would accrue to her from his having made the Rhine her boundaries, and thereby aggregated so many millions of subjects to that nation, added to the prosperous condition in which she then was—all these things demanded a striking act of gratitude on the part of the people, towards the godlike man who had been the cause of these numberless advantages." Such were the matters that were every day trumpetted forth in all the newspapers of Paris, and of which Lavalette was one of the prime propagators.

The Palais Royal, too, had its orators. Speeches of the most fulsome description were delivered, and portions of them were industriously circulated all over France, prior to the phosphoric matter being communicated from the north to the south of Italy. Added to this, by the flattering attentions which were now so

exuberantly lavished on the ministers of the different sovereigns, for their tame acquiescence in what was going on, all of them were credulously induced to assist in elevating to a throne, a man who was secretly planning the destruction and overthrow of every sovereign in Europe, to make way for his own mushroom family of kings and princes.

In the mean time, the marriage took place between Hortensia Beauharnois and Napoleon's brother, Louis. A crown was to be the reward of their mutual compliance; as it is well known that inclination, on either side, had nothing to do with their union, and that both the parties sacrificed themselves to state policy.

Hortensia Beauharnois was the daughter of Josephine. She is a most accomplished and well-educated female: she sings and plays with much taste, feeling, and science; has an excellent heart, and a very considerable portion of good sense. She is kind, benevolent, charitable, unassuming, and affable to all who approach her; and, from her good understanding and natural disposition to kind actions in private life,—united to the same good intentions on the part of her husband—they would have succeeded in making themselves respected and beloved in Holland, had they been inde-

pendent sovereigns; but it was impossible for them to do those things for the good of their subjects, which the dictates of their hearts pointed out to them; surrounded, as they were, by the spies of Napoleon, who reported to him every one of their actions; until at last, finding that they were not suffered to do any thing for the benefit of the population entrusted to their charge, like faithful stewards, they yielded up the trust confided to them. They are both living retired, as the duke and duchess of St. Lu; the former at Rome, the latter at Augsburgh, a city belonging to the king of Bavaria, whose daughter was married to Hortensia's brother, the worthy prince Eugene; who, to the regret of all who knew him, has recently paid the debt of nature.

As the duke of Wurtzburgh (late of Tuscany) did not think fit to leave his German dominions, to pay his court to the new king-maker at Paris, as all the rest had done before him, he was struck off the list; and, in order to keep him in subjection, was told, that as Napoleon had declared himself king of Italy, it would be derogatory in him to give up any portion of it; but that the duke might propose himself for the restoration of Poland, and that he should be sup-

ported in his claims to that kingdom; which would be given to him as an indemnity for the loss of his German states.

Tuscany was not mentioned, though (the king of Etruria being dead) the first of his new-made queens was still seated on its throne. She, however, in a very short time, without any other reason but the will and pleasure of Napoleon, was dethroned; and Murat, as a fit instrument for the deliberate execution of all sort of crimes, was commanded to execute the order, and to conduct her majesty and her son to Milan; whence they proceeded to Spain. Previous to this event, Lucca had undergone the same fate as the other sister Republics, in behalf of Napoleon's sister, Madame Eliza Bacciochi, the wife of the *ci-devant* marker at a common billiard table.

Madame Campan, formerly one of the attendants on the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette, was now sent for to instruct the imperial family *in prospectu*, and the nobility, about to be created, how to walk, how to look, how to speak in demi accents, so as scarcely to be understood, except by an inclination of the head, or the gracious smile which was the characteristic of that amiable queen. Nay, even the unfortunate waddle of Louis the Sixteenth, was to be intro-

duced, as one of the appendages of former times, and the better to enable them to put on the airs of frivolous, light-headed courtiers. Courtesies, too, were industriously practised by the females; and they were taught how they were to retire from the imperial court, without offending any of the newly-manufactured princes, by turning their imperial *derrières* upon them on leaving the court.

The chief of the court attendants were instructed how they were to listen to the persons presenting memorials to them, as well as to the more fortunate mortals who were to be presented to the *potentissimo* and *augustissimo* Napoleon Buonaparte—the titles which he assumed on being proclaimed emperor.

While this drilling work was going on, some of the most ludicrous scenes that can possibly be imagined, were constantly taking place, between these washer-women duchesses *in petto*, and their equally dignified dukes of husbands. The ladies, when attired in their costly state dresses, forgetting they were not going to the wash-tub, would, every now and then, tuck up the sleeves of their gowns, the better to enable them to withdraw from the room backwards. Innumerable were the bruises they were doomed to suffer from stumbling over their trains; and

many a "sacre!" did they rap out, before they became perfect in the court exercise.

The Christian name, "Napoleon," which had scarcely been heard of before, was now substituted instead of that of General Buonaparte, by which he was only known, at least to the Parisians. The baptismals of the whole family were likewise used instead of their surnames. The females dropped the word "citoyenne," for that of "madame;" and nothing was now heard of but Madame Josephine, and Letitia, and Elise, and Stephanie; and Monsieur Joseph, Louis, Lucien, Jerome, Eugene; and Mademoiselle Hortense, &c. &c.

While these scenes were going on, the courts of Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemburgh, Saxony, and Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, were all rewarded with large slices of territory, for the countenance they were affording to the new imperial system.

Entirely new maps were ordered to be made out for the said territories. England was to be deprived of all her possessions in Germany. Hanover was to be given to Prussia, with Bremen; and Saxony, Hesse-Cassel, Erfurth, and Weimer, were to be erected into a kingdom, and given to the Elector, together with the title of king.

Bavaria was to have Salzburgh, Passau, Augsburg, Bayreuth and Anspach, and was also to be raised into a kingdom, with the Elector at its head. The Elector of Baden was to have Manheim and Hanau, and to be made a grand duke. Wurtemberg was to have Aschaffenburg, Constanz, Lindau, and other arrondissemens, to add to the dignity of a newly-manufactured kingdom. The Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin was to have Stralsund, Lubeck, and Gluckstadt, and be made a grand duke. Spain was to have Portugal; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Lucca and the Isle of Elba, with Massa and Carara.

To his holiness the Pope was promised the restitution of the ancient Roman legations, Benevento, Ponte Corvo, and some other places on the frontier, between Naples and Rome.

All the German princes were obliged to enter into private engagements, to ally themselves with Napoleon, for the purpose of strengthening a German confederacy against Austria and Russia. It is said, that Russia, at that time, refused any aggrandizement in Poland, which could only be effected by the spoliation of Prussia or Austria. Turkey, the grand war-horse of Catherine, was also held out; but the immense force which the English kept up in the

Baltic, with the example of Denmark, and the feebleness of Sweden, were, it is said, the reasons why the Emperor of Russia would not, at that moment, accede to any of Napoleon's propositions; though he afterwards united with him in all his continental schemes for the destruction of this country.

Jerome Buonaparte was at that time in America, and married to the rich and beautiful Miss Pattison. A vessel was therefore immediately dispatched, with directions for him to return to Europe and abandon his wife, as, by the German alliance, another had been fixed upon for him.

In the meantime, Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of France, and caused himself to be crowned King of Italy. There were now five imperial princes, and the like number of imperial princesses, to be provided for. This, however, could not be accomplished without the spoliation of his former protégée, Spain: and, so completely did Buonaparte succeed in hoaxing the old queen of that country, that he gained her over to all his plans, on the mere rumour that it was his intention to restore monarchy in France; fancying foolishly that he was labouring for the restoration of the Bourbons. So totally duped were the King and the Prince of

Peace, that they sent an extraordinary courier from La Granca to the Tuilleries, to thank him for his confidence, and promising to assist him in his undertaking; never suspecting, that he was all this time acting the hypocrite, or that it was his intention to play the first character in the farce he was getting up.

Buonaparte flattered the Prince of Peace with the notion, that he intended to make him a sovereign prince, at the very moment that he was treacherously encouraging these sovereigns and their prime minister to leave their native country: for it is a notorious fact, that neither the king nor queen would ever have consented to leave Madrid, but for the influence which this minister exercised over these feeble-minded princes. On this account, Spain was the most difficult soil the Corsican had to work upon; as she had tacitly consented to all his views. To accomplish his ends, therefore, it became necessary, by means of private emissaries, to sow the seeds of disaffection in the heart of the court, by stirring up the son against the father, and, *vice versâ*, the mother against the son, the husband against the wife, and the son against her favourite, the Prince of Peace; until their private quarrels had led to their public overthrow, and furnished him with a pretext for taking the

whole of them prisoners, and for removing his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples and creating him King of Spain.

Napoleon's next step was to give Naples to his sister Caroline and her husband Murat; and, from the depraved and tyrannical conduct of Joseph, during his short-lived reign, and the still more tyrannical conduct of his infamous minister, Salicetti, if Murat had avoided the violence to which he was compelled by Napoleon to resort, he would have attached the people of Naples to his person and government; as he had already done at Berg, and from which dukedom he was removed by Napoleon's jealousy, at finding that he was becoming too popular. Naples was always intended for Lucien; but, in consequence of his not consenting to divorce his wife, as Jerome had done, Napoleon determined to place Murat on the throne of that kingdom; to the great disgust and disappointment of Josephine, who wished her son Eugene to be appointed to the office, in order that he might be somewhat less dependent upon her husband: and, out of this arose the settled rancour that ever after subsisted between Eugene and Murat; for there is little doubt, that had the latter succeeded in his mad project of conquering the north of Italy, he would have shown the former no mercy.

Holland, also, was now to change its system, and to be erected into a kingdom, with Louis Buonaparte, as I have before observed, at its head. Schimmelpenninck, who was at that time the governor, was by no means a fit person to fill the situation to which Napoleon had appointed him; his principles being good, and he being a real lover of his native country, and anxious to cultivate a friendly commercial connexion with England, he sacrificed his own private interest, in endeavouring to promote that object. Augereau then commanded the French troops, and Simonville was the ambassador. I was acquainted with him in Italy, in the year 1792, when he was arrested by Pozzi, an agent of Austria, and sent prisoner to Mantua, where I had an opportunity of rendering him some essential services. In the year 1803, being with my husband and the late Count Zenobio, at the theatre at the Hague, Simonville recognized me for an old acquaintance, but not with "a new face;" for he behaved towards us with the utmost cordiality and politeness, and gave us a general invitation to his table, and to his box at the theatre. The whole three were removed from Holland, to make room for men better suited to Napoleon's new order of things. Not only was the republic now to be upset, but

the possessors of princely prospects were to be deprived and plundered of their ancient hereditary dominions, for the benefit of a race of beggarly upstarts.

CHAPTER XXI.

MILAN.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN THE MILANESE TERRITORY.

Family Promotions.....Sister Eliza made Duchess of Lucca and Piombino.....Brother Jerome marries the Princess of Wurtemburgh.....Spoliation of Prussia.....Son-in-law Eugene marries the Princess of Bavaria.....Niece Stephanie, the Grand Duke of Baden .....And Niece Tascher, the Duke of Aremberg.....Sister Pauline made Governess of Turin .....Mother Letitia and Uncle Fesch snugly provided for .....Order of Merit created.....Birth of the Little King of Rome.....Napoleon in a great Bustle.....Wonderful doings at Paris on that wonderful Occasion.....The Curtain drops .....Reflections on ill-woven Ambition.

Next, the principality of Piombino was taken from its lawful sovereign. Eliza Bacciochi, the favourite sister of Napoleon, being one morning at breakfast with him, he saluted her by the title of Duchess of Lucca and Piombino. Upon

which, the ci-devant wife of a marker at a billiard-table, coolly and modestly answered, "Eh bien! till something better turns up, I shall accept your offer." For her good services, the additional title of Duchess of Tuscany was bestowed on her; but the revenues and the command of the country, her worthy brother thought proper to keep to himself.

Jerome Buonaparte having, by this time, returned from America, his marriage with the Princess of Wurtemburgh was solemnized, though much, it is said, against the inclination of the bridegroom; but, such a charm is there in crowns and kingdoms, that they soon get the better of every virtuous scruple! A beautiful wife, a beloved child, and a quiet conscience—what are they but feathers, when thrown into the scale of restless ambition!

The King of Prussia was next to be sacrificed, and to be made to disgorge, in a tenfold degree, the millions he had received from the French Directory, for his disgraceful neutrality, and his ready consent to the taking of Hanover from the English. In his turn, he was now to lose a considerable portion of his hereditary dominions; for, more than the Great Frederick had gained during the Seven Years war, was his unfortunate grand nephew made to give up, in

the short space of seven days!—O! if the old warrior could look up from his tomb, and see that Saxony which he had so cruelly insulted, possessed of his Brandenburgh dominions, how would his haughty spirit haunt the agents of this misguided policy! But, forgetful of the "hodie mihi, cras tibi," Prussia fatally laughed at the downfall of Austria, and Austria laughed at the downfall of Prussia—until, by their own folly, both the one and the other had fairly been laughed out of house and home!

The kingdom of Westphalia was already destined for the newly-married couple, and the battle of Jena decided the grand question in favour of the candidates. Hanover, Brunswick, Lunenburg, Osnaburg, Bremen, Hesse-Cassel, and two-thirds of the hereditary Prussian dominions, were now to be united, under the title of the kingdom of Westphalia. The word "Landgrave" was to be dropped for the future; and the Tom Thumb of a King, Jerome, was ordered to take up his residence in the ancient palace of the said prince at Cassel.

The democratical government of France, which was in existence at the time of the purchase of the King of Prussia's neutrality, not having then the money wherewith to make good the said purchase, actually sent to Berlin

the crown-jewels of the late King of France, as a pledge for the fulfilment of the stipulation. After the fatal defeat of the Duke of Brunswick, and the still more memorable battle of Jena, Buonaparte, on his arrival at Berlin, insisted on their being instantly given up to him; together with the millions which the King of Prussia had received from the French Directory, for the aforesaid neutrality. His beautiful queen too, became the object of Buonaparte's rage and abhorrence. He calumniated and ridiculed her, for her virtuous affection for, and attentions to, the king her husband. Her severe losses, added to the ruin of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, her native country, preyed so severely on her mind, that they soon brought this much-regretted princess to an untimely grave!

Anspach and Bayreuth were now given to the King of Bavaria, with Inspruck and the Tyrol; and, as a further stimulus to the king's consent to the marriage of his eldest daughter with Eugène Beauharnois, Augsburg was also thrown in. Napoleon and Josephine, with the whole of their suite, were at Munich, when the ceremony took place. The King of Bavaria received this great addition to his territory, in the way of reward, for having deserted the Emperor of Austria, as head of the German empire, and

leagued himself with Napoleon, the common enemy of all Germany.

The Duke of Baden was next called on to fulfil his part of the stipulation; and a niece of Josephine, who had once lived with the French general, Boyer, was ushered into the world, under the title of the Princess Stephanie Napoleone, and married to the above prince, who was created grand duke. This prince came to a premature death; leaving behind him no male heirs to blush at the origin of their father's dukedom—the murder of the Duke d'Enghien!

Another of Josephine's nieces, a Mademoiselle Tascher, was also lugged into the new imperial Napoleon dynasty, and married at Brussels to the young Duke d'Aremberg; whom, however, she soon left, and went to reside at Paris.

Pauline, who had been married to her second husband, the Prince Camillo Borghese, was also placed as governess over the people of Turin.

All the imperial brothers, and sisters, and nieces, being thus provided for, *provisoirement*—for not a soul of them were allowed to have a will of their own—it now became necessary to do something for the parent stock, as well as for her worthy brother, the citizen Fesch; who, though bred a priest, had become a *commissaire de-guerre*, and had been living by gambling at

Paris. Accordingly, the former received the dignified appellation of Madame Letitia Napoleone, Dame de France; while the latter was made Archbishop of Lyons, and a cardinal, "par la grâce de Dieu!"

Family matters being thus settled, the next necessary step for the support of the imperial government, was the erection of an aristocracy; without which, Napoleon well knew no monarchy could long stand. It was not, however, to be an aristocracy, whose duty it would be to hold the balance between the sovereign and the people, but an aristocracy who were ready, at all hazards, to uphold his power, upon the same arbitrary basis on which he had founded his imperial authority. For this purpose, it became necessary, that the majority of it should be chosen from out of the class to which he himself belonged; namely, the military. He came, therefore, to the determination, that all his generals should be made marshals, and that all his marshals should (with scarcely an exception) be dubbed dukes and peers of France.

The order of merit was also created, as a decoration, and many of the second and third ranks of the military, and even private soldiers, were presented therewith. This measure was of the greatest benefit to him; since it kept im-

mense sums in the imperial treasury, with which he must otherwise have rewarded the services of those who had assisted in raising him to his giddy elevation: for many of the knights of the above order, as well as of that of the Corona di Ferro, had only a miserable pension of two hundred livres attached to the honour.

And now, to crown the whole, and to raise Napoleon Le Grand to the acme of his wishes, Maria Louisa was safely delivered of a son, and all Paris were thereupon directed to sing—"Unto us a son is born; unto us a child is given!" And, "O! miseras hominum mentes, oh pectora cæca!" even the colour of the "caca du petit Roi de Rome," became the vogue at the imperial court: the looms at Lyons were instantly set in motion; and nothing was to be seen in the Parisian beau-monde, but this most predominant of all colours—an instance this of frivolity and of folly that, perhaps, was never surpassed, even by that giddiest of all giddy nations!

The title given to this "*altera spes Romæ*," sufficiently accounts for the hasty kidnapping of the old Pope, of which I have already given a faithful account; for it would have been derogatory to the dignity of the newly-born babe,

to have borne the title of "King of Rome," while the legitimate sovereign of that city, was still in the exercise of his lawful authority.

Never was man in a greater bustle than Napoleon was on the birth of his son! All the emperors, and kings, and princes, were solicited to become his sponsors: all the names in the calendar were to be his: all the bishops and the archbishops were to exhaust heaven in offering up prayers for the preservation of the wonderful child of so wonderful a man, the fruit of so wonderful a marriage with so wonderful a house! Indeed, such a call was there for every thing wonderful, that wonders themselves became lost in the clouds of sublime wonders, performed in the wonderful æra of the Great Emperor Napoleon and the Little King of Rome! But, the most wonderful of all these wonders, was, that the said Great Man should have forgotten himself so wonderfully, as to have proclaimed this wonderful son—coming into the world with his head foremost, and with all his natural faculties about him—the king of a mere city, instead of the sovereign of a whole nation!

The children who happened to be born on this *dies faustus*, whether male or female, were all to be named after Napoleon. Like the renowned Arthur, he exclaimed—

"Let no face but a face of joy be seen!
The man who this day frowns, shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal—
Smile, Dollalolla"—

Poor Josephine, however, could not shape her face into a "smile." She was therefore excused from the general merry-making, and was permitted to remain in solitude at Malmaison; where, it is said, she did not join in the impious shout—"Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given!"

Scarcely had Napoleon obtained the consent of the Emperor Francis, that his daughter Maria Louisa, should add to the trappings of his future aggrandizement, than he immediately compelled Josephine's son, Prince Eugène, to come up to Paris from Milan, for the purpose of declaring publicly in the senate and the council, his mother's voluntary consent, for the good of the French nation, to the marriage of the emperor with the above imperial princess; and her like voluntary consent, to surrender up all her jewels, for the service of the new empress. Both which it was much easier to assert, than it is to believe; and I have been credibly informed, that that consent was only obtained by the approved means usually resorted to in such cases; that is to say, *par force*.

Shakespeare tells us, that "the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream." To the class of readers who can happily find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,"

the progress of Buonaparte's ill-weaved ambition, which I have thus hastily and imperfectly sketched, cannot, I think, but be read with considerable interest. How just is the observation of a modern writer, that "ambition is to the mind, what the cap is to the falcon; it blinds us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness." But alas! when we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also at the depth of real misery! We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair us; where chance and change cannot befriend, but must betray us. In short, by attaining all we wish, and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle, where we have nothing to hope, but every thing to fear. Verily,

> "Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
> Till, by broad-spreading, it disperse to nought!"

CHAPTER XXII.

GENOA.

Character of the Genoese.....Their former gallant Exploits .....Marshal Botta.....Genoa and its Inhabitants described.....Present deplorable Condition of its Port.....State of its Laws.....And of its Trade.....Fatal Consequences of the Union of Genoa with Piedmont.....A Word on Legitimacy.....Salicetti.....The Genoese basely betrayed by the Banker Emanuel Balbi, and others.....Appeal to Mr. Wilberforce and to the Enemies of Black Slavery.

THE natives of Genoa la Superba have immortalized themselves by their ever-memorable actions, by land as well as by sea, and more particularly for having freed themselves from the oppressive yoke of Austria, by chasing from their territory the renowned Marshal Botta, together with the whole of his army, unaided, but by the united bravery of its independent and courageous citizen; to which glorious deed they were roused, by one of the German barbarians having, according to the custom of the northern nations, inhumanly inflicted corporeal punishment on one of their fellow citizens.

Now, the people of Italy are not accustomed

to the paich, or knout; and no French or Italian officer had ever ventured so far to degrade them, as to use the cane, or bastinado. For the people of Italy are as opposite in character and in sentiments, from those of the north, as sterile Lapland and uncultivated Siberia are to their own voluptuous climate, and its delicious and luxurious productions.

The Genoese territory extends around the gulph of that name, to Port Venere, on the east, to the little principality of Monaco, which formerly belonged to the Princess who accompanied the Prince of Condé in all his travels, during his absence from Chantilly, after the breaking out of the French Revolution.

On the west, and in its rear, are the Imperial fiefs, which have been the cause of so much bloodshed. Not a braver race of men than the Genoese, are to be found on the continent. To render them equal to any in Europe, nothing is wanted but a virtuous and an uncorrupt government. They are admirable seamen, and remarkable for their unconquerable aversion to the Austrians and the Piedmontese: but, like the Venetians, they have been most infamously sold to this their most inveterate enemy. The experience of centuries has sufficiently proved, that, though the native Genoese love of liberty and independence may, for a time, be stifled

and, borne down, it will ultimately burst forth with renewed energy, to the dismay and expulsion of their cruel enemy; as it did in the case of the aforesaid Marshal and his mercenary forces. They have too much of the Corsican character in them, to yield up tamely, and without a struggle, the blessings which were enjoyed by them for centuries. To suppose that they will not one day make an effort to shake off their detestable fetters, would be to libel the whole Genoese nation. Let their task-masters, then, look to themselves! For I can tell them, that the Genoese are, with the single exception of the people of Corsica, the most crafty, as well as the most revengeful, people on the face of the earth.

The victory obtained by them over Botta and the Austrian army, is narrated by them to their children, and is handed down from father to son. Like that of the Vespere Siciliane, it is ever in their mouths, to inspire the rising generation to valour, and to impress on their minds the great things their forefathers have accomplished, in the sacred cause of liberty and independence.

It is customary for the other natives of Italy to say, that it requires five cunning Christians to outwit one Jew, but that to outwit a Genoese, requires a score of Jews; and, to say the truth,

the extraordinary arts they had recourse to during the protracted wars carried on by them against the Venetians, fully justify the assertion.

Generally speaking, the ladies of Genoa are remarkably handsome. To which I may add, that they are elegant in their dress, and resemble, more than any other females in Italy, those who may be considered the beauties of the world—I mean my countrywomen, the ladies of England—except in their passion for coquetry.

Next to Naples, the situation of Genoa, when looked at in a boat from the bay, is the most enchanting of any in all Italy; and perhaps in all Europe. The picturesque appearance of the delightful lemon, orange, palm, and other choice fruit trees, intermixed with views of the fortifications, topped with the majestic mountains of the Bocchetta, Campo Marone, and Campo San Pietro, all at once under the eye of the spectator, are foremost among the wonders of nature and art, and, like the beautiful scenes to be met with in Tuscany, present the appearance of an amphitheatre, headed by an immense pile of magnificent marble buildings.

Like Venice, the city of Genoa is grand beyond description, and impresses the beholder with a conviction of the immense wealth which

these two republics had once collected together! Rich beyond any other country, and great and powerful, as England now is, nothing can be more evident than the simple fact, that her untravelled inhabitants can form no just conception of the immense riches which these two states must, at one time, have contained. Nothing on earth, in my humble opinion, is so well calculated to correct the purse-proud vanity of some of my countrymen, as a short trip to the several places of which I have spoken; but, above all, to Venezia la Ricca, and Genova la Superba.

The port of Genoa, once the emporium of the world, is now as much deserted as if it were infected with the plague. Such, alas! are the blessings which result from tacking the people of a free republic, to the tail of an absolute monarchy!—a junction as unnatural as that of the horse with the ass, and from which no issue can be expected, but a vicious, refractory animal, which it is impossible to break in, and which oftentimes succeeds in upsetting and damaging its keeper.

The laws of Piedmont, which are those now in force at Genoa, are founded on caprice and partiality, and differ, in their application, according to the birth, the rank, and the title of

the individual applying for their protection. From a total want of that permanent legislative justice, which can alone secure to the cultivator, the fruits of his industry, a complete stagnation has taken place in every branch of commercial speculation. The inevitable consequences of such a system have been discontent and misery, and utter ruin to its once rich and flourishing inhabitants.

The trade of Genoa was at one time so general in every article of commerce, in consequence of her being unconnected with any continental power, and a free port, that I shall confine myself to pointing out the commerce peculiarly belonging to the soil and the manufactures of Genoa. It consists, then, of oils, pastes, and macaroni of all kinds; of sweetmeats, candied fruits, sugar-plums, mushrooms, fresh and dried; and of the richest and stoutest silk-velvets in all Europe.

During carnival time there is a good opera at Genoa; but the inhabitants are of too plodding a disposition, and are too much taken up in matters connected with cent. per cent., to pay any remarkable attention to the fine arts; which are less cultivated and encouraged in that city, than in any other part of Italy. The present race of Genoese are so interested, that they

would rather have a pair of antlers clapped on their brows, than lose the lading of a cargo, or the unlading of a vessel when it comes into port; when the struggle with every one is, who shall be before-hand with his neighbour.

Such have been the blessed effects of the union of Genoa to Piedmont! and such will they continue to be, as long as a once free nation shall be suffered to be thus excluded from the enjoyment of its legitimate authority, for the purpose of being made the foot-stool of absolute and despotic power!

Now, if *legitimacy* is to be respected; if, among monarchical governments, there can be no tranquillity without it; and if, in consequence, the sovereigns of Europe have entered into a Holy Alliance, for the purpose of establishing the principle; why, let me ask, should not the *legitimacy* of republican governments be equally respected? Have not those governments the same rights? And, are they not as much the sacred depositories of the will of the people, as any monarch on earth can possibly be?

The streets of Genoa are very narrow and confined, in the lower town; and, in consequence of its once immense population, the houses are of great height. The apartments, too, in general, are very lofty. Many of the rich

bankers and merchants reside in the one nearest to the heavens. But, the houses of the wealthy are absolutely palaces, consisting of numerous suites of rooms, most elegantly and richly furnished.

When Salicetti, the civil Massena of plunder, resided in Genoa, in all the pomp and splendour of an Asiatic monarch, under the disguise of a simple ambassador, he had one of these lodgings, "next floor to the sky," fitted up in the most splendid style, in which he constantly gave the most sumptuous entertainments. This impudent upstart caused an English lady to be discharged from the Opera, because she would not sing at his private parties.

The rich bankers, Emanuel Balbi, Gneco, and Andimini, were, in the year 1796, as I have already hinted, the persons who, at Salicetti's instigation, lent Buonaparte the sum of two hundred thousand livres, at the period of his first invading Italy; without the loan of which sum he never could have commenced his Italian operations.

In no small degree, therefore, have these bankers been the cause of the ruin of their country; and therefore are they as much detested throughout Italy, for their infernal treachery, as the good Venetians are commiserated

for, having been basely betrayed by the Smithfield forestaller of nations.

I regard, however, the smiles of these wretches, as little as I deprecate their frowns. Gold I know to be their god. I shall therefore ever speak of such creatures as Balbi, in the manner that their foul deeds merit. As I would gladly praise their virtues, if they had any, so will I ever expose and hold up to detestation, their vices; knowing, as I well do, that those vices exist. But, above all,

"Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hoc regit artus,"

will I hold up to the horror of my virtuous countrymen, their execrable commerce in human flesh—a commerce which no man or woman, with a drop of English blood in their veins, can ever hear of with calm indifference! O, Wilberforce, Wilberforce! for thy unwearied exertions in the cause of the jet-black negro, I thank thee! But why—in the name of humanity and of justice—why hast thou not been able to find a small corner in thy philanthropic bosom, for the interesting inhabitants of "the pleasant garden of fair Italy?" But, "non omnia possumus omnes?"

It is solely from the favourable position of Genoa, and her general importance to Europe,

in a commercial and political point of view, that I am anxious to see that city freed from continental connexion. Not that her present race of inhabitants have any peculiar claims to the blessings of independence. On the contrary, she made no efforts, during the recent crisis, to regain her former condition, and has ever been, from motives of self-interest, the steady enemy of the rest of Italy, and the firm friend of their cruel task-masters.

But, it is not England; it is not Russia; it is not France; it is not Prussia; it is not Austria; that can give freedom to Italy. No. The enjoyment of that first of all blessings, can only be attained and secured, by the united efforts of the people of Italy themselves.

Foreign assistance is always to be dreaded; for it uniformly ends in adding oppression to slavery. More than any other nation on earth, have the Italians been instructed, by long and sad experience, that every conqueror who has succeeded in over-running their envied regions, has uniformly laboured, not to promote their tranquillity and happiness, but to strengthen his own interests, by dividing their native strength, and by sowing the seeds of internal political divisions.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PIEDMONT.

The Piedmontese Territory.....Martial Character of the People.....Language.....Turin.....Superga.....Theatres .....Opera-House.....The Court.....The Turinese Ladies .....Goîtres.....Productions.....Montferrato.....Asti..... Gaming.....Hospitality.....Morals.....Marriages..... Gallantry.....Religion.....Libraries.....Museum..... Royal Family.....Wretched State of the Prisons.....Appeal to Mr. Buxton, Mrs. Fry, and the Society for Prison Discipline.

This country and Savoy were once looked upon as the impregnable barrier and safeguard of Italy, against foreign invasion. The Duke of Savoy is Prince of Piedmont, and, after the peace of 1745, assumed the title of King of Sardinia; which title he received in return for Sicily; the last-mentioned country having been, by the policy and wisdom of the late Hyde, Lord Clarendon, annexed, during his embassy, to the kingdom of Naples. The same able and excellent nobleman was the cause of the Low Countries being separated from French, as well as from Spanish influence, and given to the Empress, Maria Theresa of Austria.

The wisdom of this deep-sighted policy has

been sufficiently manifested by the simple fact, that those countries continued in the undisturbed possession of the House of Austria, until the volcanic explosion, occasioned by the French revolution, subverted the equilibrium, which till then had existed between the civilized nations of Europe; and it probably would be no exaggeration for me to add, that nearly three portions of the globe have felt the effects of its fatal influence.

But, to return to my subject. At the last general peace, Austria was moderate and modest enough, to signify her determination to retain the possession of Piedmont; under the ostensible plea, that the King of Sardinia was not sufficiently strong to prevent the future encroachments of the French—as if she herself had never been conquered by them!

England, however, with that native love of equity for which her sons are so distinguished, in order to maintain the even balance of power, sent her triumphant navy to Sardinia, to convey the sovereign of that country from his long insular exile, and to place him, in open defiance of the wish of his imperial brother-in-law, on the throne of his continental dominions.

The Piedmont territory, together with the Venetian states, form the northern boundary of

Italy, dividing Switzerland and Genoa from the Milanese.

The Piedmontese are soldiers by nature, like the people of old France. None but the nobility were suffered to carry arms; and, nothing was esteemed so praise-worthy in the eyes of the men, or so captivating in those of the women, as the profession of war. A man who was seen without a sword, was a sort of noun adjective in the vocabulary of the fashionable circles; and though, perhaps, he could boast of nothing beyond a military commission in a skeleton regiment, that was a sufficient "passe-par-tout" to the smiles and the good graces of his fair inamorata.

From this, it is easy to imagine, what such a nation could have achieved, had it been gallantly led on to the conflict and stimulated to lofty deeds by heroic examples, similar to those which the history of their own country afforded, during the glorious enterprises of the gallant Emanuel against foreign invaders; for, if the sacred flame of liberty, which animated the breasts of the Piedmontese patriots, and which induced them to endeavour to save their sovereign and their countrymen from the disgrace of submitting to a foreign yoke, had not been

betrayed, the deliverance of Piedmont would have been secured.

But, alas! instead of this, in the very heat of action, these brave men were basely abandoned by the very individual, who, of all others, should have protected and stood by them to the last. Most shamefully did he take to flight, and hand over his bravest subjects, as rebels, to the merciless vengeance of a foreign assailant. How often, under similar cruel circumstances, have those gallant patriots, who have been ready to defend their native country to the last, been loaded with ignominy; and the remorseless intruders upon their soil, held up to the world as conquerors and as heroes! Such may be the worldly policy of crowned heads; but, by the commission of such deeds, they must never expect to stand approved in the sight of Him "who wears the crown immortally."

The language spoken by the lower sort of Piedmontese is neither Italian nor French, but a corrupt dialect, which can only be understood among themselves.

Turin, the capital of Piedmont, is entered by the fine straight road, shaded by a double row of lofty trees, leading from one of the king's country seats, called Rivoli, through the Porta Susina, to the fine street called La Dora Grossa.

Turin, which is a most interesting city, has been less noticed by travellers than any of the other cities of Italy; probably, because it happens to be either the first at which they enter, or the last at which they depart, from the garden of Europe. In the former case, they are generally too anxious to proceed to the south, and in the latter, are so satiated with what they have already beheld, that they rarely afford themselves time to appreciate its merits.

Turin, however, is certainly equal to any inland town of Italy. Its beautiful arcades, the Strada del Po, the regal palace, the delightful view of the church of the Superga, rising above all the rest, amidst an amphitheatre of vine-covered hills, and the windings of the classic Po, altogether present a most magnificent picture. Turin is the most regular built city in all Italy, and is embellished with a bridge, thrown by the French over the Po, and allowed to be a most exquisite piece of architecture. Then there are the two principal squares, the Piazza San Carlo, and the Piazza del Castello, both ornamented with splendid porticos, which form the promenade of the nobility, and are filled with elegant coffee-houses, inns, and shops of restaurateurs.

On crossing the bridge of the Po, are beheld, on the south, the fertile plains of Saluzzo, abound-

ing with beautiful gardens and groves, and rich lands, ascending all the way up to the convent of the Madonna del Monte; from the terrace of which may be had a complete view of all I have been describing.

The city of Turin is laid down on a fine grass plat, like a map. It is of no great extent, but it is neat, elegant, and excessively cleanly, the streets being washed every day; and all the surrounding country is in a state of the highest cultivation.

There are two very good theatres at Turin. The smallest is called the Teatro di Carignano, and is opposite to the palace of that name; the other the Gran Teatro, which is a most beautiful building, but it is not open, except during carnival season.

The church music of the high mass is performed in a most perfect manner; but the style differs greatly from that of the sacred music in this country. The beautiful church of the Superga, which is situated at a distance of five miles from the city, was built by Victor Amadeus, in commemoration of the battle won by the famous Prince Eugene over the French.

Formerly, the Grand Opera was kept open at the expense of the court; when it was the uniform practice to present every performer nightly with a new pair of white gloves, and

all necessary refreshments. The precise time which the music and ballet were to occupy was minuted; that the performance might terminate at a fixed hour, in order that the morning's devotion of the court might not be broken in upon by the amusements of the preceding night.

The court of Turin was at one time the most brilliant in all Italy, and in etiquette and dress was the complete model of that of France. Now-a-days, the ladies dress more in the English fashion. They are well made, and have fair complexions and good features; though not quite so regular as those of the ladies of Genoa, or Sienna. They are, however, exceedingly delicate, and possess a peculiarly interesting softness of manners.

The men are taller, and of a fairer complexion, than the rest of the Italians. In the valleys of the Alps, both sexes, but more especially the women, have large goîtres, which descend from their necks, like those which are seen amongst the inhabitants of the valleys in Switzerland.

The Piedmontese in general, and especially the inhabitants of Turin, are the least lively of any of the people of Italy. They have, indeed, a sort of sadness about them, which almost induces melancholy. The natives of the genteeler description are elegant in their manners,

have a considerable portion of solidity in their character, are studious and sensible, and write both French and Italian with great elegance.

The lower orders are very industrious, and have every appearance of ease and comfort. They are remarkably fond of dress, and the shopkeepers' wives and daughters have no small portion of the French coquetry in their manners.

The Piedmontese cultivators of the soil are in general well off in their circumstances; the country being remarkably fertile, and producing corn, rice, fruits, and vegetables, in the greatest abundance. There are in Piedmont, an amazing number of fine mulberry trees, the leaves of which serve as food for the beautiful worms, whence is derived the silk which forms so considerable a branch of their commerce.

The Piedmontese silk is, indeed, the best in all Italy; and particularly the organzined; while the system of irrigating the meadows, as in the Milanese, by means of the numerous sluices, canals, and rivers, is a perpetual source of benefit to the agricultural interest.

Montferrato and Asti produce excellent wines; indeed, the best in all Piedmont. Asti is rather a considerable town, and cannot contain fewer than eight or ten thousand inhabitants. In it is the family mansion of the

great tragic poet, Alfieri. All along the plains, to the very confines of the Alps, is to be seen an abundance of the finest cattle.

A certain French author, in giving a description of Italy, tells his readers, that Piedmont "est un pays peu favorisé de la nature." Alas! how happy would the people of Italy have been, generally, and the Piedmontese in particular, had this been the case!

The most destructive vice of gaming is but too prevalent amongst the Turinese. Tarraco is the national game. The cards vary from those used in other countries, and are greater in number. The billiard tables at Turin are also too much frequented.

The Piedmontese are a very hospitable people; and especially those who reside in the country. To say the honest truth, it is much easier to gain admission, both to the houses and to the tables of the Italians, from the affability and familiarity of their manners, than it is in any other country in Europe—a fact this, which proves that there exists a much less portion of distrust in the Italian character, than foreigners have been led to believe.

Formerly, any person possessing a good address and a genteel appearance, would, on making an acquaintance at a coffee-house, be

invited home by the most respectable inhabitants, and introduced to their families; but, unfortunately, together with many other humane and estimable customs, the French Revolution has destroyed and rooted out this amiable national characteristic!

The moral conduct of the people of Turin is not so loose and incorrect as it is at Milan, at Naples, and at many other of the principal cities in Italy. The excellent example afforded by the regularity uniformly observed by the court, has the effect of keeping the higher orders at least, within the external bounds of decency and rectitude. The young Turinese ladies are kept shut up in convents, until the period of their marriage. A good deal of contraband gallantry may, peradventure, exist among the higher order of married women; but, in the second class, it is less frequent, and is carried on with much secrecy. In point of years, the marriages in this country are often of the most disproportionate kind. The business is commonly all settled before the bride is once thought of. Her consent has, indeed, nothing to do with the business. The weighty points are the pin-money, a box at the opera, a carriage, a town-house and a country-house, and a whole train of male and female domestics.

The Piedmontese all follow the Catholic persuasion; excepting at Lucerna, where a small population resides, in one of the districts of the Alps, who have been converted to protestantism, and who are protected in the peaceable exercise of their religion, by the public authorities.

The buildings at Turin are simple in their structure, but remarkable for their style of architecture. The king seldom resides in the city, but passes the greater portion of his time on the banks of the Po, at his different country seats, at Stupinegi, Villa della Regina, La Venerid, Rivoli, and also at Genoa.

Turin was formerly protected with ramparts and ditches. It possessed also a citadel which was an uncommonly fine fortress, but which was nearly destroyed by the French. Indeed, it still remains; but though it has been recently repaired, it is not strong enough to protect the capital from an invading army.

The library is very a good one. The biblical treasures it contains are immense. In the University, and the Museum, are to be seen an excellent collection of antiques; and amongst which, is the famous Isiac table of brass, found at Mantua, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. Literature and the fine arts are much

cultivated in this city. Indeed Turin has given birth to many distinguished classical writers.

The Savoy family is said to be the eldest in Europe, excepting the royal family of England, and dates its origin from the time of the Tarquins. The Sovereigns of Piedmont have ever been absolute. They have, however, exercised their power with much mildness, and many of them have been great politicians as well as warriors.

Victor Emanuel, who recently abdicated the throne, was brother to the Charles Emanuel, who—after the death of the Saint-like Clotilda, who fell a sacrifice to grief, in consequence of the cruel martyrdoms of her brother, Louis the Sixteenth; her angelic sister, the Princess Elizabeth; and her adored sister-in-law, the much-injured and ever-regretted Queen of France—abdicated, and took up his residence at Rome, where he resided until his death. He was married to Maria Theresa, Arch-Duchess of Austria; by whom he had four daughters.

Victor Emanuel was much beloved by his subjects, and was considered as an excellent prince, and a man plain in his manners, easy of access, and greatly attached to the people over whom he reigned. Nor would it be possible for the most evilly disposed person to fix on

him an act of injustice. Indeed, the dignified conduct of king, queen, and princess, after their return to Turin, impressed every one with the greatest respect for them; and, in particular, for the queen, who was greatly and justly beloved for her amiable manners, her enlightened understanding, and her uncommon talents. She spoke three languages with equal elegance and fluency.

The present queen, too, is generally beloved for her exemplary conduct, her piety, and her uncommon goodness of disposition: while her unbounded charity proves her to be a genuine daughter of her generous-hearted and immortal mother, the late Queen Caroline of Naples; to whose memory I have already endeavoured to pay my humble tribute of gratitude and affection.

The great misfortune of the late sovereign was that of having restored, upon his return to his dominions, the absolute power which he had been accustomed to exercise previously to the French revolution. The civil and criminal code of laws introduced by the French, imperfect as it was, and unsuited to the habits and dispositions of their transalpine subjects, was undoubtedly more favourable to freedom, and better suited to the times, than the former one:

for there are many articles in the present restored system, which bear strong marks of the old feudal slavery.

For instance, a subject of his Sardinian Majesty is attached to the soil, and cannot dispose of his immoveable property, nor absent himself therefrom, without the royal permission. There is, too, a marked difference between the punishments set apart for the noblesse, and those which are applied to the lower orders: like the law in Spain, by which an illegitimate person committing a deadly crime, is never hanged; upon the presumption, that he may, perchance, be the son of a grandee; and therefore has he the amazing privilege of being sent out of the world a head shorter than he came into it, instead of being hung up by the neck—and all for the honour of the thing!

The judges in Piedmont were accustomed to demand a fee for every sentence they pronounced; and without which sentence, there were no means of enforcing punishment. Arbitrary power of this description, when placed in the hands of men who are under no responsibility but to their own consciences, must ever be liable to the grossest abuse.

Another vicious practice obtained, not only in Piedmont, but nearly all over Italy; namely,

legal procrastination, and by which procrastination individuals were often suffered to lie rotting in the prisons, year after year, before their fates were finally decided upon.

Amongst the most crying vices, were the *salvi condotti*, and the *biglietti del Rè;* which were protections, given by the king to favourite individuals who were in embarrassed circumstances, and by which the creditor was often kept out of his property for years, and somesimes *in secula seculorum;* as the *biglietti* empowered a nobleman to re-enter upon the possession of property which he had disposed of, during the political changes that had taken place, on returning the sum that had been originally paid him, without giving a valuable consideration for the money that might have been laid out in repairing the buildings, in draining the marshes, and in other expensive improvements.

Primâ facie, no doubt, this appears a most violent and arbitrary proceeding, to be sanctioned by royal authority. But, the fact was, that the exorbitant contributions that were often levied on these noblemen compelled them to dispose of their property for a mere trifle, for the sake of preserving their personal liberty or their lives; and, when the restoration took place, the King of Sardinia found himself

obliged, from policy, to protect those who had formerly been sacrificed for their fidelity to his cause.

That there were a great number of abuses on both sides, there can be little doubt. The above measures did not, however, fail to diminish greatly the popularity of the late reigning family; though the ministry were certainly composed of individuals of strict honour and unimpeachable probity, as well as of considerable talents. The Count Brigioli, the Count Balbi, the Count San Marsan, and others, were alike respected for their private virtues as for their public services.

The barbarous and horrible punishment of the wheel is still resorted to against criminals guilty of house-breaking, robbery, and murder. The exorbitant duties on exports and imports are much complained of by the commercial interest, and are alleged to be highly destructive to the spirit of industry.

Beggars are less frequently met with in the streets of Turin, than in any other city of Italy. The police is excellent; and the streets are well lighted up, and kept in a cleanly condition. This city is about two miles in length, and contains a population of little less than a hundred thousand souls. It is built in the form of a

star. By standing on a certain stone in the centre, the streets may be seen all branching regularly from it; each street terminating with a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

One of the most praiseworthy public institutions to be met with at Turin is La Rosina. It is an asylum for female orphans, who are industriously educated and instructed in all sorts of needle-work, and who are enabled thereby to earn a sufficiency for the support of the establishment.

The public prisons in Turin, as well as the houses of correction, are, like those of the rest of Italy, in a shocking and even disgusting condition. Humanity revolts at the little attention that is paid to these establishments; from which Christian charity appears to be totally excluded, and in which the misery which the wretched inmates are destined to undergo, is calculated rather to engender a savage resentment against their hard-hearted keepers, than to redeem them from the paths of vice, and render them, on their return to society, useful subjects for the remainder of their lives. O! that the Buxtons, and the Frys, and the Gurneys, and the rest of the followers in the footsteps of the immortal Howard, who, by their unwearied exertions have so greatly improved

the Discipline of the Prisons of our own country, had but leisure to look into those of forlorn Italy, and thereby to complete the good work, so long ago set on foot by that excellent man, who devoted his time, his strength, his fortune, and finally sacrificed his life, in the pursuits of humanity; and who, in the expressive language of the immortal Burke, "visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of antient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts: but, to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infections of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

With regard to the political feelings of the people, it is very natural for the old aristocratical nobility, who revelled in milk and honey, and who contributed, neither in the way of taxes nor of other personal duties, to the exigencies of the state, to sigh for the restoration of that system.

The majority of the people, however, regret the loss of the French government; and especially the rising generation, who had fondly flattered themselves with the idea of one day becoming the instruments of their country's independence. From the dazzling example of the French, they were worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm; but soon, alas, they found the good old proverb realized—"God for us all; but every one for himself." Again, and again, and again, I repeat—that, if the people of Italy ever expect to accomplish the independence of their country, aid of every description, except that which they may derive from their own united strength, will tend only still further to tarnish their glory, and more firmly to rivet the fetters by which they are now bound down to the earth.

The *Ergastolo*, at Turin, serves as an asylum for that unfortunate class of females, whose depravities have already inflicted upon them almost the greatest punishment that can possibly accompany human misery; namely, that of being an outcast of society—a situation this, which loudly calls on every civilized nation to ameliorate their hard lot, and to awaken them to a sense of their degraded condition, rather by a mild and encouraging treatment, than by

resorting to a system of needless rigour, which can only have the effect of confirming them in vice; and of exciting in their breasts a desire to return to the vicious pursuits which they had abandoned, from seeing themselves treated as if they were still in the practice of them. Lenity will generally be found to effect what severity can never accomplish. As La Fontaine justly observes,

"Plus fait douceur que violence."

The King's forces are, for the greater part, composed of Piedmontese. The rest are Genoese, Savoyards, Sardinians, and Nissards. The Savoyards and the Genoese are constantly at variance with the Piedmontese: so much so, indeed, that it has long been found necessary, in order to prevent mischief, never to allow these regiments to garrison in the same town.

When completed, the army of the King of Sardinia may be reckoned to consist of about sixty thousand of the finest men, bearing the most martial appearance, and capable of undergoing greater fatigues, privations, and hardships, than any of the other Italians. The late abdicated monarch was remarkably fond of the military, and would drill his officers himself, in the gardens of his palace.

Provisions of all kinds are extremely cheap at Turin. The veal, mutton, lamb, and poultry, are excellent. Milk, cheese, and butter, are to be met with in the same perfection as in the Milanese. They have also a peculiar sort of bread, made in the shape of a bamboo cane, called grissin, which is preferred by the Piedmontese to the common bread. When broken, it eats like biscuit.

The kitchens in Piedmont are in a much better condition and more endurable, than those in any other part of Italy. The oil, which is so much used in the south, is nearly banished from the cookery. Indeed, the famous French cooks were formerly sent to finish their education at Turin, in the kitchen of his royal highness the Duke de Chablée, who was allowed by the gourmands of the day, to keep the most exquisite table in all Europe.

Truffles are abundant in Piedmont, and are allowed to be superior to those of any other country, in size, colour, and flavour. They are variegated like nutmegs.

Excellent fish is also to be met with in Piedmont. The common wines are not to be boasted of; but those of Asti and Monteferrato are good bodied, and both red and white are equal in quality to almost any in Italy.

Lodgings are remarkably cheap at Turin; which city abounds likewise in all kinds of *tables d'hôte* and *restaurateurs*, where every thing that the belly of the veriest glutton can yearn after, may be obtained on moderate terms.

There are also a number of coffee houses and ice shops, where the gentry of both sexes read the newspapers during the morning. But, by an Englishman, these papers are scarcely worth looking at, as they are mere copies from the French Journals; no Editor in Italy being allowed to exercise his judgment, by offering his own honest opinions.

In Piedmont there are numerous manufactories of velvets, silks, stockings, tapestry, chamois leather gloves, ear-rings, &c. English cottons and French woollens, both raw and manufactured, are introduced by the way of Genoa.

As Piedmont is the key of Italy, every Italian has a natural interest in its welfare; as well from its situation, as from the known valour and virtue of its inhabitants in former times. Let us hope that they will one day rise superior to the obloquy which now hangs over their heads, by imitating the noble examples set them by their valiant forefathers!

I have been more particular in my account of

this part of Italy, in consequence of the scanty notice which has been taken of it by the generality of our travellers, and because I have felt anxious to speak of it in the terms which it richly merits; having myself the honour to belong to a noble family of Piedmontese origin; a branch of which transplanted itself to Venice, in consequence of the last great plague which desolated that country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PADUA.

Mode of Travelling from Padua to Venice.....Padua described.....Church and Tomb of St. Antonio.....Convent and Church of Santa Giustina.....The Hall of Justice..... Anecdotes of Pietro d'Apono.....The Cathedral..... Petrarca.....Colleges.....Amphitheatre.....Anecdotes of Galileo.....Account of the Seminary founded by Cardinal Barbarigo.....Libraries.....Botanical Gardens.....Museum of Natural History.

To write a couple of volumes on the subject of Italy, and not to find room for a short chapter, on *Padova la Dotta*, "the nursery of the arts," the birth-place of Livy, the residence

of Petrarch, and the asylum of the great Galileo, would be unpardonable in any traveller; but especially in one who has resided, for so many years, at a short distance from this the most ancient and learned city of Italy.

The best way of travelling from Venice to Padua, is to adopt the practice of the natives; namely, to hire a boat called a peotta. The common conveyance, which is the barca di Padova, is changed at Oriago; for the water becoming more shallow, the first boat is no further navigable. The price of the passage from Venice to Padua is about three or four Venetian livres. The boat is sometimes filled with tolerable society; but, the one which sets off from Venice at night and arrives at Padua the next morning, is by no means an advisable mode of travelling; not that it is unsafe, but the company consists of such an *olla podrida* of fish, flesh, and fowl, mixed pell-mell together, of all sorts and sizes, old and young; thief-takers and market women, butchers and what not, that a decent traveller becomes heartily tired of his journey before he arrives at the end of it.

These vessels are towed up and down the Brenta, by means of horses. When the passengers happen to be particularly desirous of quick-

ening their pace, for the purpose of getting in an hour or two before the usual time, they club each of them a trifle, and thereupon the master of the barca, according to the sum given him, will clap on an additional horse or two. If any of the passengers should become tired of travelling by water, carriages are always ready to convey them by land.

The company in the day boats are generally entertained with music and singing, performed by strollers, who pick up a livelihood in this way. They are also often honoured by the presence of one of those itinerant improvisatori, for which Italy is so renowned. Persons attend regularly to supply you with fruit, wine, liqueurs, oysters, and other eatables and drinkables, according to the season. Every thing may, however, be procured on the banks of the river; as the boats are constantly stopping to take in and let out passengers and parcels, and also to dine, if the company should be so disposed. A peotta is a private concern, and will either stop or proceed, at the convenience of those by whom it has been hired.

I should here observe, that foreigners, on changing the boat at Oriago, are generally assailed by innumerable idle fellows, who offer to assist them in removing their luggage. They

should, however, be especially careful, on entering the boat, for the sake of economy as well as security, to place every thing under the charge of the master of the vessel.

Padua is a large and antient city. The streets are wretchedly paved, and its buildings greatly resemble those of the city of Bologna. Some of the streets have arcades and are remarkably narrow. The city is supplied with abundance of water, both for public and private use. Its situation is remarkably pleasing. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and produces an abundance of the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, at a moderate rate.

But, notwithstanding all these advantages, Padua is thinly populated. For, if we except the convents, the seminaries, and the famous university, founded by the Emperor Frederick the Second, in opposition to that of Bologna, and at one time containing eighteen thousand students, Padua does not contain a tenth part of the number of inhabitants which it is capable of holding with convenience.

"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

The neighbourhood of Venice, of which Padua is supposed to be the mother, has, in many respects, been fatal to her: and parti-

cularly so, since the overthrow of the Venetian government and the destruction of her commerce; the Padovese having been reduced to the necessity of depending for a subsistence solely on their territorial revenues.

Though, during the existence of the Republic, Padua was chiefly supported by the Venetian nobility, and looked, before and after the Viaggiatura of the Venetians, like a city deserted, in consequence of the plague; yet, from their ancient enmity towards the Venetians, the inhabitants, at the dissolution of the government, had the cruelty to refuse to them a daily supply of that first necessary of life, fresh water, and actually prohibited, for some days, all communication with the barges which conveyed it to Venice; until at length they were compelled, by force, to desist from their inhuman and truly diabolical project.

The first object of curiosity at Padua, is the church of its patron, Saint Antonio, whose tomb is surrounded with rich and exquisite basso-relievos, in white marble of the purest quality, and finished in the highest style of workmanship, representing the wonderful miracles performed by Antonio. At the foot of it are steps for the accommodation of the people who come to pay their devotions at the shrine of their favourite

saint, whose body is supposed by them to emit a particular odour, highly agreeable to the olfactory nerves. There are, however, certain crevices, through which it would be no difficult matter to introduce balsams and other odoriferous substances. Not that I would, for the world, be supposed to insinuate, that monks or friars were ever capable of resorting to such scandalous impositions!

In the centre of a little court, in the front of the church, is a remarkably fine equestrian statue, modelled by Donatello of Florence, which was erected by the Venetian Republic, to the memory of the famous general, Gatamelata.

The convent of Santa Giustina, the cradle of the first reformers of the order of Benedictines in Europe, is one of the finest in Italy. The members of it were the richest of their order, and consisted of the most distinguished nobles of Venice and the Terra Firma.

The Church of Santa Giustina was built by Andrea Riccio, after the designs of Palladio, and produces an effect approaching to that which is produced on beholding that *ne plus ultra* of all temples, Saint Peter's at Rome. The roof of the great nave, or body of the church, has seven domes, serving it both for light and orna-

ment. The twenty-four chapels which encircle the lower part of the church, are richly adorned with specimens of the first architecture, of various orders, each differing from the other.

The famous picture of the martyrdom of Santa Giustina, over the great altar, which is said to have taken place on the spot where the church stands, is considered the chef-d'œuvre of Paul Veronese. The basso-relievo of the benches in the choir is admirable, and the design is, in every respect, fine and striking. It represents the prophecies of the Old Testament, relative to the coming of our Saviour, with their accomplishment in the New. Minutely to describe the beauties of this church would require a volume.

The Convent of San Giustina was governed by one of its regular members, called the Padre Abbate; as is the case, indeed, with most of the convents in Italy, excepting those which happen to be under the controul of the cardinals; who are by no means considered in a favourable point of view by the other monks; which monks, by way of revenge, thus define the character of the cardinal—"animal rubrum omnium beneficiorum capax, rapax, vorax." The office of Padre Abbate is held for three years; at the expiration of which time, the person who so held it

has no more rank or power, excepting the title, than the other friars of the community. But, "once an abbot always an abbot." So he passes from one convent to another as the Padre Abbate; though he cannot resume the office, in the convent to which he was first elected, until the expiration of nine years.

One of the numerous wonders to be met with in Italy, is the immense town-hall in the Palazzo della Giustizia, which is more than ninety feet wide, and two hundred and sixty in length, and which has no other support for its vast ceiling, but its four walls. Here are to be seen the emblematical and astrological paintings by Pietro d'Apono, who, it is said, gave the design to the famous Giotto, the father of the Italian painters.

Leandro Alberti, speaking of the said Pietro d'Apono, says, that this distinguished man— "era eccelente astrologo e filosofo, benchè notato d'aver commercio et gran familarità col diavolo!" Pietro, it seems, was born at a village about four miles from Padua. He studied medicine for some time at Paris, and was there promoted to the degree of doctor in philosophy and physic. When he came to practise, he is said to have insisted on large sums for his visits. When sent for to attend Pope Honorius the

Fourth, he demanded four hundred ducats for each day's attendance. He was suspected of magic, and prosecuted by the Inquisition on that account. "The common opinion of almost all authors," says Gabriel Naudé, the physician to Lewis the Fourteenth, in his *Apologie des Grands Hommes accusés de Magie*, "is, that Pietro was the greatest magician of his age; that he had acquired the knowledge of the seven liberal arts, by means of seven familiar spirits, which he kept enclosed in a crystal; and that he had the dexterity to make the money he had spent come back into his purse!"

Pietro d'Apono died, however, before the process against him was finished; being then in the eightieth year of his age. And, after his death, he was ordered to be burnt in effigy, in the public place of Padua. There is a story told of Pietro, that, having no well in his house, he caused his neighbours to be carried into the street by devils, when he heard they had forbidden his maid to fetch water there. "He had much better," says the shrewd Bayle, "have employed the devils to make a well in his own house, and have stopped up his neighbour's; or, at least, transported it into his house, rather than into the street." So much for Pietro d'Apono.

In the town-hall is also to be seen a cenotaph

to the memory of Titus Livius, the immortal historian of Rome, who was a native of Padua.

In the *Duomo*, or cathedral, there are two very striking busts; one of Pope Benedict the Fourteenth, the other of Cardinal Rozzonico, his successor. When he was Bishop of Padua, Rozzonico obtained from Benedict the renewal of the privileges of the cathedral, the revenues of which were better administered than those of any other cathedral in Italy. In grateful remembrance of which, and also of the good management of the cardinal bishop, the chapter erected, during his life-time, this monument to Benedict, which is executed in a superb and excellent style.

In the sacristy of the cathedral there is a fine portrait of the celebrated Petrarch, who had been a canon of the said cathedral, and left thereto the greater part of his library. The portrait is said to have been taken during the life-time of the poet. His countenance is singularly bridled, and displays a mournful melancholy, such as might naturally be expected of a bard, who was eternally singing—"de tant d'ennuis, mieux écrits que pensés."

Besides a number of colleges, public as well as private, there is at Padua the Gymnasium, the interior of which is entirely disfigured on

all sides, by satires and wretched verses, written by the students of all the nations of Europe, in favour of the different masters and professors. There is also, in an obscure corner of the building, an anatomical theatre, large enough to hold seven hundred persons; each seat being divided from the other by a railing in an eliptical form. I have been informed, from undoubted authority, that it was Fra Paolo who furnished the original plans of the building: for this celebrated man was as profound a geometrician, as he was a theologian and moral philosopher. The Venetians will have it, that he was the individual who first discovered the theory of the circulation of the blood. Be that as it may, what Blaise Pascal was to the French nation, Paul Sarpi certainly was to the Venetian Republic.

It was under his superintendence and general auspices, that the great Galileo commenced his brilliant career at Padua, every step of which career was marked by discoveries which have immortalized his name; and whose invaluable labours so deservedly insured to him the patronage and the powerful protection of all the great men of the Republic, against the zealous and ignorant spirit of faction which then began

to discover itself among the professors in the several universities of Italy.

Notwithstanding, however, the great support which he met with, from the prudence and the wisdom with which the Venetian government resisted the opposition of the factious to his new and astonishing discoveries, Galileo, encouraged thereto by the reiterated solicitations of his sovereign, Cosmo the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, determined upon quitting the situation which he enjoyed at Padua and in the Venetian states, and returning to Florence, his native country; where he fondly hoped to enjoy, for the remainder of his days, that peace and that tranquillity, which the lasting benefits he had conferred on the world at large, so richly entitled him to.

A correct idea of the lucrative situations which he enjoyed, of the rank in which he stood, and of the estimation in which he was held by the Venetian government, may be formed, from the perusal of a letter written by the patrician Giovan Francesco Sagredo to Galileo, on his quitting the service of the Venetian Republic, inviting his return to the same in the strongest language, and almost foretelling the fatal consequences that were likely to ensue, and that

actually did befal that great man. The said letter, which I transcribed from the original, in the possession of M. Nelli, at Florence, I shall here give to my reader, in the language in which it is written:

Copia della Lettera di Giovan Francesco Sagredo, Nobil Veneto Scritta à Galileo- Galilei, in data de' 25 Maggio 1611; *trascritta da sua originale esistente nella Libreria dell Illustrissimo Signore Giovan Battista Nelli, patrizio Fiorentino.*

"Per grazia divina, il mio viaggio e riuscito felicitamente per via di Marsiglia, da dove mi sono trovato per terra alla patria; e con questa occasione ho veduto molte belle città, con mio gran gusto; siccome anco quì ricevo piacere in vedere ed amirare tutte le fabriche, et siti, ed ancora qualche usanza, a ragione di un uomo nuovo, e forestiero in comparazione delle altre città.

"E veramente parmi che Iddio mi abbia concesso molta grazia, facendomi nascere in questo luogo tanto bello, e cosi dissimile da tutti gli altri, che per mio giudizio, chi avesse veduto il mondo transferendosi quì potrebbe essere certo di vedere molte belle cose degne, e non piu vedute. Quì la libertà, e la maniera di vivere

in ogni stato di persona, parmi cosa ammiranda, e forse unica nel monde. Perciò mentre io consumo il tempo in pensare a queste cose, creda più V. S. Eccelentissima, che son corso coll' animo subito alla persona, considerando, che sia partita di qua, le miei considerazioni sono tutte fondate sopra il suo e mie interesse.

" Quanto al mio, io non vi trovo remedio sufficente, perchè dall' assenza alla presenza vi è un gran passagio; e siccome in alcuni gusti, che ella mi intende pare che colla imaginazione, con qualche relieve da se aiuto l' uomo gode in assenza quasi tanto come si fosse presente, nondimeno è impossibile aver il gusto del trattenimento, e della conversazione, con altri accidenti, i quali sono quasi più essenziali, che quel ultimo diletto che da tutti viene reputata con ultimo fine.

" Orsù, io mi posso ben immaginare di essere con mio Signor Galileo: posso volgermi nella memoria, molti dei suoi dolcissimi ragionamenti; ma come è possibile, che l' imaginazione mi serva per representarmi, ed indovinare tante giocondissime novità, che nella sua gentillissima conversazione io soleva trarre dalla sua viva voce. Possono forze queste essere compensate da una letteruccia alla settimana, letta da me con molto gusto; ma scritta fosse da lei con

troppo incommodo. In questo capo adunque, ch' è fondato sopra l' interesse mio mi riesse la partenza di V. S. Eccelentissima di inconsolabile ed incomprensibile dispiacere.

" Quanto poi a suoi interessi, io mi reposo al suo giudizio, anzi al suo senso. Quì lo stipendio non era per mio credere in tutto disprezzabile. L' occasione della spesa credo molto poca con assai gusto, il suo bisogno certo non tanto, che dovesse meritarlo, in pensiere di cose nove per avventura incerte e dubiose. La liberta e la monarchia de se stesso, dove potra come in Venezia? principalmente avendo gli appoggi che aveva V. S. E, i quali ogni giorni coll' accrescimento dell età et dell' autorità di suoi amici, si faceva più consideribile.

" V. S. Eccelentissima al presente è nella sua nobillissima patria, ma è anco vero, che é partita dal luogo dove aveva il suo bene; serve al presente principe suo naturale, grande, pieno di virtù, giovane di singolare aspettazione; ma qui ella aveva il commando sopra quelli che commandono e governano gli altri; non aveva à servire, se non a se stesso, quasi monarcha dell' universo.

" La virtù e la magnanimita di quel principe, da molte buone speranze che la devozione ed il merito di V. S. E. sia gradito e premiato:

ma che può nel tempestoso mare della corte promettersi di non essere dalli furiosi venti della emulazione, non dico sommerso, ma almeno travagliato ed inquietato.

" Io non considero l' età del principe, il quale pare che sia necessariamente, cogli anni non abbia da mutare ancora il temperamento e l' inclinazione, col resto di gusti; perchè sono informato, che la sua virtù ha cosi boni radici; chi si deve anzi sempre sperarne migliori, o più abondanti frutti: ma chi sà cio che possono fare gl' infiniti ed incomprensibili accidenti del mondo aiutate dalle imposture degli uomini cattivi ed invidiosi, i quali seminando ed allevando nell animo del principe qualche falso e calunioso concetto possono valersi appunto della giustizia di lui per ruinare un galant' uomo Prendendo per un pezzo i principi giusti di alcuna curiosita, ma chiamati spesso dall interesse di cose maggiore volgono l' animo ad altro; poi credo che il Grande Duca compiacersi di andare mirando con degli occhiali di V. S. la citta di Fiorenza e qualche altro luago circonvicino; ma per qualche suo bisogno importante, gli sarà di mestiere vedere quello che si fà per tutta l' Italia in Francia, in Spagna, in Allemagna, ed in Levante. Egli ponera da un canto l' occhiale di V. S., la quale se bene con suo valore

troverà alcuno altro instromento utile per questo nuovo accidente, chi sarà cola che possa inventare un occhiale per distinguere i pazzi dà savii, il buono dal cattivo consiglio, l' architetto intelligente da un prete ostinato ed ignorante? Chi non sa che i giudici di questo doveva essere la ruota di un finito numero di miglioni di sciocchi, i voti dei quali sono stimati secondo il numero, e non peso?

"Non voglio più diffundermi nell suo interesse, perche gia da principio mi obliga stare al suo giudizio e volere. Gli altri amici di V. S. E. parlono molto diversamente, anzi uno che gia era di suoi più cari, mi ha protestato di rinunziare alla mia amicizia quando io avesse voluto continuare in quella di V. S. la quale siccome non può recuperare il perduto cosi mi persuado che sapra conservase l' acquistato; ma quel essere in luogo dove l' autorita degl' amici del Berlinzone, come si ragiona val molto, molto ancora mi travaglia."

The following is an extract from another letter, written by D. Benedetto Castelli to Don Ferdinand Cesarini:

"In questo mi sovviene un esperienza fattemi vedere già più di trenta cinque anni sono dal Sighore nostro Galileo, la quale fu che prese una

carafella di vitro, di grandezza d' un piccolo uovo di gallina, coll' collo lungo due palmi in circa, e sottile quanto una gamba di pianta di grano, e riscaldata bene colle palme delle mani la detta carafella e poi rivoltando la bocca essa in vaso sottoposta, nel quale era un poco d' acqua lasciando libero il calor delle mami la carafella subito l' acqua commincia a salire nell' collo, e formento sopra il livello dell' acqua del vaso, più d' un palmo; del quale effetto poi il medessimo Galileo si era servito per fabricare uno instromento da essaminare i gradi del caldo e del freddo: intorno al quale strumento sarebbe che dire assai."

The persecutions which poor Galileo experienced, from the bigotry and ignorance of the times in which it was his misfortune to live, have been handed down to us by sundry eminent writers; nevertheless, several of the anecdotes respecting this great philosopher, which are preserved by oral tradition amongst the Venetians and Florentines, I do not recollect to have seen any where recorded.

It was the constant endeavour of Galileo to disencumber science of the jargon of Aristotle, and of the schools. He methodized and arranged the theory of the descent of bodies and

projectiles; and by fixing his eye accidentally on the waving to and fro of a lamp suspended from a lofty roof, the regularity of its vibrations suggested to him the application of a pendulum to the mensuration and division of time.

It was Galileo's fate to meet with obstinate and bigotted opposers. Having been educated as a physician, he had, early in life, dissected human bodies; a practice, as my readers well know, absolutely necessary for men in that profession. While he was attempting, on a certain occasion, to demonstrate to his associates, that many of the nerves originated from the brain, he at length silenced doubt, by positive ocular proof: "I should be convinced you were right," was the reply of one of them, "if your deduction was not contrary to the opinion of Aristotle!"

While speaking of the opposition which the immortal Galileo met with from the ignorance and fanaticism of his enemies, it may not be amiss to give a short anecdote, which will at once show, even in those dark ages of superstition, the superiority of the Venetian councils, in matters appertaining to opinion, and the freedom which writers, in the pursuit after knowledge, were allowed to enjoy.

During one of the examinations, which it was customary for three of the members of the Procuratia of Venice, forming a sort of special jury, "per la reforma dello studio di Padova," to make, from time to time, into the state of the university of Padua, Father Berlinzone accused Galileo, before the said members, and before the public assembly, of being a man of the most immoral and licentious habits; asserting, that he kept one mistress at Padua, a second at the Gambarara, where he generally passed his time in the holidays, when he had leave of absence, and a third at Venice, which city he visited every week.

Being interrogated by the magistrates, Galileo replied, that his pursuits, both of body and mind, were the same as those of other men, and, in many points, the same as those of his accusers; but that he had never been guilty of the things laid to his charge; on the contrary, he stood in need of many little enjoyments, which his situation and his salary did not allow him to indulge in.

After hearing Galileo's defence, the said magistrates retired for the purpose of conferring on the subject. They returned, however, in a few minutes to the council-chamber; and, to the great delight of all present, declared,

that they had consulted together, and had thought it necessary to double the salary of the accused; which determination would, they were confident, be immediately ratified by the Venetian Government; which would, very probably, even again double it, the better to enable Galileo to employ his time for the future, in the way most conducive to his own comfort, and to the advantage of the Republic.

Galileo had not long left Padua and settled at Florence, before he soon found to his cost, that Aristotle's doctrine, however ill-grounded, was held too sacred to be safely called in question. Having, in the year 1612, observed some solar spots, he published that discovery, in 1613, at Rome; in which, and in some other pieces, he ventured to assert the truth of the Copernican system, and adduced many new arguments to confirm it. For so doing, he was cited before the Inquistion; and after some months' imprisonment, was released upon a simple promise, that he would renounce his heretical opinions, and not defend them by word or by writing. But, having afterwards, in 1632, published, at Florence, his "Dialogues of the two greatest Systems of the World, the Ptolemaic and Copernican," he was again

cited before the Inquisition, and committed to the prison of that dreadful court at Rome. The congregation were convened, and, in his presence, pronounced sentence against him and his books, obliging him to abjure his errors in the most solemn manner; committed him to the prison of their office during their pleasure; and enjoined him, as a saving penance, for three years, to repeat, once a week, the seven penitential psalms. "Are these, then, my judges!" exclaimed he, in retiring from the Inquisitors; whose ignorance struck him with astonishment.

In this dungeon he was kept for the space of a year, and some writers say for two or three; and was continually threatened to be burnt alive, if he would not recant his heresies, as they were called. For a long time Galileo resisted; but, on one of the monks, of the order of St. Dominic, informing him, that their court had condemned him to be burnt if he would not retract, poor Galileo, knowing that there was no appeal from their decision, acquiesced, and consented to delare publicly, on his knees, that his doctrine was false. As he was ascending the steps of the inquisition, he whispered to one of the monks, who was his friend, and who, moreover, entertained the same

opinion, " pure padre mio, gira, gira, e non il sole; truly, my father, it is the earth that goes round, and not the sun."

While Galileo was in prison, he was visited by Milton, who informs us, he was then " poor and old." The confessor of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, obtained leave to peruse the manuscripts of this great philosopher, and destroyed such as, in his judgment, were not fit to be known to the world! Like Milton, poor Galileo became, in the year 1639, totally blind; and, like Milton, he supplied the defect by constant meditation, and by dictating his sublime conceptions to others.

One of the richest and most respectable establishments at present at Padua, is the seminary that was founded, towards the end of the seventeenth century, by the illustrious Cardinal Barbarigo, whose virtues have formed a subject worthy of the genius of the learned Dr. Burnet, in a panegyric, as distinguished for its elegance and force, as it is for its freedom from fulsome adulation. The Cardinal left to this excellent establishment a yearly revenue of fifteen thousand ducats; which sum, together with its other funds, enables it to provide board, lodging, and other necessaries of life, for a hundred curates.

Pope Rozzonica, when he was Bishop of Padua, interested himself very much in behalf of this establishment; to which is attached an excellent printing office, having a plentiful supply of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Oriental type, which is made use of for the benefit of the said seminary. Many other excellent printing offices are also to be found at Padua, the works proceeding from which are distinguished for correctness, for elegance, and for the excellent quality of the paper—three things which are rarely to be found in other Italian editions.

The students of Padua have also the benefit of two admirable libraries, one belonging to the cathedral, the other to the city; and both containing many very rare books, as well as manuscripts of the greatest value.

For more than two centuries Padua has possessed within its walls, a garden of botanical curiosities, which, by art and industry, have withstood the removal from an Asiatic clime. It has also an excellent museum of natural history, well known to, and much esteemed by, the Italians; who, if they have not been our masters, have certainly been our preceptors.

The city of Padua flourished for centuries, under the Roman emperors, until it was destroyed by the savage Attila. According to the ac-

counts of those times, the Padovese, after the destruction of their city, abandoned it to its cruel fate, took refuge among the lakes of the Adriatic, and became the founders of the city of Venice, and of the Venetian Republic. In the year 960, Padua had been partly rebuilt of wood; but it was again demolished by the barbarous Agitulph, king of the Lombards, who caused it to be destroyed by fire and sword.

CHAPTER XXV. AND LAST.

THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.

Policy of the Austrians in Italy.....The Civil Authorities .....Practices of the Alunni.....Present wretched State of the Merceria.....Hawkers and Pedlars.....Expense of Imperial Visits.....System of Licensed Prostitution.....State of the Canals.....Imperial Sovereigns.....State of the Hospitals and Asylums.....Treviso.....Post-Office Impediments .....Law of Debtor and Creditor.....Stamp Duties on Legal Proceedings.....Mr. John Smith.....The late Mr. David Ricardo.....Wills.....Impossibility of German Assimilation with Italian Habits.....Earnest Appeal to Austria, in behalf of Italy.....Conclusion.

With the view of more deeply impressing upon the minds of my readers, the actual situation of Italy, and especially of that portion of Italy which is under the immediate sway of Austria, I shall conclude my Memoirs, with a few interesting facts and anecdotes, illustrative of the illiberal policy which influence those by whom its government is unfortunately administered.

No Venetian can fill any civil employment in his native country, under the present Austrian government of those territories, unless he will consent to do so *gratis*. As every secret, however, is said to have its price, the person so accepting office often contrives, by betraying the trust reposed in him, to get more money than he would do if he had a stipulated salary. The government, however, saves that salary; and so the offence is passed over with impunity. The particulars of all political, criminal, and civil matters—the intended operations of government—ministerial cabals—every kind of information, may be come at, provided the treachery is well rewarded: but, without the golden *passe-par-tout*, no one is allowed even to take a copy of his own documents, though those documents may have been printed and publicly registered. For the *Alunni*, as these *gratis* gentry are called, always allege, that they are too busily engaged to attend to the affairs of private individuals, unless reasons, bearing weightily upon the purse of the applicant, can be adduced. However, even for the delinquency of these men some apology may be found; for if they were not to accept their disgraceful, and even dishonourable employ, they must become common paupers or com-

mon thieves; as they have no other means of procuring the food necessary to their existence.

It has been said, that the *Merceria* at Venice has been well stocked and supplied, since the Austrians have become the rulers of the Venetian provinces. I am ready to grant that which must be apparent to every one. If quarters of bull-beef; if trumpery tin-boxes filled with phosphoric matches; if gin and coffee shops; if tallow-chandlers', and barbers', and bakers' shops; if cobblers'-stalls; if the sacks of meal and *grano Turco*, which now fill this once beautiful place, instead of the diamonds, and the pearls, and the mountains of gold chains, unequalled in quality by those of any other nation; and the rich ancient and modern gems of every denomination and value—and the most costly manufactures and productions of all parts of the known globe, which exclusively filled them for fourteen centuries, and were the admiration and delight of every civilized country—if, I say, an exchange of the last-mentioned elegant articles, for the coarse wares which it now contains, bespeaks it "well stocked and supplied," then indeed is the Merceria well stocked and well supplied! The metamorphosis is too horrible for reflection or comment;

and can alone yield gratification to the taste of barbarians!

The greater part of the shops in the Merceria were formerly the property of the ancient nobility, who would only let them to the above most respectable class of merchants; but, in consquence of the high taxes levied on them, and other ruinous operations of the Austrian Government, the effects of which have been a total stagnation of trade, the original lessees have abandoned them to even still more wretched proprietors, who, to satisfy the demands of the authorities, have been compelled to suffer them to be inhabited by the tag-rag and bobtail description of traders I have already mentioned, and even to the venders of fried fish and *frilotes*—to the amazing annoyance of all the neighbourhood, from the offensive smell of the oil used by the followers of these savoury callings.

That my readers may be able to form an idea of the way in which the Venetians are governed, and how strictly the orders of his Imperial Majesty are executed by his ministers, while his Imperial Majesty is travelling about, for the good of his faithful subjects, as well as for his own private amusement, I will give a few anecdotes. They contain facts, of which

his Imperial Majesty should not be kept in ignorance.

His Imperial Majesty has issued a decree, directing, that no hawkers or pedlars shall be suffered to follow their ambulatory calling, in the Merceria, to the injury of the few respectable tradesmen who have shops there, and who pay enormously for them. Notwithstanding which, the understrappers of the police, in the teeth of this decree, allow them, on being paid a certain douceur, to place in it their filthy baskets, and boxes, and stalls, to the injury of the aforesaid shopkeepers, and the great annoyance and obstruction of passengers.

The poor peasantry, who bring a few eggs to Venice, are obliged to pay the sum of twopence, before they are suffered to sell them in the market! Such a thing was never thought of under Buonaparte's rapacious government; nor, indeed, under any government except the present.

The tender-hearted and accommodating portion of the fair sex are charged a stipulated sum, before they are allowed to carry on their meretricious profession. Being classed, by the present well-ordered and religious government, in the list of regular traders, of course, they

are in duty bound to contribute their fair proportion to the exigencies of the state!

This system of licensed prostitution, united to the general misery of the country, has very much tended to the increase of crime, and of the number of those free-trading *artistes*; whose habitations, under the Venetian government, as well as under the ancient republics of France and Rome, were prudently confined to a particular part of the city. For the better inculcation, however, of good morals by good examples—which, no doubt, is the sole object of those who now rule, command, and ordain, in the once really happy Venice—the said fair traders are allowed to carry on their profession, and expose their articles, *pro bono publico*, in every quarter of the town! But, from the vast contraband trade which is carried on between their last intruders' wives and daughters, the business of these fair traders is reported to have fallen off—to the great detriment of his Imperial Majesty's treasury!

The small canals at Venice are so much neglected, that it is sometimes difficult to navigate the gondolas. The pavement in the Piazza di San Marco, once as even as glass, is become dangerous to walk on. The bridges also are in an equally dilapidated condition.

Whenever his Imperial Majesty, or any of the illustrious princes of the august house of Austria, visit the city of Venice, or the provinces in the Terra-Firma, they generally leave behind them, for the honour they have conferred on their subjects, a *souvenir*, in the shape of an augmentation of the price of all the necessaries of life, to defray the expence which has been incurred during their residence. The poor dejected citizens of Venice always pay dearly for the honour of having amongst them the "father of his people." The sumptuous fêtes given on these joyful occasions—the expence of the court—the lodgings for the imperial household—are never paid for by the Government, but are defrayed by new taxes levied on the people. The representations given on these occasions at the theatre Fenice, are always at the expence of the proprietors; who, very often, are not even allowed a ticket for themselves or families; as the government, on those nights, dispose of the whole house as it thinks proper.

The Hospitals and Asylums for the poor were formerly innumerable at Venice. Medicines too, and medical assistance, were afforded gratis to respectable poor families. Now, alas, the latter kindly practice is discontinued; and

of the many former, only two remain, which take in male and female, civil and military, patients indiscriminately. All are huddled together in the same rooms, like those *bundlings* which we read of in American books of travels, or like the baths at Baden, near Vienna, where pure and impure, alike enjoy the luxury of the same delightful effluvia. And, as the provisions and medicines required for these hospitals are farmed to those who will supply them at the cheapest possible rate, it may readily be imagined, that the quality is not of the very best, nor the quantity the most abundant.

During one of His Imperial Majesty's visits to Venice and the Terra Firma, he was much pleased with a building at Brescia, erected in the days of the Republic, as an asylum for reduced citizens, who were not of a class to be sent to the common infirmaries; and which building, for a considerable time after the downfall of the Republic, had been supported by the voluntary contributions of private individuals; Buonaparte having applied its funded revenues to other purposes.

These private individuals, however, having themselves suffered so severely from plunder, and the heavy contributions levied upon them, were no longer in a condition to succour these

decayed citizens, or to keep the building in repair. This circumstance His Imperial Majesty feelingly lamented, and desired to know what sum would be necessary to put it into a state to answer its primitive purpose. On being informed, that a few thousand ducats would suffice to render it a comfortable home for the description of persons for whom it was originally intended, his Imperial Majesty said, that he would give orders, that the money required should be sent, as soon as he should arrive at Milan; kindly adding, "that the worthy creatures, for whose sake the building was originally erected, should not be in want of an asylum for so trifling a sum."

His Imperial Majesty adhered to his promise; and the money destined for so laudable a purpose, was placed in the hands of the most respectable inhabitants of Brescia, subject to the inspection of the government agents, that not a ducat might be laid out unnecessarily. Nay, so desirous were the gentlemen of Brescia to see the gracious intention of His Imperial Majesty carried into complete effect, that the sum sent was increased by individual donations.

But, alas! by way of return for the trouble, and anxiety, and expence they had been at, they received from the Aulic Council at Vienna,

a few months after, a peremptory and positive order to refund the money so given, and so employed. This happened, to the best of my recollection, in the year 1816; and, when the gentlemen of the committee for the said charity remonstrated with the Aulic Council, and stated, that the money had been remitted by order of His Imperial Majesty, for the express purpose of defraying the expence of the repairs necessary to prevent the entire destruction of the said useful building, and that without it, the unfortunate inmates must have perished in the streets, or have become common paupers or thieves, to avoid actual starvation; the only answer they received from Vienna was, that "the money must be refunded!"

When I left the country, this circumstance was the leading topic in every conversazione. Let the Austrian Government refute what I have asserted, if it can. Ready am I to apologize, and to atone, for any mistake or misapprehension into which I may have been led. But, the truth is, that, since the death of the great Prince Kaunitz, no minister of Austria has had the good policy to treat its Italian subjects otherwise than as a race of conquered slaves, fitted only to live under the lash of a military government. It is not thus with the Germans in Austria.

The government at Vienna is a paternal government. The Emperor Francis is, on all hands, allowed to be a mild and affable, a humane and just, monarch. May the evil be probed to its real source!

The city of Treviso is well populated, and is surrounded with the country seats of the Venetian nobility, it being only twelve miles from Venice. Formerly, the post went and came from the one city to the other every day; but, in consequence of recent Austrian regulations, the inhabitants of Treviso are deprived of the pleasure of sending letters to, or receiving letters from, Venice more than once in five days; namely, on those days in which the courier goes to and from Vienna; though they pay six times as much for the postage of these letters, as they did under the old Venetian government. In consequence of this, there are no means of communication between Venice and Treviso, but by sending expresses on horseback, at a considerable expence; and even then, if the writer of the letter should have omitted to have put the word "express" on the outside of it, the man is not allowed to proceed, and the writer is liable to a penalty.

The private inhabitants, the merchants, and the nobility of Treviso, offered the government,

therefore, to maintain, at their own expence, the former regulations of communication between that city and Venice; but, incredible as it may seem, the offer was rejected with disdain; as, indeed, every thing is, that does not originate in that sanctum sanctorum, the Camera Aulica at Vienna.

From the organization of the Austrian laws at present in force at Venice, a poor creditor stands no chance whatever of recovering his claim against a rich debtor. First, from the deficiency of the laws themselves; secondly, from the ignorance of those by whom they are administered; and, thirdly, from the enormous stamp and register duties on all legal proceedings, and from paying which duties not even paupers are exempted.

This latter is indeed a crying evil: but, it is an evil which, unhappily, is not confined to Italy! The attention of the parliament of our own country has recently been called to this all important subject, by that upright senator, and sensible and benevolent model of an English gentleman, Mr. John Smith, the member for Midhurst. Heaven prosper the good work!

In justice, too, to the memory of the late excellect political economist, Mr. David Ricardo, I must here state, that he was accustomed

to say, that "almost every public man who was labouring to ease the burdens of the people, by the reduction of taxation, had his particular hobby-horse; some were for taking off this tax, and some that; but his own hobby-horse was, the reduction of the enormous stamp duties on legal proceedings, and which enormous stamp duties operated, in the case of the poorer class of the community, as an absolute *denial of justice!*

A will, executed with all the prescribed formalities of the laws of Venice, may, under the Austrian mode of judicature, be set aside and declared null and void, upon two persons coming forward and swearing, that the deceased had promised by word of mouth, in their presence, to dispose of his property otherwise.

In my strictures on the Napoleon system of government in Italy, I have candidly confessed, that thousands of the labouring poor were constantly employed in keeping the high roads in repair; that the revenues of the Venetian state, and more than the revenues of the Venetian state, were expended in that country, in encouraging the fine arts, in the establishment of schools for the education of youth, and in rewards given to men of literature and of science.

All, however, has been totally *bouleversé*, ex-

cept the most rigorous military promptitude in exacting the government taxes; in which no mercy is shown, and no discrimination is made, with regard to persons or circumstances. In short, every thing that was laudable in the French system of rule, has been abolished—every thing in it that was vexatious, oppressive, and humiliating, or calculated to perpetuate the miseries of that once incomparably flourishing state, has been retained, to the eternal disgrace of its rulers. To draw down upon the heads of the poor Venetians the compassion of all Europe, it is only necessary to compare their former prosperity with their present degradation. May the pen, now in my hand, become an humble instrument in the righteous cause!

During the time of the Venetian Republic, all the offices of great public trust were filled by the patricians, whose residences were at a considerable distance from the Ducal Palace, where most of those offices were concentred. For the sake of convenience, therefore, the said patricians had casinos allotted to them in St. Mark's Place, or near it. Part of the building called the Procuratia was also specially appropriated to their use.

On the fatal dissolution of the government,

these casinos, which formerly served the patricians for apartments to dress and undress in, when they went to, or came from, their different offices, as well as for dwellings in the bad season, when it would have been imprudent to risk themselves on the Grand Canal, were rendered entirely useless. Many of their proprietors retired to the country, intending, if possible, to make a trifle by letting these casinos. From so doing, they were, however, prevented, by the civil and military authorities, who took violent possession, without allowing any thing for the use of them, though there was then a decree of his Imperial Majesty in existence, commanding all those who were employed under the Austrian Government, not to inhabit any lodging without duly paying for the same. Nevertheless, no magistrate could be prevailed upon to enforce the imperial decree; and, in defiance of all justice and all equity, the individuals who ought to have been their guardians, were the very first to violate the sacred law of hospitality towards the objects whom they were bound and pledged to protect, by suffering the invasion of their property with impunity.

The noble the Marquis Marruzzi, together with his mother and sister, were kept out of

their superb suite of apartments in the Procuratia, for years; until at length, tired out, he determined on making a journey to Vienna, for the purpose of obtaining permission to turn out the intruders; and, after a struggle of some years, he was suffered to retake possession of his own property, after it had been shamefully damaged and defaced by the filthy Austrian *employés*.

From the same cause, Francesco, one of the princely family of Pisani, had been obliged to quit the magnificent palace at San Stefano, and take up his abode at Padua; though every housekeeper pays five per cent. upon the value of his palace, towards the support of the military, that soldiers may not be quartered upon them, to the irreparable injury of their beautiful buildings and paintings.

The damage that has been done by the Austrians, from the more than Gothic savagism of introducing enormous iron stoves into these palaces, which they heat until they are red hot, is inconceivable, and, in many instances, has terminated in their total destruction by fire. In this way, the magnificent palace Cornaro, which is situated on the grand canal, fell a sacrifice, in the month of December 1817, to the total ruin

of numerous clerks, who had deposited their property therein. For these Hottentots, if there were five hundred rooms in a palace, are sure to settle their dirty carcases in the galleries which contain the finest paintings; and there, Vandal like, will they amuse themselves, by mutilating and destroying every vestige of former Venetian grandeur!

To be convinced of the extent of the mischief occasioned by the operations of these barbarians, in cases of fire, my reader has only to bear in recollection the account I have given, in my first volume, of the destruction committed during the fire in the afore-mentioned palace, by a set of savages, more intent upon plunder than on the extinguishment thereof. What the implacable element had spared, was speedily demolished by a horde of five hundred Croats, creatures, who, to this day, are as uncivilized as are any of the slaves of Africa. But, what was to be expected from a race of beings whose senses are benumbed by their native atmosphere; and on whom the sun "scorns to shine" for eight months out of the twelve, and, for the other four, has not sufficient power to thaw their frozen natures by its genial heat?

The fires that have been so frequent in all the

public offices, have been the result of the most far-fetched avarice that ever entered into the mind of the meanest of governments; namely, the compelling the clerks in the different public offices to labour many hours by candle-light. In consequence of which, when the master whipper-in allows them to depart—without whose permission they dare not budge an inch—they are all so anxious, after having been confined for twelve or fourteen hours, to quit their tread-mills and their task-masters, that they set off, leaving the horrible iron stoves, of which I have been speaking, red hot!

In the happy time of the Republic, during a period of fourteen centuries, all kinds of public business was terminated before sunset. Since the Austrians have become the unnatural and illegitimate rulers of Venice, there have been, I boldly assert, more accidents in that city, occasioned by fire, than there were during the whole of the afore-mentioned long period.

The beautiful Procuratia, in one part of which the governor, the Count de Goess, has thought proper to take up his residence, has already been more than once damaged by fire; and, should these Vandals persevere in their barbarous northern system, there can be little doubt, that

one day or other, this, the finest building in Europe, will fall a sacrifice to the execrable innovation. German stoves were never intended to be the inmates of marble Italian palaces. "O! reform it altogether."

It is exactly the same with respect to the German system of legislation, which is not at all suited to the soil and character of the Italian people. The strongest proof of this erroneous perseverance therein, is to be found in the extreme difficulty with which the laws, arising out of that system, are executed, by violence and by force.

In consequence of this there have been more appeals to what is called law, during the short rule of the Austrians in the Venetian territory, than there had been for centuries during the time of the Republic. And, until they can make it appear, that the sterile and frozen régions of Lapland resemble the delicious and luxuriant climate of Italy, all northern laws and regulations will answer no good purpose, but will merely tend to hasten their own destruction, by daily increasing the disaffection, and weakening the attachment, of the people, by forcibly compelling them to submit to laws, which are altogether uncongenial with their native habits.

Now, politically speaking, the laws of a country should always be adapted to the nature of the soil. Until we can metamorphose them into Germans—until we can change their pure climate into a bleak one, the produce of their generous vineyards into brown kale, their wines into beer, their figs and their grapes into sauër krout, their rich fruits into coarse knudles, and their natural vivacity into phlegmatic pedantry—or *vice versâ*—Italians will be Italians, Germans will be Germans; and, though both nations may have their respective virtues and good qualities, they cannot become cordially united. Force and violence may be resorted to, but the task will be found too hard a one to be accomplished—

"Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret."

"Strive to expel strong nature—'tis in vain;
"With double force she will return again."

The futility of every attempt to change human nature ought to be a lesson to all governments. It is the rock upon which most of our political calculators have run foul, and was one of the great errors of Buonaparte's misguided and fallacious policy; since he foolishly imagined, that it would be as easy to compel every man

to become French, as it was to gain the much-talked-of battle of the bridge of Lodi; over which bridge he passed, by crying out to the Italians, "Liberty and Independence!" To the magic sound of those two words, in the ears of the too credulous people of Italy, was he mainly indebted for his first influence amongst them. But, how woefully did he afterwards betray them!

If the Emperor of Austria be determined to follow in Napoleon's footsteps; or, if he fancy that he can transform Italians into Germans, and attach them by affection to German laws, in the same way as his dear son-in-law fallaciously calculated on attaching them to the laws of France; the fate of the exile of St. Helena, holds out to him an awful, but instructive lesson, as to the consequences that may be predicted of such a fatal line of conduct. The history of the Romans, of Charlemagne, of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and even of Napoleon Buonaparte, proves to the world—that a people who have been conquered will fight, until they learn how to conquer!

From all the circumstances which I have detailed in this my humble performance, I think

I have proved, most indisputably, that the Venetians have been treated as a nation of vile slaves; nay, worse—as a nation of conquered rebels, instead of being treated as an enlightened, an intelligent, a free, and an independent people.

Nay, their state of abject degradation has been rendered still more galling to them, from the consideration, that that which is denied to them, has been yielded to the negro, by all the Christian powers in Europe—by the very power which now holds the people of Italy in slavery!

It is heart-rending to reflect, that the only nation still groaning under the galling weight of a foreign yoke, should be the very nation, that fled from the tyranny of a barbarous Gothic invasion, to the uncultivated marshes of the Adriatic, rather than sacrifice that liberty and that independence, which have animated the bosoms of a Livy, a Father Lana, a Marco Paolo, a Petrarca, a Dandolo, a Carlo Zen, a Tressino, a Foscari, a Sapi, a Goldoni, a Gozzi, and a Canova – all men of the greatest eminence in their respective professions, and whose talents and virtues, though they may have been equalled, have never been excelled.

One word more, and I have done. The only

hope which the people of Italy, living under the sway of Austria, have, is in God and their sovereign. It has been asserted, of the Emperor Francis, that he is a liberal prince, and a good man. Let us entertain a hope, then, that, out of the just feelings of his own heart, from a sense of his own dignity and his own honour, and without trusting to the counsels of certain individuals, who may be about his person—for,

> "It is the curse of kings, to be attended
> By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
> To break within the bloody house of life;
> And, on the winking of authority,
> To understand a law; to know the meaning
> Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
> More upon humour than advised respect"—

let us hope, I say, that he will set about the good work of alleviating the sufferings of his Italian subjects; and that, if he determine upon retaining those states which were so unjustly handed over to him by the unprincipled Corsican, he will accord to them that which every man breathing has an imprescriptible right to, civil liberty, in the face of God, and of the laws of his country—that he will at least put them on a level with his German subjects—that he

will not exclude them from place and from power, because they boast the birth-right of civilized Venetians, instead of uncivilized Hottentots—in fine, that he will—to use the language of our present eloquent Secretary of State, on a recent occasion, the emancipation from negro slavery being the subject—"lift them from a level with the beasts of the field, and allow them to take their stand amongst the human race—

"Cælumque tueri
"Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

THE END.

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